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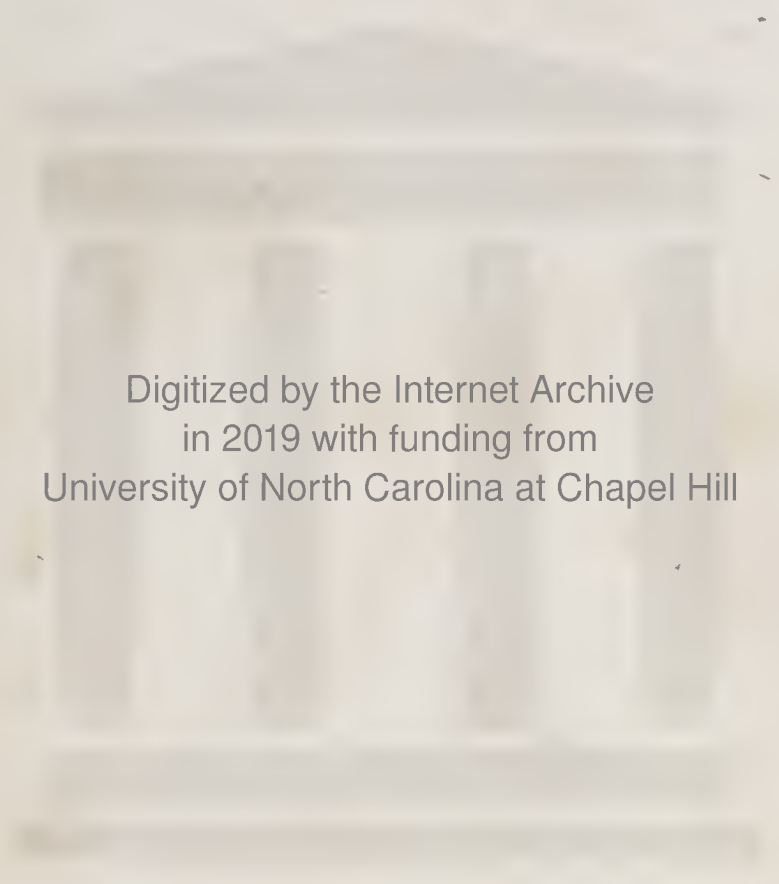


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Bordeaux.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE
IN HIS
Tour through France;

BEING PARTICULARLY DESCRIPTIVE OF THE
SOUTHERN AND WESTERN DEPARTMENTS;

NOTICING THE

Climate, Natural Productions, Antiquities, Curiosities,
TRADE AND MANUFACTURES

OF EVERY REMARKABLE PLACE;

WITH

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, SOCIETY, AND CUSTOMS:

AND INCLUDING

Picturesque Voyages

ON THE RHONE, GARONNE, AND LOIRE;

A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE CITIES OF

Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, &c.

A VISIT TO HYERES AND NICE;

AND

AN ITINERARY

OF DISTANCES IN POSTS AND ENGLISH MILES.

*Voyagez beaucoup, et vous ne trouverez pas de peuple aussi doux,
aussi affable, aussi franc, aussi poli, aussi spirituel, aussi galant que
le Français.—RAYNAL.*

BY HENRY COXE, ESQ.

Author of the Picture of Italy, and Guide through Switzerland.

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**London:**

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## PREFACE.

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THE *besoin de voyager* which has, of late, induced so many of our countrymen to visit the continent, and the daily intercourse between France and England, have contributed materially to correct many of those foolish prejudices imbibed in early youth against our neighbours on the opposite coast. Tours of this kind also, it is to be hoped, will lead to a better understanding between two nations most formed to love and esteem each other; best adapted to entertain close and profitable relations of *commerce*; and calculated by their union to secure the lasting peace, and sway, uncontrolled, the sceptre of the civilized world. Hitherto, unhappily, the natural passions of the people, and the ambition of their rulers, have made

Enemies of nations who had else,  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

*Les peuples ne s'entrehaïssent pas*: the PEOPLE do not hate each other, is a common expression in France. Let the Englishman, who doubts the existence of this feeling, go among the FRENCH PEOPLE, (not the *Parisians*, “a sort of insulated nation who know very little, and seem to care as little about the rest of France;”) and, if he does but take with him a reasonable determination to overlook disagreeable trifles, to be pleased with pleasant ones;—a desire to think well, or not to think ill, of others;—and not too overweening a love of himself, and those habits which become a part of himself,—he will return to England a wiser, and better, and happier man, than he left it.

The present work, which is the *result of two different Tours*, made in the autumn of 1814, and the summer of 1816, forms a connected description of the most picturesque and pleasing country in France; particularly of the Southern and Western Departments, usually most frequented by the British Traveller. It also includes numerous excursions or deviations from the high road, whenever this was called for by the proximity of any *Wonders of Nature or Art*;

and scarcely an instance occurs, in which we have not noticed the population of every place, as well as its *trade* and *manufactures*, objects of particular interest to our countrymen at the present time.

Every chapter of the “Gentleman’s Guide through France” offers to the reader the plan of a distinct tour, which he may extend, or abridge, at his pleasure: while those travellers who purpose to remain some time in any of the principal cities, will find the detailed accounts of *Lyons*, *Avignon*, *Aix*, *Marseilles*, *Nismes*, *Toulouse*, *Bordeaux*, and *Nantes*, peculiarly acceptable. The visit to VAUCLUSE cannot fail of interesting every one who has heard the name of PETRARCH; while the full account of *Hyères* and *Nice* will present some valuable information to such persons as resort to the South of France for the benefit of their health. For those who are contented to see sights and look into discoveries, “dry-shod at home,” we promise abundance of entertainment in the perusal of this volume; which, though in the humble form of a Traveller’s Guide, may be depended on for the accuracy of its statements.

The INTRODUCTION contains a statistical view of the present “*Royaume de France* ;” full directions to Travellers ; and some useful particulars relative to the expense of settling in the country, and the comparative merit of particular districts ; subjects of considerable importance to our emigrant economists.

An *Appendix* is added, giving an account of an excursion to *Bagnères* and *Barréges*, watering places of the Pyrenees ; the Bath and Buxton of France.



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The Traveller catches a glance of the domestic occupations of a peasant family, as he rapidly passes a cottage window; the aged labourer looks upward to his carriage with that rustic hardness of expression which is so well known to him; the rivulet glides as pleasantly through that valley as it does in England; the skies look cheerfully down upon him. The servants come with an air of frankness to assist him to alight; he sees in the country towns, the common occupations of trade all in motion, and presenting aspects with which he is familiar. He says to himself, can it be these people whose throats I have been wishing to cut, and who have been endeavouring to cut mine for the last twenty years? What has kept me from coming among them during all that time? Here are the roads, here are the accommodations, here are services for money, and smiles for nothing.

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*Scott's Paris, p. 34.*

# Introduction.

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The gentleness of the aire, with the fertilitie of the ground, and the scituation of the rivers is so propitious and naturall for the increase of fruite, and every other living creature, that France, above all the other regions of Europe, may best boast of these prerogatives. *Descript. of Kingdomes.*

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**THE** *Royaume de France*, or kingdom of France, once more returned within its antient limits, is bounded on the west by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south, by the Mediterranean and Pyrenees; on the east, by Savoy, Switzerland, and Germany; and on the north, by Belgium, and the English Channel. It extends from about the 42d to near the 51st degree of north latitude; and from about the 7th degree of longitude, west from Paris, to about the 5th on the east: being in length from N. to S. about 600 English miles, or in breadth from W. to E. about 560. Its extent may be computed at 148,840 square miles.

*Divisions.*—France is divided into eighty-three departments, which, with the antient provinces, and principal towns are as follows. Those departments which she has lost by the recent political arrangements, will be seen on the accompanying map. The *blue* line denotes the boundary of France as it exists at present; consequently all the figures *without* this line, refer to departments which now form a part of other countries, and belong to other sovereigns: the *red* line indicates the *different routes* described in this work.

| <i>Antient Provinces.</i> | <i>Departments.</i>  | <i>Chief Towns.</i> |
|---------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Flandre Française         | Nord - - -           | Lille.              |
| Artois - - -              | Pas-de-Calais -      | Arras.              |
| Picardie - - -            | Somme - - -          | Amiens.             |
|                           | { Seine Inferieure - | Rouen.              |
|                           | { Calvados - - -     | Caen.               |
| Normandie - -             | { Manche - - -       | Coutances.          |
|                           | { Orne - - -         | Alençon.            |
|                           | { Eure - - -         | Evreux.             |

| <i>Antient Provinces.</i> | <i>Departments.</i>  | <i>Chief Towns.</i> |
|---------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Isle de France -          | { Seine - - -        | Paris.              |
|                           | { Seine and Oise - - | Versailles.         |
|                           | { Oise - - -         | Beauvais.           |
|                           | { Aisne - - -        | Laon.               |
| Champagne -               | { Seine and Marne -  | Melun.              |
|                           | { Marne - - -        | Chalons-sur-Marne.  |
|                           | { Ardennes - - -     | Mezieres.           |
|                           | { Aube - - -         | Troyes.             |
|                           | { Haute Marne - -    | Chaumont.           |
| Lorraine - -              | { Meuse - - -        | Bar-sur-Ornain.     |
|                           | { Moselle - - -      | Metz.               |
|                           | { Meurthe - - -      | Nancy.              |
|                           | { Vosges - - -       | Epinal.             |
| Alsace - -                | { Haut-Rhin - - -    | Colmar.             |
|                           | { Bas-Rhin - - -     | Strasbourg.         |
| Bretagne - -              | { Isle & Villaine -  | Rennes.             |
|                           | { Cotes du Nord - -  | St. Brieux.         |
|                           | { Finisterre - - -   | Quimper.            |
|                           | { Morbihan - - -     | Vannes.             |
| Maine & Perche            | { Loire Inferieure - | Nantes.             |
|                           | { Sarthe - - -       | Le Mans.            |
|                           | { Mayenne - - -      | Laval.              |
| Anjou - -                 | { Mayenne & Loire -  | Angers.             |
| Touraine - -              | { Indre & Loire - -  | Tours.              |
| Orleannais - -            | { Loiret - - -       | Orleans.            |
|                           | { Eure & Loire - -   | Chartres.           |
|                           | { Loire & Cher - -   | Blois.              |
| Berri - -                 | { Indre - - -        | Chateauroux.        |
|                           | { Cher - - -         | Bourges.            |
| Nivernais - -             | { Nièvre - - -       | Nevers.             |
| Bourgogne - -             | { Yonne - - -        | Auxerre.            |
|                           | { Cote d'Or - - -    | Dijon.              |
|                           | { Saone & Loire - -  | Macon.              |
|                           | { Ain - - -          | Bourg.              |
| Franche Comptè            | { Haute-Saone - -    | Vesoul.             |
|                           | { Doubs - - -        | Besançon.           |
|                           | { Jura - - -         | Lons-le-Saulnier.   |
| Poitou - -                | { Vendée - - -       | Fontenay le Peuple. |
|                           | { Deux Sèvres - -    | Niort.              |
|                           | { Vienne - - -       | Poitiers.           |



| <i>Antient Provinces.</i> | <i>Departments.</i>   | <i>Chief Towns.</i> |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Marche - -                | { Haute Vienne -      | Limoges.            |
|                           | { Limosin - -         |                     |
|                           | { Creuse - -          | Gueret.             |
| Limosin - -               | { Correze - -         | Tulle.              |
| Bourbounais - -           | { Allier - -          | Moulins.            |
| Saintonge - -             | { Charente Inferieure | Saintes.            |
| Angoumois - -             | { Charente - -        | Angoulême.          |
| Auvergne - -              | { Puy-de-dome - -     | Clermont.           |
|                           | { Cantal - -          | St. Flour.          |
|                           | { Rhone - -           | Lyons.              |
| Lyonnais - -              | { Loire - -           | Montbrison.         |
|                           | { Isere - -           | Grenoble.           |
|                           | { Hautes-Alpes - -    | Gap.                |
| Dauphiné - -              | { Drome - -           | Valence.            |
|                           | { Dordogne - -        | Perigeux.           |
|                           | { Gironde - -         | Bordeaux.           |
|                           | { Lot & Garonne - -   | Agen.               |
| Guienne - -               | { Lot - -             | Cahors.             |
|                           | { Aveyron - -         | Rhodez.             |
|                           | { Gers - -            | Auch.               |
|                           | { Landes - -          | Mont de Marsan.     |
|                           | { Hautes Pyrénées - - | Tarbes.             |
| Bearn - -                 | { Basses Pyrénées - - | Pau.                |
| Comté de Foix - -         | { Arriege - -         | Tarascon.           |
| Roussillon - -            | { Pyrénées-Orientales | Perpignan.          |
|                           | { Haute-Garonne - -   | Toulouse.           |
|                           | { Aude - -            | Carcassone          |
|                           | { Tarn - -            | Castres.            |
|                           | { Gard - -            | Nismes.             |
| Languedoc - -             | { Lozere - -          | Mende.              |
|                           | { Ardèche - -         | Privas.             |
|                           | { Haute Loire - -     | Le Puy.             |
|                           | { Hérault - -         | Montpellier.        |
|                           | { Bouches du Rhone    | Aix.                |
| Provence - -              | { Basses Alpes - -    | Digne.              |
|                           | { Var - -             | Toulon.             |
|                           | { Vaucluse, with      |                     |
| Avignon - -               | { the Bouches du      |                     |
| Venaissin - -             | { Rhone - -           | Avignon.            |



*Climate, &c.*—The climate of so extensive a country as France, may be expected to be various. In general it is far more clear and serene than that of England: but the northern provinces are exposed to heavy rains, which, however, produce beautiful verdure, and rich pastures. France may be divided into three climates, the northern, the central, and the southern. The first yields no wines; the second no maize; the third produces wines, maize, and olives. These divisions proceed in an oblique line from the south-west to the north-east, so as to demonstrate “that the eastern part of the kingdom is two and a half degrees of latitude hotter than the western, or, if not hotter, more favourable to vegetation.” France is also happy in an excellent soil, which produces corn, wine, oil, and almost every luxury of life. Some of their fruits have a higher flavour than those of England; but neither the pasturage nor tillage is comparable to ours. No nation is better supplied than France is with wholesome *springs* and *water*; of which the inhabitants make excellent use, by the help of art and engines, for all the conveniencies of life.

*Mountains.*—The chief mountains in France, or its borders, are the Alps, which divide France from Italy; the Pyrenees, which divide France from Spain; the Vosges, which divide Lorraine from Burgundy and Alsace; Mount Jura, which divides Franche Comté from Switzerland; the Cevennes, in the province of Languedoc; and Mont d’Or, in the province of Auvergne.

*Rivers and Canals.*—The principal rivers in France are the Loire, the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Seine. The Loire takes its course north and north-west, being with all its windings, from its source to the sea, computed to run about 500 miles. The Rhone flows on the south-west to Lyons, and then runs on due south till it falls into the Mediterranean. The Garonne rises in the Pyrenean Mountains, takes its course first north-east, and has a communication with the Mediterranean, by means of a canal, the work of Louis XIV. The

Seine, soon after its rise, runs to the north-west, visiting Troyes, Paris, and Rouen, in its way, and falls into the English Channel at Havre. To these we may add the Soane, which falls into the Rhone at Lyons; the Charente, which rises near Havre de Grace, and discharges itself into the Bay of Biscay at Rochefort: the Rhine, which rises in Switzerland, is the eastern boundary between France and Germany, and receives the Moselle and the Sarte in its passage: not to mention many other rivers of smaller course and reputation.

Of the numerous *canals*, the most considerable are, (1.) The Canal du Midi, or Canal of Languedoc, noticed in another part of this work. (2.) The Canal of Briare and Orleans, thus called because it forms a communication between the Seine and Loire, which begins at Orleans, and ends at Briare. (3.) The Canal de la Cote d'Or, forming a communication between the Yonne and Saone. (4.) The Canal of the Centre, forming a communication between the Saone and Loire. (5.) The Canal de l'Oureq which is intended to supply Paris with water,—and various other minor and junction canals made by order of Bonaparte.

*Natural Productions.*—France abounds in excellent roots, which are more proper for soups than those of England. As to all kinds of seasoning and sallads they are more plentiful, and in some places better than in England; they being, next to their vines, the chief object of their culture. France produces excellent fruits of all kinds, particularly grapes, figs, prunes, chesnuts, cyder in the northern provinces, and capers in the southern. It produces annually, though not enough for consumption, about 12,000,000 pounds of tobacco, besides hemp, flax, manna, saffron, and many drugs. Alsace, Burgundy, Lorraine, and especially the Pyrenean Mountains, supply it plentifully with timber and other wood. The wines of Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Gascony, and other provinces of

France, are so well known that they need only be mentioned. France contains few animals either wild or tame, that are not to be found in England, excepting wolves. Their horses, black cattle, and sheep, are far inferior to the English; nor is the wool of their sheep so fine. The horses of *Normandy* are preferred for draught, and those of *Limosin* for the saddle. The castor or beaver is found in the islands of the Rhone; and the bear in Dauphiny and the Pyrenees. Vipers abound in La Vendée.

*Mines and Mineral Waters.*—Gold mines formerly existed in the south of France, and some of the rivulets still roll down particles of that metal. There are still silver mines in Alsace and the Upper Rhine: and copper in these districts, and in those of the Loire, Lozere, and Ardèche; tin in Bretagne, and in the centre of France; lead from Bretagne, and the mountains of Vosges; antimony in Ardèche and Allier; manganese in the Loire and Vosges; and cobalt in Alsace. Iron is found in abundance in the northern departments; and *coal mines* more than 400 in number, besides many which are not wrought; *jet* is found in the departments of the south; and the most beautiful marbles in the Pyrenees. The environs of Paris abound with excellent free-stone and gypsum.

The principal *mineral waters* of France, are those of Bagnères and Barréges, in the Pyrenees, resembling those of Bath and Buxton; Forges, near Rouen; Vichi and Bourbon, celebrated by Mad. de Sevigné, in her letters; Plombières, among the mountains of the Vosges; Aix in Provence, &c. &c.

*Forests.*—The most remarkable are those of Orleans, Ardennes, and Fontainebleau; and as wood is the general fuel, attention to their growth is indispensable. Besides these, numerous other smaller forests or woods might be mentioned, lying in different departments, but too remote from sea-carriage, to be of much national utility. The recent calamities have compelled France to cut down much fine wood, to defray the



expense of keeping her friends the Allies; but in the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris, these *bons amis* have spared them this trouble.

*Soil and Agriculture.*—The N. E. part of France, from Flanders to Orleans, is a rich loam; farther to the W. the land is poor and stony; Brittany being generally gravel or gravelly sand, with low ridges of granite. Chalk runs through the centre of the kingdom, from Germany by Champagne, to Saintonge, and on the N. of the mountainous tract is a large extent of gravel, probably washed down in primeval times; but even the mountainous region of the South is generally fertile, though the large province of *ci-devant* Gascony, has many *landes* or level heaths.

The property of the yeomanry, the great landed proprietors, but more particularly of the nobility, has been subdivided and distributed among the peasants; and, become *their own*, it is, no doubt, much better managed, for it is their immediate interest that not an acre of ground should be wasted. They till it with their own hands, and without any intermediate agents, they draw the profits. Lands thus managed must, of course, be found in a very different state from those whose actual proprietor is perhaps, never on the spot;—who manages through stewards, bailiffs, and other agents;—and whose rank prevents the possibility of his assisting, or even superintending, the labour of his peasantry. The use of machinery in the farm-stead is unknown, and grain as of old, is very generally trodden by oxen, sometimes on the high roads, and winnowed by the breath of heaven.

In the *agriculture of France*, it is judiciously observed by Mr. Birkbeck, there is a great sameness. The *arable* land, which comprises almost the whole surface of the country, the vineyards, and a few tracts of mountain excepted, may be divided into five classes, according to its fertility, without regard to the nature of the soil. The first bears a crop every year, as in

Auvergne, in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, in some parts of Normandy, &c. This description is highly cultivated, and on a principle well adapted to soil and circumstances. The *second* somewhat inferior in quality, but good land, is also judiciously cultivated, with the intervention of a fallow once in six years; as about Dieppe and Rouen. The *third*, land of middling quality, which embraces a very large part of the kingdom, is managed on the old plan of fallow, wheat, oats. The *fourth*, poor land, which also covers a large space, is fallow and wheat alternately. The *fifth*, land still poorer, is cultivated in the round of fallow, rye, rest, without grass seeds.

The first and second classes include what there is of variety and spirit in French husbandry. In the south, Indian corn alternating with wheat exhibits management as good as the beans and wheat of the best English farmer: and the varied routine, observable in the north, affords many proofs of a spirited and judicious culture. It is the three last which betray its weakness: if they comprise half the cultivated surface, which perhaps is not over-rating their extent, half of that portion being fallow, it appears that one fourth of the whole country is lying in a state entirely unproductive, a few weeds, mostly thistles, excepted! A very few half-starved sheep are kept to pick over the constantly recurring barren fallows, often accompanied by three or four long-legged hogs. On the borders and out of the way corners you may see a cow or two with an attendant. But there appears so little for any of these animals to eat, that you wonder how even they are supported. The *prairies artificielles* (the artificial grasses as we less properly call them) of which so much is said by the amateurs, are like specks of green on a desert. Clover and lucerne are cultivated with great success, on the two first classes of land; but very rarely indeed on the others. Thus there is probably as much really waste land in France as in



England, and it is of an expensive kind; whereas our wastes support much more stock than theirs, without any expense whatever. "Notes," p. 109.

*Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures.*—The exports of France are wine, vinegar, brandy, oil, silks, satins, linens, woollen cloth, tapestries, laces, gold and silver embroideries, toys, trinkets, perfumery, paper, prints, books, drugs, dyes, &c. The imports are hardware, earthenware, cottons, metals, hemp, flax, silk, wool, horses, East and West India goods, &c. The silk manufacture was introduced into France by Louis XI. about the year 1470. The silk mills are about 1,500 in number, the looms about 28,000; besides 12,000 for ribands, lace, and galloons, and 40,000 for stockings; the whole silk manufacture occupying about two millions of people. The looms for woollens about 35,000; for cottons 24,000. Abbeville manufactures sails and broad cloths; Elbœuf, Louviers, and Sedan, broad cloths; Rouen, linens; Bretagne, linen, cordage, sails; Berri, linen; Auvergne, laces, papers; Montpellier, liqueurs; Langres, cutlery; St. Quintin and Cambray, *batistes*, or cambrics; Paris, glass; Sevres, porcelain: the best carpets are made at the Savonnerie, in the village of Passy, near Paris. Silks, lace, gloves, black broad cloth, and cambric, are superior to the same articles in England. The woollen cloths are extremely beautiful, and the finer sorts are of a superior texture to any thing in England; but the price is always double, and sometimes treble what they sell for at home, so that we have not much to fear from their importations. French watches are manufactured at about one half the English price, but the workmanship is very inferior to ours, and unless as trinkets for ladies wear, they are not much esteemed in England. The cutlery is very bad; not only the steel, but the temper and polish are greatly inferior to ours. A pair of English razors is, to this day, a princely present in France. The ladies also are very anxious to get English needles and scissars. Hardware is flimsy, ill finished, and of

bad materials. All leather work, such as saddlery, harness, shoes, &c. is very bad, but undersells our manufactures of the same kind by about one half. Cabinet work and furniture is handsome, showy, insufficient, and dear. Jewellery equal, if not superior to ours in neatness, but not so sufficient. Hats and hosiery indifferent, except silk stockings. Musical instruments are made as well, and at half the English price. In almost every thing else the manufactures of France are inferior to those of England. Great improvement has taken place in the manufacture of calicoes, muslins, and other cotton goods, in France, as well as in broad cloth, within the last twelve years; chiefly from the introduction of machinery by naturalised Englishmen\*.

*Revenue.*—From the budget of 1816, the whole ordinary revenue of the state amounted to 570,454,940 francs, and the ordinary expenses to 548,252,520 francs, leaving a surplus of 22,202,420 francs. The *extraordinary* expences, to which France is now subjected, consist of 140,000,000 francs of contributions to the allies; the support of 150,000 foreign troops, 130,000,000 francs; money paid to the departments for advances for clothing and equipment of the foreign soldiers, and money distributed among the districts which had suffered by the war, &c. making a total of 290,800,000 francs. To meet this enormous expence, which lays an additional burthen of more than one half upon the people, various impositions have been made, amounting to 269,140,721 francs, which, together with the excess of ordinary receipts, more than covers the money required by the allies. The *annual produce* of France, in corn, wine, tobacco, silk, wool, &c. &c. may be reckoned at 139,750,000*l.* sterling; and the produce of *manufactures* at about 1,360,000,000 francs. The annual income of Royal France may be stated at 4,774,400,000 francs, or 198,933,333*l.* sterling. The taxes for the present year (1817) amount to 730,020,661 francs, or

\* Travels in France, Vol. II. p. 171.

30,417,527*l.* sterling\* nearly; being something less than one-sixth of the whole produce: when this tax is paid, there remains (admitting the population to be 28 millions) in round numbers, just 6*l.* per head, for the annual support of the inhabitants. Without, therefore, laying much stress upon the accuracy of these details, there cannot remain a doubt that the people are taxed to the full extent of possibility, and that a continuation of the present imposts is nearly impossible. On the other hand, a large proportion of the present year's budget consists of loans, and of which caution money, is, in fact, a forced loan, subject to 4*l.* per cent. interest, which cannot be renewed hereafter. We have further to observe, that both the war and marine † establishments will require a subsequent increase of expence, and the additional sums demanded for the *clergy* must be added to the burthens of the ensuing years, together with a deficit upon the present budget, which public rumour states to be enormous. See Lady Morgan's France, (Appendix by Sir T. C. M. p. xlvii.)

*Language.*—The French language is the most universally diffused of any in Europe. In variety, clearness and precision, and idioms adapted to life, business and pleasure, it yields to no modern speech. The critics and academicians of the seventeenth century enacted such severe laws of purity, that, like gold reduced to the utmost fineness, it has become soft, and incapable of deep impressions. The French language is a well known corruption of the Roman, mingled with Celtic and Gothic words and idioms. In the bold ex-

\* The revenue of the year preceding the Revolution was 20,500,000 francs, and its ordinary expenditure 26,000,000 francs. The budget for the year 1817, at 1,069,000,000 francs, or about 45,000,000*l.* sterling.

† The marine has, in the budget for 1817, been from necessity decreased. In fact, France, under the present system, can neither have an efficient *navy* nor *army*, and it must be at the absolute mercy of those nations that can support the expence of such establishments.



ertions of inventive genius, and even in profound productions of philosophy, France cannot aspire to vie with Italy, or England; but in the pleasing and beautiful paths of invention, and in books of elegant learning and exact science she remains almost unrivalled. It were superfluous to enumerate the crowd of authors, who have reflected honour on their language and country: Who is a stranger to the Roman grandeur of Corneille, to the tender and elegiac elegance of Racine, the tragic pomp and terror of Crebillon, the comic powers of Moliere, the naiveté, the subtle simplicity of La Fontaine, the placid instruction of Fenelon, the gaiety of Gresset, the caustic vivacity of Voltaire?

*Education.*—Till lately, the mode of education in France was by two sets of schools, the first called *primary*, for the earlier rudiments of instruction; and the other *secondary*, for the classics, &c. These, together with the *Lyceés*, which existed in every considerable town in France, are now somewhat modified and altered, and the antient *colleges*, twenty-one in number, are about to be re-established. The *Lancasterian*, or new method of instruction, has made great progress both in Paris and the Provinces; and there is every reason to hope that it will soon become general. In the capital there are fifteen schools in full activity; one of them has 333 scholars. The prefect of the department of the Seine has effected the establishment of two normal schools, one for training masters and the other mistresses. The country towns want nothing but teachers to found institutions, similar to those of Paris; and in several places societies, numbering more than 700 subscribers, have been formed. The methods of *Bell* and *Lancaster* have been combined and improved in various respects.

*Religion.*—The Roman Catholic has been again declared the *state* religion, and Protestants and others are now only *tolerated*. Under the late dynasty, the difference of religion was no bar to the advancement of any French citizen to the highest offices in the state;

and the Protestants in the South, as well as in every part of the kingdom, enjoyed the greatest liberties.

*Laws.*—The *Code Napoleon*, that, with some modifications, still forms the law in France, breathes a spirit of humanity throughout, which will, perhaps, astonish some of our English readers. The punishment of death, which, according to Blackstone, may be inflicted by the English law on 150 different offences, is now in France confined to the very highest crimes only, the number of which does not exceed twelve. A minute attention has been paid to the different degrees of guilt in the commission of the same crime; and according to these, the punishments are as accurately proportioned as the cases will permit. One species of capital punishment has been ordained, instead of that multitude of cruel and barbarous deaths which were marshalled in terrible array along the columns of the former code. This punishment is decapitation by the guillotine. The only exceptions to this are in the case of parricide and high treason, when the right hand is first cut off. The *trial by jury* has been for some time established in France. Robbery, burglary, murder, and other great crimes, are infinitely less frequent than in England. Infanticide is unknown. There is no legal provision for the poor in France, but they are maintained in richly endowed charitable foundations, or supported by the liberality of a generous public. Beggars are taken to a *Dépôt de mendicité*.

The *police* of France is excellent, and is powerfully assisted by the royal *gendarmerie*, a corps of nearly *eighteen thousand* horse-soldiers (resembling our life-guards in their equipments), divided into twenty-eight legions, stationed by small brigades, all over the country, and destined to watch more particularly over the safety of the high roads. The expence of conducting the whole police of the empire is not more than 40,000*l.* per annum.

*Population, Character, Manners, &c.*—The population of old France (or France within its present limits)



was in 1813, 28,700,000 ; but including the acquisitions of territory lately taken from her, the *empire* over which Bonaparte reigned included more than forty-two millions of subjects. The French are a lively, polite, witty, amiable and brave nation ; but are accused of being vain-glorious, inconstant, and volatile. In addition to the various calumnies and misrepresentations of modern writers, they are also taxed with *insincerity*, in their affairs of minor services ; but their wish to oblige strangers, whom they consider as visitors, is really unfeigned. Often have we experienced their unsolicited acts of kindness in the course of our travels. They can never be sufficiently praised for their indiscriminate, their natural, their totally disinterested and spontaneous benevolence. To those who have resided in France, and experienced the kind attentions of its polished inhabitants ; and when they return to their own country, are lavish in their abuses of every thing French, we recommend the following sentiment of an eloquent writer :—“ *Je n'approuve pas qu'on dit du mal du pays où l'on vit et où l'on est bien traité: j'aimerois mieux qu'on se laissât tromper par les apparences, que de moraliser aux dépens de ses hôtes.*”

In speaking of character and manners, we must first advert to that sex which every where bears the preponderating sway. The characteristic feature of their beauty is *expression*. Many a beautiful French girl have we seen “ with a look which cannot be described, otherwise than by saying it conveyed, with a marked intention, the *quintessence of feminine expression.*” Besides the ease of her manners, a French woman has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity. The women, in the middle ranks of life, are active and industrious wives, and tender mothers. The manners of those in polished society are playful, sprightly, enchanting. For gaiety, accomplishments, grace, and *modesty*, French women are inferior to none. There is perhaps no country in the world, (observes Lady Morgan, in her “ France,”) where the social position

of woman is so delectable as in France. The darling child of society, indulged, not spoiled, presiding over its pleasures, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, retaining the full endowment of all her graces, she pursues the golden round of her honoured existence, limited only in her course by her feebleness and her taste; by her want of power and absence of inclination to "overstep the modesty of nature," or to infringe upon privileges exclusively the attribute of the stronger sex. The *conversation* of a Frenchman, who possesses wit and information, is certainly superior to that of a clever man of any other country. It has a variety and playfulness which delights and fascinates; even their common chit-chat is of a superior order, as far as amusement goes. However shallowly they may think upon a subject, they never fail to express themselves well. This is the case with both sexes. And this observation not only applies to the higher classes, but extends to the whole body of the people.

The lower classes behave to each other with a surprising degree of civility. It is well remarked by Mr. Scott, that "the advantages of what is called a common education are universally diffused, and a taste for reading, for accomplishments, for all the embellishments of existence, is a general characteristic. The peasants have it, and in almost as high a degree as the most cultivated persons. The poorer orders are polished far beyond the corresponding classes of the English; and the effect of their behaviour is extremely pleasing. One is chiefly surprised by the propriety of their mode of speaking: the ceremonies of courtesy, and the idiomatic phrases of politeness, proceeding from milk-women and carmen to each other, rather amaze an Englishman. The lowest persons touch their hats to each other in the streets." Politeness and good manners indeed may be traced, though in different proportions, through every rank. Brutal battles, quarrels, and noisy drunken fellows,

are disturbances seldom to be met with in France. The unhappy females who roam the streets at night, are neither obtrusive, rude, nor riotous. At the *theatres* the tranquillity of the audience is seldom interrupted; people go for the wise purpose of being pleased, and with the good-humoured disposition to be satisfied. These places of amusement are, doubtless, much indebted for their tranquillity to the national sobriety of the French.

The passion for *dancing* is universal; not a village in France but has its rural ball upon a Sunday evening; and here may be witnessed scenes which pourtray, in lively colours, the innocent gaiety and good-natured mirth of the country people in France, and forcibly call to our recollection the well-known descriptions of Goldsmith.

The *scrupulous honesty* of the lower and middling classes in restoring any lost property to its owner, is worthy of particular remark. The postilions, coachmen, servants, &c. &c. may generally be trusted with confidence. Many a traveller will bear testimony to this. The tradesmen also, though they ask more than they mean to take for their goods, would cheerfully and unasked restore to you your purse, umbrella, cane, or any thing that you might have left in his shop, by accident, and this, if not reclaimed, for a considerable time. Even in the *Palais Royal*, where honesty and good faith are supposed never to be found, we are not without examples of this kind. (See Tronchet's Paris, p. 85, *sixth edition*.)

We conclude our account of manners and customs, with a short list of some particulars in which the French are considered to excel the English; which may be useful to our countrymen, if they do not forget the old saying of "*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" 1. Their drinking no healths, and their temperance in general.—2. Neatness in their linen, of every description.—3. Their great propriety of manners, and general politeness; including all ranks, but most remarkable in



the lowest.—4. The good treatment and excellent condition of their *unmutilated* horses, of every sort.—5. The activity and consequent good health of the women.—6. The superior condition of the labouring class; and, as a set off against some political grievances, exemption from tithes, poor-rates; and, in comparison, from taxes.

For further information on the character and manners of the peasantry, as well as the present state of society at Paris, we refer the reader to "*Lady Morgan's France*," a most fascinating work, equally remarkable for the elegance of its language and the veracity of its interesting details.

*Mode of living, longevity, active employment of females.*—Animal food is cheap, because the consumption is very limited. In France, but more particularly in the South, not one-sixth of the butcher's meat is consumed by each man or woman which would be requisite in England. Bread, wine, fruit, garlic, onions, and oil, with occasionally a small portion of animal food, form the diet of the lower orders; and among the higher ranks the method of cooking makes a little meat go a great way. The immense joints of beef and mutton to which we are accustomed in England, were long the wonder of the French; but latterly they have begun to introduce (among what they humourously term *plats de resistance*) these formidable dishes.\*

The temperate mode of life, pursued by the French, their geographical position and agricultural pursuits, exempt them from that variety and severity of disease to which our countrymen are exposed from the natural variations of an English climate, the still greater extremes of temperature, to which a large part of its inhabitants are by their mercantile pursuits exposed, and their comparative intemperance as to food and drink. This fact is exemplified not less in the happy constitution of the people, than in the advanced age

\* Travels in France, Vol. II. p. 165.

of which the majority of those persons die in France; where it is an object to record, from the abilities of the individual, or the rank which he may have held in society. *Il n'avait que cinquante six ou que soixante ans*: (he was *only* 56 or 60,) is a common formula of French biography. The Cardinal de Fleuri died at 90; the President d'Henault at 96; Crebillon, the son, at 70; Condamine at 74; Voltaire at 84; the Marquise du Desland at 84. Men of 70 and 80 have usually as much life and playfulness in France, as their grandchildren\*.

In every part of France *women* employ themselves in offices which are deemed with us unsuitable to the sex. Here there is no sexual distinction of employment: the women undertake any task they are able to perform, without much notion of fitness or unfitness. This applies to all classes. The lady of one of the principal clothiers at Louviers, conducted us over the works; gave us patterns of the best cloths; ordered the machinery to be set in motion for our gratification, and was evidently in the habit of attending to the whole detail of the business. Just so, near Rouen, the wife of the largest farmer in that quarter, conducted me to the barns and stables; shewed me the various implements, and explained their use: took me into the fields, and described the mode of husbandry, which she perfectly understood; expatiated on the excellence of their fallows; pointed out the best sheep in the flock, and gave me a detail of their management in buying the wether lambs, and fattening their wethers. This was on a farm of about 400 acres. In every shop and warehouse you see similar activity in the females. At the royal porcelain manufactory at Sevres, a woman was called to receive payment for the articles we purchased. In the Halle de Bled, at Paris, women, in their little counting-houses, are performing the office of factors, in the sale of grain and flour. In every de-

\* Appendix to Lady Morgan's "France," by Sir T. C. M.



partment they occupy an important station, from one extremity of the country to the other. Who can estimate the importance, in a moral and political view, of this state of things? Where the women, in the complete exercise of their mental and bodily faculties, are performing their full share of the duties of life. It is the natural, healthy condition of society. Its influence on the female character in France is a proof of it. There is that freedom of action, and reliance on their own powers, in the French women, generally, which occasionally we observe with admiration in women of superior talents in England. See “Mr. Birkbeck’s Notes,” p. 40, without exception, the best modern work on France, as it respects agriculture and the present state of the peasantry and middle classes of people. It is a useful supplement to the celebrated *Arthur Young’s Tour*.

*Plan of a Tour in France, Expence of Travelling, &c.*—The first object of an English traveller is PARIS, and whether he have or have not visited that capital before, he will first bend his steps thither, as the central point whence he may make excursions into the other parts of France. Arrived at Paris, the usual Tour, and that which promises the highest degree of gratification, is towards the *South*; returning by the western departments, to the capital, and embracing every object of importance in this fine country. Such is the journey described in the present work, which, with the exception of a few places that branch off from the main road, (such as the excursions to Besançon, Grenoble, Chambéry, Digne, and to Nice,) may be performed in about *three months*, for an expence of 100*l*. This calculation supposes the traveller to go by the diligence, dine at the table d’hôte, and regulate his expences on an economical scale; and does not, of course, include any purchases. The best months are August, September, and October.

Mr. Birkbeck, who went from London to Paris by way of Rouen, in July 1814, and afterwards visited

Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, Montpellier, Perpignan, and the Pyrenees; thence to Toulouse, and Montauban, and returned by Clermont and Montargis to Paris, and thence by Amiens to Calais and London; states his expences at 70*l.* each person. The party consisted of two grown persons and a youth of fifteen, and they were absent from England nearly three months. They also made several *excursions* or deviations from the main road just noticed. Mr. Birkbeck says that *economy* was strictly attended to; and in this we perfectly agree with him, for the sum he mentions is certainly too small to allow the traveller all the little comforts of a tour of pleasure, for so long a time, particularly in the ease of various excursions.

But there is still a more economical mode of travelling, if time be not an object, by *water-carriage*, on the various canals and rivers which abound in France. The following Itinerary will show the distances by *land* and *water*, in a tour into the south, nearly such as is described in our volume, and the amount of each sort of travelling.

|                              | <i>By land.</i><br>Leagues. | <i>By water.</i><br>Leagues. |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| From Calais to Paris .....   | 61                          |                              |
| Paris to Auxerre.....        |                             | 33                           |
| Auxerre to Dijon.....        | 30                          |                              |
| Dijon to Chalons.....        | 14                          |                              |
| Chalons to Lyons .....       |                             | 24                           |
| Lyons to Avignon .....       |                             | 40                           |
| Avignon to Aix .....         | 16                          |                              |
| Aix to Toulon .....          | 15                          |                              |
| Toulon to Marseilles .....   | 10                          |                              |
| Marseilles to Aix.....       | 5                           |                              |
| Aix to Arles .....           | 12                          |                              |
| Arles to Nismes .....        | 5                           |                              |
| Nismes to Montpellier .....  | 8                           |                              |
| Montpellier to Béziers ..... | 16                          |                              |
| Béziers to Toulouse .....    |                             | 24                           |
| Toulouse to Bordeaux .....   |                             | 40                           |
| Bordeaux to Poitiers .....   | 52                          |                              |
| Poitiers to Tours.....       | 30                          |                              |

|                       | By Land. | By Water. |
|-----------------------|----------|-----------|
|                       | Leagues. | Leagues.  |
| Tours to Blois.....   |          | 13        |
| Blois to Orleans..... |          | 12        |
| Orleans to Paris..... | 28       |           |
| Paris to Rouen.....   |          | 29        |
| Rouen to Dieppe.....  | 12       |           |
|                       | <hr/>    | <hr/>     |
|                       | 314      | 215       |
|                       | <hr/>    | <hr/>     |

Making in the whole 529 French leagues, or about 1,330 English miles.

They who prefer making a short tour of a month or six weeks, may take the *Tour of the Loire*, described in Chapter VI. and will find this one of the most interesting in France; this may be done for 40*l.* or 50*l.* including the journey to and from Paris. Indeed, those who are continually moving from place to place, cannot expect to expend less than a guinea per day; though, if time be not an object, the sum will be somewhat lessened. Nothing more need be said, we imagine, as to any other *plan* of travelling; every chapter of this work presenting a distinct tour, which may be altered or abridged at pleasure. Those who do not travel with a servant will be generally charged at the Inns, one franc for breakfast, of coffee; three francs for dinner, including half a bottle of *vin du pays*, common wine; this is the usual price of tables d'hôte: and a franc, or one and a half, or two francs, for a bed. On the road from Calais and Dieppe to Paris, these charges are higher; as breakfasts, always two francs, and bed the same. This is also the case near the metropolis. Supper the same charge as dinner.

*Expense of living in France.*—If we make our estimate not on a few particular articles, but on all that is necessary to the *maintenance and education of a family*, it may be stated, that in peace, one hundred pounds will go as far, but not farther, in France, than one hundred and fifty pounds in England. In war the dif-



ference was greater, but peace has had no effect in reducing prices in France. It is fit, however, to add, that an income of five hundred pounds a-year will introduce a family much more into society than one of seven or eight hundred pounds in England—the practice of our southern neighbours being to meet, not at dinner, but in evening parties, and to lay but little stress on the aspect of the mansion or furniture of the friends whom they visit: their grand object is to meet with lively companions, and to pass their time agreeably; and the intimacy is kept up with very little regard to the amount of the property of the new comers, or to their style of living.

A previous *knowledge of the language*, to some extent at least, is necessary; the French seldom knowing any thing of English, though quick in comprehending a broken phrase, are never disposed to ridicule a foreigner. The following is a circumstantial estimate of family expenses, taken from a return of several provincial towns of the larger class (from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants), and applicable, with slight modifications, to most of the places in the northern and central parts of France, which can with any propriety be recommended for the residence of an English family.

*Rent* of an unfurnished house of nine or ten rooms, with a garden, from 30*l.* to 40*l.* sterling a-year. *Taxes*, as far as payable by the tenant, 5*l.* a-year. *Improvements* necessary to adapt a house to an English family; these occur chiefly in the first year, and, supposing an occupancy of six years, may average, after deducting the allowance eventually obtained from the proprietor, 7*l.* a-year. *Wages*; a man-servant, 10*l.* or 12*l.* a-year; a woman cook, 6*l.* or 8*l.* a-year; house maid, 5*l.* or 6*l.* a-year; a mechanic, 1*s.* 10*d.* a-day; labourer, 1*s.* 3*d.* a-day. *Fuel*; three room-fires in winter, and a kitchen-fire throughout the year, 30*l.* a-year. *Butcher's meat*; beef (the English lb.) 4*d.* and 4½*d.*; mutton 4*d.* and 4½*d.*; veal, 4*d.* and 4½*d.*; pork 5*d.* *Fish*, in the maritime districts, plenty and cheap. *Poultry*; a goose or

turkey, 2s. to 3s.; couple of fowls, 2s. to 2s. 6d. *Butter*; fresh (in summer), 7d., 8d., and 9d. per lb. *Milk*; the pot of two quarts, 2d. to 3d. *Eggs*; commonly 5d a dozen. *Small beer*; 5d. the gallon. (The customary drink is cider, or *vin du Pays*). *Candles*; according to quality, 8d., 9d., or 10d. per lb. *Bread*; the quartern loaf, in an ordinary season, 7d. *Groceries*, nearly as in England, tea being cheaper, but sugar somewhat dearer. *Clothes*; linen and silks cheaper, cotton manufactures dearer, than in England; woollens somewhat dearer, but more durable. *Education*; boarding-schools, girls 25l. a-year (including extras); boys 30l. (including extras.) Board in a family, with private tuition, girls 35l. to 40l.; boys 50l. Private lessons, by the hour, in the French language, 10d. or 1s.; ditto in music, 1s. 6d. Board and lodging in a private family, for a single gentleman or lady, 40l. a-year; and even for 30l. in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in the south; and towards the Pyrenees.

All these prices are the same, or nearly the same in peace and war; the only article of expense affected by an influx of English into any particular town is *house-rent*. As to the quality of provisions, French butcher's meat and butter are not equal to English, except in Normandy; but the bread and the poultry are extremely good throughout. The usual fuel is wood, but coals may be had in several places, and will become more easily attainable as the inland navigation is improved.

*Particular Districts.*—On considering the relative merits of particular residences, we shall find that, to families in easy circumstances, *Versailles*, *St. Germain*, and other places in the vicinity of Paris, may be expedient; but, in point of economy, the banks of the *Loire* and *Lower Normandy* have the advantage, by a full third, of the metropolis and its neighbourhood. *Tours* on the Loire, and *Caen* in Normandy, are favourite places of resort with our countrymen, and very fit residences they are for the genteel economist. The com-



forts of life, and the enjoyments of society, may here be procured at *one-third less* than in a provincial town in England; but those with whom *saving* is a paramount consideration, will do well to move farther westward, and seek a retired place, such as Saumur, Avranches, or some of the various other places mentioned in the course of this work. The farther saving is about twenty per cent. on the prices of Caen or Tours: but it is attended with considerable inconvenience; and, in particular, with the want of good schools and genteel society. Rouen is dear, being little below the level of Paris; it is, besides, much more a place for business than for education or retired life. In the south of France, prices, with the exception of wine, are nearly on a level with the northern and central parts; while to English children there is a very serious danger from the intensity of the summer heats. On the whole, there seems no reason that an English family, going abroad for the purpose of *economy* and *education*, should contemplate a residence to the southward of the Loire. As to *climate*, the general rule is, that all along the coast it partakes of the character of our own, being changeable and humid, but without unpleasant extremes, either of heat or cold; while, in the interior, it is less variable, the winter shorter by several weeks, but the summer so far hotter as to prevent the taking of exercise in the middle of the day.

For further information on the *choice of a residence in France*, we refer to the body of this work, in which the merits of every place worthy of notice in this respect, are stated, and the best and most recent information given on the subject. See also the Monthly Magazine, for March, April, May, and June, 1817, where will be found some very sensible remarks, on the merits of a residence in France. Of some of these particulars we have availed ourselves in the above sketch, and we bear willing testimony to their general accuracy.

## MANNER OF TRAVELLING IN FRANCE.

THERE are three modes of travelling in France; in your own carriage or in a *chaise de poste* (hired chaise) with post horses; by making a bargain with a *voiturier*; or in the *diligence*; which last is by far the cheapest, and perhaps the most convenient for men of business.

1. *Travelling Post*.—In France you cannot have a chaise or conveyance of any kind, from stage to stage, but must hire a carriage for your whole journey, and take horses from post to post. At every stage there is but one place to change horses, which is seldom connected with an inn; thither you are driven and in a few minutes your cattle are removed and others yoked, without your alighting, unless you think proper.

The *cabriolet* is a kind of post-chaise, which runs on two wheels, and is very convenient; having, besides plenty of room for two persons with their baggage, pockets for almost every kind of article. It has a fixed cover at top, and a small window at each side. It opens in front, and is so constructed as to shelter the traveller completely in bad weather. It is drawn by two or three horses (abreast), according to the pleasure of the traveller, or the number of the persons in it. This sort of carriage may safely be pronounced the best and most commodious for the tour of any part of the Continent. There are, however, different kinds of them, and the price is always regulated according to the taste of the traveller; but in all such cases the stranger must make the best bargain for himself with the proprietor. As much of the comfort of the journey depends on this vehicle being *weather proof*, the selection of a good cabriolet is an object worthy of the closest attention.

In taking *your own carriage* to France, you no longer pay the tonnage-duty for it at the custom-house on this side of the water; but on the other, at whatever port you land, or by whatever barrier you enter France, you are required to pay, or rather deposit, at the custom-house there, one-third of the value of such carriage, for which you receive an acknowledgment of such payment; and certifying, that upon your leaving that kingdom within

the space of two years with the same carriage, you may receive back two-thirds of that deposit, the other third remaining as a duty for ever. The receipt or certificate for the money so paid extends the time of reclamation for the money even to the third year, but then you must have given previous notice at the end of the second, that you intend to take the carriage out of France in the course of the next year. Though you enter in the North of France and go out at the South, you may equally receive the sum to be returned, upon certifying that it is the same carriage. The officers at the custom-house are not unreasonable with respect to the value you may set upon your carriage.

The post-houses are in the hands, and entirely under the control of government. A stranger, if he be circumspect, can never be deceived either by the post-master or the postilion; for every year there is published, by order of the government, a post-book, or general list of the posts in France, *Etat Général des Postes*, which contains not only the rules respecting the administration of the post, but also an alphabetical list of all the different posts in France.

No stranger should venture on a tour through France, without having this manual in one of the pockets of his cabriolet; and he should be particular at the time he makes the purchase of it, to have the *last edition*\*. Thus provided, he cannot be subject to any imposition; and whatever his bounty may give beyond the *ordonnance*, is a mere voluntary act, and not required by public authority.

The new regulations respecting the post charges, we extract from the last *Etat Général des Postes*.

1. *Cabriolets*, (carriages with two wheels) whether containing one or two persons, must have two horses and one postilion; paying 1 franc and a half, or 1s. 3d. for each horse per

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\* This is particularly necessary, because the estimated distance between two post places is sometimes altered, i. e. added to; such as, instead of being a post and a half, it is made two posts. Between Dieppe and Rouen one of the posts has been made a post and a quarter within these few years, in consequence of a memorial from the post-masters of the two places to the government for that purpose.



post ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles), and fifteen sous or  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per post for the postilion. Here it should be also observed that the postilion is never satisfied; and always expects, what indeed it is the *custom* for most persons to give, double; that is, a franc and a half: for two francs he will go as fast as you please, and do every thing you wish. Give him the *ordonnance*, 15 sous, and he will scarcely stir,—and make your journey in every way unpleasant. If three persons, there must be four horses, and if four persons, five horses; it being understood, that for every person a horse should be harnessed and paid for; but it is common in the case of a light carriage, or one not too much burthened with luggage, for the post-master to put to three horses only and receive for four: such an agreement being a saving to both parties.

*Limonières*, (four wheel carriages with poles) must have three horses, paying 1 franc and a half each horse; if it be occupied by three or more persons, it pays the same additional charge as the *cabriolets*. One postilion only is necessary.

*Berlines*, (coaches) carrying one, two, or three persons, must have four horses; with four persons, six horses, paying as above (1 franc and a half); and if there are five persons, there must be seven horses, and two postilions, paying 1 franc and a half for each horse. Small carriages, commonly called *German chariots*, having four wheels and containing two persons, are subject to the same regulations as *cabriolets*, but if they hold more than two, and have a shaft, they are classed with the *limonières*; and when they have a pole, with the *berlines*. Every carriage may be charged with one portmanteau, whether it be entire, or in two parts. A child of six years old is not considered (*comme voyageur*) as a traveller. Two children under that age are reckoned equivalent to a grown person.

The postmasters are in general civil and obliging, and if persons do not choose to change their money, they will always defer the payment to the next post, or even to three or four posts in advance; and the postilions entertain the same disposition. But in case the party travel during the night, or should feel disposed to sleep, it will be the best mode to pay for several posts in advance, together with the postilions. In this way you may travel half a day without interruption. Upon the whole, the service of posting is extremely well



managed; and for good order, regularity and promptness, it excels, perhaps, any other part of Europe.

2. *The Voiturier*.—A slow, but pleasant mode of travelling, in France, and indeed in use all over the continent, is by making a bargain with a *Voiturier*, or sort of hackney-man, who keeps carriages and horses, and conveys travellers from one place to another, for a certain sum of money: sometimes lodging and boarding them on the road and defraying every expense. It is usually a good roomy coach for six persons, and starts every morning about six or seven o'clock, and concludes its day's journey of about 30 or 40 miles at dusk; stopping for some time in the middle of the day, to refresh the horses; and for breakfast and dinner. But it is the usual plan, to unite the dinner and supper at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and have the meal at the inn where you sleep. This is a good conveyance for females, invalids, and others, who do not wish to go to the expense of posting it.

3. *The Diligence*.—The French diligences are neatly fitted up, and are adapted to the roads through which they have to pass, and when all parties are seated and arranged, it is by no means an unpleasant vehicle. The inside is capacious and lofty; and from the roof depends a large net-work or sacking for hats and light parcels. The diligences usually carry six persons inside; some take nine, and some twelve persons in the inside or voiture as it is termed. Attached to this vehicle is the *cabriolet*, a covered dicky in front of the diligence, holding two persons, and the *conducteur*, who has the charge of the passengers and luggage; but whose chief business according to his practice is to *sleep* closely shut up in the *Cabriolet*, and to take his place at the head of the table at meals, where he generally plays his part to perfection. This is by far the pleasantest part of the carriage, and is completely weather proof. Fifteen pounds of luggage are allowed.

The diligence is thus well described by a lively writer:—  
 “A French diligence merits particular notice as a trait of character, as well as a novelty. As a carriage, its external appearance indicates it to be a mixed species formed by the union of a waggon with a stage coach; but let me confess, that however unprepossessing its look may be, its qualities realize many of those advantages which are found to result from crossing breeds. It certainly is not so strong as a waggon, nor so lightsome, or swift, as one of our Highfliers; but to much of

the security and roominess of the former, it adds a very considerable proportion of the celerity of the latter. There is, to be sure, a great want of arrangement, of suitableness, completeness, and nicety, visible about itself and all its appurtenances; but this, after the first disgust it occasions, is over, excites admiration of the dexterity of the people, who contrive to get on, in every thing, with the most awkward and insufficient means in the world, very nearly as well as they do who are the most exact and scrupulous in their preparations.

“ A French postilion is on and off his horses' back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed if called upon to mend those by which his horses are tied, rather than harnessed; and this he does with packthread, if he happen to have any in his pocket, and with his garters, if he have not. If a passenger call, he dismounts, and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance,—a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse. You scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing an accident,—knotting his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining a bridle, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up from the road. The progress of the travellers does not stop while these repairs are making; no embarrassment is discoverable; neither disconcertion nor anger takes place. The horses are arranged in a strange order: a few ropes loosely bind three of them abreast as leaders,—one behind runs between heavy shafts, and carries the postilion, and a fifth is attached to the side of the latter, by the same insufficient and coarse sort of tackle. The whole set, except the one within the shafts, are thus free to curvet, and prance, and zigzag; and they make a great show of availing themselves of this liberty. In truth, however, they are very tractable; they get along at a good pace, and readily obey the driver's whip (which he employs more than his reins), notwithstanding the impatience they pretend to shew by rampant pawings, vehement snortings, and deviating plunges. The horse in France generally displays the native and natural appearance of that fine animal, which is seldom seen in England. The particular breed of each province is kept distinct, and in its pure state, and it accordingly evinces that original spirit and peculiarity of disposition

which constitute what is called character, and which, putting utility out of the question, is infinitely more interesting than combined qualities, and made-up perfections.”—(Scott’s *Paris*, p. 29.)

Of the diligence, it has also been very truly observed, by another modern tourist. “Every thing here is life, and motion, and joy. The moment you enter, you are on terms of the most perfect familiarity with the whole set of your travelling companions. In an instant, every tongue is at work, and every individual bent upon making themselves happy for the moment, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow-travellers. Talking, joking, laughing, singing, reciting, every enjoyment which is light and pleasurable, is instantly adopted. Some species of round game, like our cross-purposes, involving forfeits, is frequently played in a diligence, and gives rise to much mirth.”

Often have we repeated these lines on the starting of this tremendous machine:—

We wait for no one: off we bowl:  
The pond’rous mass begins to roll:  
The post-boys crack their whips, and swear,  
And spur the steed, and lash the air.

The fiery coursers tear the sound,  
They rouse their strength—they strain—they bound:  
The pavement groans, the wheels turn round;  
Away—we burn along the ground.

If we except London, there is not a town in Europe where there are more conveniences for travelling than at Paris. At every corner may be seen advertisements of stage-coaches setting off, not only for every considerable town of the French empire, but also for Germany, Switzerland, &c. More than 30 diligences depart from or arrive at Paris every day.

Diligences or stages, for all parts of France, will be found at the grand *Messageries Royales*, rue Notre-Dame des Victoires, No. 22; but, as these stages generally travel during the night, we think it proper to give a list of other places where public conveyances may be found, the travellers by which commonly sleep at some inn, and pursue their route only by day. To those who visit France for the purpose of seeing the country and to invalids who do not wish to incur the danger and fatigue



of night travelling, the following list will be peculiarly acceptable.

*Rue du Bouloy*, No. 22. Voitures for Caen, every day.

*Rue du Bouloy*, No 9 and 11, and *Hotel St. Simon*, No. 24. *Velociferes* and *Jumelles*, or swift carriages, twice a day, for Rouen. They make the journey in eleven hours, and correspond with Dieppe, Havre, &c.

*Rue du Bouloy*, *hotel St. Simon*, No. 24. Voitures, every day, for Orleans, Blois, Tours, and Saumur, and correspondence with Angers.

*Rue du Bouloy*, No. 24, *Messagerie de l' Eclair*. Voitures, every day, for Amiens, Lille, Dunkirk, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Dort, Rotterdam, Liege, Maestricht, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblentz, Frankfort, &c.

*Rue Bourg l'Abbé*, No. 12. Diligences for Amiens and Arras.

*Grand Cerf*, *Faub. St. Denis*, for Amiens.

*Rue Contrescarpe-St.-André-des-Arts*, No. 5. Convenient diligences, carrying six, every day, for Orleans, and correspondence with Blois, Tours, Saumur, &c. At the same place, a very convenient voiture (*bien suspendue*), well hung, every day for Fontainebleau, which it reaches in six hours, stopping only to change horses.

*Rue du Faubourg St. Denis*, No. 50. Diligences for Compiègne, Senlis, Pontoise, Nanteuil, Chateau-Thierry, Chantilly, &c.

*Rue des Fossés St. Germain-l'Auxerrois*, No. 26. Chartres, Vendôme, Tours.

*Rue Git-le-Cœur*, 6, *hotel de Toulouse*. Lyons, Geneva, Avignon, Marseilles, Nice, Montpellier, Nismes, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and all Southern France. Lausanne and Switzerland. Turin, Milan, Rome, Naples, and every part of Italy. In the above street, at the hotel Montauban, No. 11, carriages may be engaged *at pleasure*, for all the above places, and also for Prussia, Hanover, Poland, and Austria.

*Rue Saint Martin*, No. 256. Strasbourg, Mayence, and Germany.

*Rue Saint Martin*, No. 247. Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Brussels, Antwerp, and Holland.

*Rue Saint Victor*, No. 50. Fontainebleau and Corbeil.

*Rue de Thionville*, No. 26, and *Saint Bernard's Quay*, at the Cheval-Rouge. Voitures for Lyons, by Fontainebleau, Ne-



mours, and Moulins (sleeping every night). At this place, also, will be found carriages for hire to any place.

The above is a list of the principal *voituriers*. For further information, we refer to the *Almanach du Commerce*, an indispensable work to every traveller on the Continent.

Besides these diligences, there are small one-horse carts, called *Putaches*, for Strasburgh, Metz, Nancy, and Lyons; the price is 10 sous (5d) per league, and the office is in the Rue St. Martin, near the gate of that name; and for Lyons, in the faubourg of St. Antoine.

*Messagerie à Cheval*.—In the western and southern parts of France, persons who choose to travel on horseback, consign their luggage to the *Messager-en-chef*, who conveys it from place to place in a *Fourgon*, or covered cart, setting out himself very early every morning; but previously informing his passengers where they are to dine, and likewise where they are to sleep. He provides them with good horses; and does not regulate their hour of departure, further than to require that they shall reach the dining-place by twelve at noon. On arriving, they always find a good dinner prepared for them, with half a bottle of table-wine allotted to each passenger. After dinner, they set out again; and on reaching the inn where they are to sleep, find a good supper ready to be served; and, generally speaking, every passenger gets a good bed. The *Messenger* never takes his little troop above twenty or thirty miles a day: and this mode of travelling, though slow, is as agreeable as economical, supposing fine weather and good company.

*Water-Carriage*.—At the Port St. Paul, No 8, a boat goes every Sunday to Nogent, and is two days performing the journey; to Briare, every Tuesday, three days; to Montereau, every Tuesday, one day; to Melun, every Friday, one day; to Sens, every Monday, two days; to Aurerre, every Wednesday and Saturday, four days. The office for the two last boats is No. 1, rue de Bretonvilliers. The whole start at seven in the morning in summer, and eight in winter.

*Money*.—The shortest way of providing yourself with money, is to take English guineas or foreign coin purchased at London: guineas may be exchanged at Paris, at any of the Boutiques de Change, in the Palais Royal: Bonnet, No. 47, Galerie de Pierre, P. R. will give the full value, and may be depended on. There are three other ways in which tra-

vellers may provide themselves with money. (1.) They may deposit a sum of money in the hands of their banker in London, and draw for it as they have occasion; always regarding the course of exchange, which they can tell from the daily papers. These bills at sight on London are much sought after by Bankers and Merchants, and will be readily discounted without any charge, at the following houses: *Busoni, Groupy, and Co.* rue faubourg Poissonière, No. 19, and *Baguenault and Co.* boulevard Poissonière, No. 17, who are Bankers to the English Embassy. *Perregaux and Co.* charge one per cent. commission; brokerage, one eighth per cent.; and double postage to and from London. (2.) *A Letter of Credit*, though subject to some charges, is an excellent mode of providing for a traveller's expenses. (3.) *Bills of Exchange* is perhaps the best method, on the plan of *Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co.* St. James's Street, described at length in p. liii.

*Current Coin in France.*—The traveller will find it useful to pay some attention to the following state of the current coin in France; recollecting that whenever the course of exchange is at par between the two countries, the French louis, of 24 francs, is to be considered as of equal value to the English pound sterling.

The current coins of France are, 1. (*gold*) double Louis, 48 francs; the Louis, 24 francs; the Napoleon, or Louis, a piece of 20 francs, most in use. 2. (*silver*) the five, two, and one franc piece. 3. (*copper*) the large or double sou, the sou, and the half and quarter sou, or pieces of two and one liard. There are also antient pieces, made of mixed or bell-metal, denominated pieces of six liards, value one sou and a half.

The *franc* is equal to ten-pence English. It is assumed as the basis or unit of all their computations, and all values are reckoned upwards by tens, hundreds, and thousands of francs; and downwards, by tenth parts, and hundredth parts of francs. The tenth part of a franc is a *decime*, and the hundredth part of a franc, a *centime*.

The coins in circulation, according to this system, are, viz. in *silver*, pieces of five francs; pieces of two francs; pieces of one franc; pieces of thirty sous, being half of the *ecu*; pieces of fifteen sous, a quarter of the *ecu*; and half francs and quarter francs, or five sous pieces; in *copper*, pieces of five centimes, (five hundredths) equal to the old sou; and of ten

centimes (ten hundredths) or one decime, equal to the double sou.

| <i>French Coins.</i>                         | <i>English Value.</i> |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| The louis, containing 24 francs, is equal to | £1 0 0 sterling.      |
| The six franc piece is equal to              | 0 5 0                 |
| The five franc piece                         | 0 4 2                 |
| The three franc piece                        | 0 2 6                 |
| The two franc piece                          | 0 1 8                 |
| The thirty sous piece                        | 0 1 3                 |
| The fifteen sous piece                       | 0 0 7½                |
| The double sou                               | 0 0 1                 |
| The six liard piece                          | 0 0 0½                |
| The sou                                      | 0 0 0½                |
| The two liard piece                          | 0 0 0¼                |
| The liard                                    | 0 0 0⅛                |

Foreign coin may always be exchanged at Paris for that of France, at an exchange regulated by Government, at the *Boutiques de Change*, established in the Palais Royal and its environs.

*French Weights and Measures.*—Before the Revolution, the weights and measures of France differed in almost every province; at present they are uniform throughout the kingdom, and calculated decimally, the primitives or unities being the *gramme*, the *metre*, the *are*, and the *litre*, which have three divisors, the *deci*, the *centi*, and the *milli*, or the 10th, 100th, 1000th; and four multipliers, the *deca*, *hecto*, the *kilo*, and the *myria*, or 10, 100, 1000, 10,000 times.

The *gramme* weighs one cubic centimetre of distilled water.

|                                |                                                                                                                                                                                        |                               |                                                                                                                                                                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| De-<br>scend-<br>ing<br>Series | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Decigramme ... } \frac{1}{10} \\ \text{of the gramme.} \\ \text{Centigramme } \frac{1}{100} \\ \text{Milligramme } \frac{1}{1000} \end{array} \right.$ | As-<br>cend-<br>ing<br>Series | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Decigramme ... 10} \\ \text{grammes.} \\ \text{Hectogramme 100} \\ \text{Kilogramme 1000} \\ \text{Myriagramme 10000} \end{array} \right.$ |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

The kilogramme supersedes the antient livre (pound) and is the common weight for gross merchandize; it is equal to 2 lbs. 5 gros. 49 grams, antient Paris weight, and to 2 lbs. 5 oz. 4 drs. 81 English avoirdupois.

*Long and Road Measure.*—The *metre* is the  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  part of the quarter of the meridian, or the distance of the pole to the equator.



|                                |   |                                   |                          |   |                     |
|--------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|---|---------------------|
| De-<br>scend-<br>ing<br>Series | { | Decimetre ..... $\frac{1}{10}$    | Ascend-<br>ing<br>Series | { | Decametre ..... 10  |
|                                |   | of the metre.                     |                          |   | metres.             |
|                                |   | Centimetre .. ... $\frac{1}{100}$ |                          |   | Hectometre ... 100  |
|                                |   | Millimetre ... $\frac{1}{1000}$   |                          |   | Kilometre..... 1000 |
|                                |   |                                   |                          |   | Myriametre 10000    |

The metre is the common measure of cloths, and supersedes the antient *aune* (ell). It is equal to

*Ft. In. Lin.*

3 0 11 2960 Paris feet antient.

3 3 4 8490 English measure.

The myriametre, the usual road measure, which supersedes the antient league, is a few inches more than 10943 English yards.

*Superficial Measure.*—The *are* is 100 square metres, or one square decametre.

|                       |   |                                |                       |   |                    |
|-----------------------|---|--------------------------------|-----------------------|---|--------------------|
| Ascend-<br>ing Series | { | Deciare, $\frac{1}{10}$ of the | Ascend-<br>ing Series | { | Hectare, 100 ares. |
|                       |   | are, or 10 square              |                       |   | Myriare, 10,000.   |
|                       |   | metres.                        |                       |   |                    |
|                       |   | Centiare, $\frac{1}{100}$ of   |                       |   |                    |
|                       |   | the are, or one                |                       |   |                    |
|                       |   | square metre.                  |                       |   |                    |

*Solid Measure.*—The *stere*, 1 cubic metre, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  cord.

The decistere  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the stere.

*Liquid Measure.*—The *litre* is one cubic decimetre.

|                        |   |                               |                       |   |                    |
|------------------------|---|-------------------------------|-----------------------|---|--------------------|
| Descend-<br>ing Series | { | Decilitre, $\frac{1}{10}$ of  | Ascend-<br>ing Series | { | Decalitre ..... 10 |
|                        |   | the litre.                    |                       |   | litres.            |
|                        |   | Centilitre, $\frac{1}{100}$ . |                       |   | Hectolitre .. 100  |
|                        |   |                               |                       |   | Kilolitre ... 1000 |
|                        |   |                               |                       |   | or 1 cubic metre.  |

The litre is  $= 1 \frac{1}{20}$  antient Paris pints, or 2,114 pints English, one hectolitre being 52,85 gallons.

The government finding it impossible to force the use of the new weights and measures on the people, have been obliged to modify them to a certain degree, and to permit the use of the antient denomination in the common business of retail. Thus the new *aune* is 120 centimetres, or nearly an inch longer than the old. The *livre* is half the kilogramme. The cord of wood is four stere; and the new pint is the litre.



The correspondence of the French antient measures with the English are,

10 feet English = 9,383 French.

For common purposes, it is sufficient to say that 15 French feet are equal to 16 English, the exact proportion being

15 French = 15,986 English.

The Paris pound is 7561 grains troy, 100 Paris pounds being  $108\frac{1}{7}$  English.

*Mr. Sugden's General Agency Office*, No. 22, George Street, Adelphi, and 361 (Exeter 'Change) Strand. Here persons going to the Continent may obtain every information respecting their journey; they may book their passage in any of the packets that sail, both from London and the coast, to the various ports of Holland and France, and have their baggage or goods cleared at the Custom-house, inward or outward, and shipped without delay. At the office in *Paris*, Monsr. Cabanes, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, No. 65, persons of respectability may gratuitously receive every sort of local information, tending to prevent their being imposed on, or relating to a continental journey.

*Coaches for Paris.*—A coach sets out from the White Bear, Piccadilly, morning and evening. By paying £4. 12s. inside, or £4 outside, the traveller insures a conveyance to Paris, but he finds his own provision and lodging on the road. A passenger's luggage is limited to 20lb.; over that quantity he pays 4d. per lb. This is also the price for luggage in general. Places and parcels may also be booked at the Cross-Keys, Woodstreet. This is the only coach which is connected with the old company of the General Messageries of the rue Notre Dame des Victoires, at Paris. It puts up at Meurice's Hotel, at Calais.

The *Paris Royal Mail* sets out from the Angel Inn, St. Clement's Strand, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings at one o'clock; and on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, at a quarter before seven in the morning.

*Dover.* Every morning and evening from White Bear, and New White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly.

*Brighton.* The Royal Blue, every morning from the New White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. The *Princess Charlotte*, an elegant light post coach, from the White Horse, Fetter-lane, every morning; passes over Blackfriars Bridge. This is a truly excellent conveyance and reaches Brighton in eight hours. There

is also a Brighton coach from Blossom's Inn, Lawrence-lane, and from the Angel, St. Clements, every morning.

*Portsmouth.* From the Angel Inn, St. Clements, every morning and evening; a new light coach also starts from the Bolt in Tun, Fleet-street, every morning. Coaches also go from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street.

*Harwich.* From the Bull, Whitechapel; Blue Boar Cellar, Aldgate; Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, every evening.

*Packets.*—Convenient and ably navigated packets are continually sailing from Dover, Brighton, Margate, Southampton, Portsmouth, Harwich, Rye, and Gravesend, for the different ports of France and Holland.

The vessels contain beds, with excellent bedding, and clean linen, and sail regularly every day from Dover to Calais, and Calais to Dover. For the accommodation of families, a vessel may be had for their sole use, and one or two carriages and baggages may be taken under deck, secure from the weather, and no other person admitted on board when so engaged, at the following prices:—

Terms to CALAIS or BOULOGNE.

|                                      |     |    |   |
|--------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| A Family and two Carriages . . . . . | £10 | 10 | 0 |
| Ditto ditto, with Horses . . . . .   | 12  | 12 | 0 |
| A Carriage (separate) . . . . .      | 3   | 0  | 0 |
| Horses (separate) . . . . .          | 1   | 1  | 0 |
| Passengers (each) . . . . .          | 0   | 10 | 6 |

To OSTEND, full Freight.

|                                           |    |    |   |
|-------------------------------------------|----|----|---|
| A Family and two Carriages . . . . .      | 18 | 18 | 0 |
| Horses, if not freighted (each) . . . . . | 2  | 2  | 0 |

To DIEPPE, full Freight.

|                                      |    |   |   |
|--------------------------------------|----|---|---|
| A Family and two Carriages . . . . . | 21 | 0 | 0 |
|--------------------------------------|----|---|---|

*Harwich.*—There are twelve packets stationed here; they sail regularly twice a week, wind and weather permitting. The following are the charges; the captain in each instance furnishing provisions for the voyage.

To Helvoetsluys, 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Cuxhaven, 7*l.* 9*s.* 0*d.* Gottenburgh, 14*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Gentlemen may also take their carriages on board the packets; freight for each carriage, to Holland, 1*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.* Cuxhaven, 12*l.* 12*s.* 0*d.* Gottenburgh. 15*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* The passage to Holland, with a fair wind, is made in about sixteen hours; to Cuxhaven, in four or five days; to Gottenburgh in six days—with a very fair wind, in three or

four. N. B. There are two excellent inns at Harwich, the Three Cups and the White Hart, where travellers will meet with the best accommodations at a very reasonable rate.

*Dieppe.*—Packets sail from Brighton for Dieppe, every evening, immediately after the arrival of the coaches from London, about eight or nine o'clock. The Duke of *Wellington*, from Newhaven and Brighton, Captain Cole, is a large and convenient packet, with 26 beds. It may be invidious to praise one where all deserve well, but in Captain Cole, who commands the Duke of Wellington, is united the experienced seaman, and the most pleasing manners. His packet affords the best accommodation for ladies, and he is decidedly a favourite with them.

*Havre.*—Packets sail from Portsmouth and Southampton once a week.

*Ostend.*—Ostend and Colchester packets sail from Margate and Ramsgate to Ostend three times a week.

There are other packets which go to Calais, Ostend, &c. *from the river*: (1). For Calais, Botolph wharf, near London Bridge, best cabin £1. 11s. 6d. (2). For Ostend, from the same place, same charge; and also from Wool Quay.

*Passports.*—Persons going to France must send their names to the French ambassador's, No. 10, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, stating by what route they intend to go to Paris, either by Calais, Dieppe, Havre, &c.: and on the second day a *personal attendance* is requisite, when the passport will be obtained; there is no charge for it. If for the *Netherlands*, by Ostend, Bruges, &c. an application must be made to the Dutch ambassador's, Buckingham Street, Strand; but a letter must be addressed to Baron Fagel, from a respectable householder, recommending the person who wishes for the passport.

*Hints to Continental Travellers.*—1. Every traveller should endeavour to lay down an *exact plan*, from which he should never deviate, without the most urgent motives. He should also *make notes* upon the relays, the inns, and the most remarkable places where he may intend to stop. This caution of laying out some plan cannot be sufficiently recommended; there are too many of our countrymen even in the present day, who exemplify the remark of Voltaire:



Parfait Anglois, voyageant sans dessein,  
 Achetant cher de modernes antiques,  
 Regardant tout avec un air hautain,  
 Et méprisant les saints, et leurs reliques.

2. Previously to your departure, determine the place to which letters may be addressed to you, or where you may receive answers, carefully arranging both the time and the manner. Those directed *poste restante*, or to be left at the post office, are certainly the least secure of any: it is preferable to direct your letters or packets to some *banker*, or some respectable *merchant* or *bookseller*, at any of the places predetermined.

3. Excellent servants, Swiss, Germans, or Italians, may always be procured by speaking to masters of respectable hotels at Paris, or any of the great cities on the Continent. You cannot be too scrupulous in your choice of a servant, as one of his description, faithful, sober, discreet, active, neither too young nor too old, is a real treasure. There are many advantages in choosing a servant from the place of his birth. One who can do the honours of the kitchen, will be very useful.

4. If you travel by *diligence*, always secure a place in the *briolet*, by far the best and most convenient part of the vehicle.

5. Persons who wish to preserve health during a *long journey*, should avoid sitting many hours together in a carriage, by alighting at every post, and walking on while their horses are changed, and likewise by walking up steep hills.

6. Never give in a *wrong name* at the gates of any place, or in the place itself; as it may be productive of great inconvenience.

7. The *French language* is become so general, that a stranger who wishes to visit any country, with the language of which he is unacquainted, ought at least to understand French, of which it may be said, as of money, *cette langue passe par tout*.

8. Whoever goes abroad merely for observation, should avoid his own countrymen. If you travel in a party, (observes Mr. Arsyth) your curiosity must adopt their paces: you must sometimes pass through towns which are rich in art or antiquity, and stop where the only attraction is *good cheer*. While you linger with fond delay among the select beauties of a gallery, your friends are advanced into other rooms, and the keeper complains when you separate: you thus lose the freedom of inspection, your ears ring with impatience, and often



with absurdity. If you travel with one who is more ignorant of the language than yourself, you must stand interpreter in all his bickerings with the natives, and a man is usually harsher when his spleen is to pass through the mouth of another, than when he speaks for himself.

9. Procure the most exact information as to *prohibited* or *contraband goods*. If by chance you should have them with you, the wisest way is to get rid of them, or to make an *open declaration* of the circumstance before the proper authorities. Never suffer your domestics to have any concern with these articles, as in this case it is the master alone who is always responsible.

10. It is of the utmost importance for *travellers in France* to know, that, with respect to *coin*, two decrees of the National Assembly still exist in full vigour, which prohibits, under pain of imprisonment and fine, the exportation of silver, coined or in bars. On entering France, therefore, make a declaration at the bureau of the frontier, and receive a certificate, or what is better, convert all your money into letters or bills of exchange at the French frontiers, reserving only a few livres.

11. Never take into the French territory either packets or simple letters *sealed*; as you are subject to be thrown into prison, and to pay a fine of 500 livres for each letter.

12. A traveller should never *interfere with the received opinions* of the country where he is a stranger, though ever so closely connected with error or prejudice, much less discuss, or set himself up as a judge of them. As much as possible he should likewise *avoid* all conversation upon *politics*. To hear and forbear ought to be the order of the day with every traveller. This however does not absolutely prohibit any kind of observation *en passant*. Every thing remarkable occurring in the course of the day, if prudent, he will not fail to enter in an *Album*, every evening, in order that nothing may escape him which is truly worthy of attention.

13. Never fail to purchase the *map or plan* of the interior of the large towns and cities which you may visit. This is the best guide which you can have, as it contains at least, the panoramic view of the streets and public places. With this map in your hand, ascend the highest tower in the place, and request the guide to point out to you the principal objects.

14. It very frequently happens that persons may be found in *coffee-houses* capable of giving you very useful information

relative to celebrated *artists* co-residents with them; the workshops or *manufactories*; the *Pensions* or *Instituts*; and it is never advisable to attempt to view any of these without some kind of introduction.

15. Travel as much as possible with persons of whom you have some knowledge, and avoid *strange faces*; but as this cannot always be put in execution, take care how you place any reliance upon persons whom you may casually meet with. Never ask them any questions as to the object of their journey, nor where they intend to put up, &c. and be sure if they put such questions to you, to avoid giving any positive answer. Even persons whom you may have seen before are not to be too hastily recognized or trusted. It is equally imprudent to take up foot passengers on the road from a false principle of compassion; this has been the cause of many murders and assassinations.

16. *Letters of recommendation* not only to substantial bankers, but to other respectable persons, are by no means to be despised. It is not likely that a stranger should have too many friends among foreigners, and cases may occur possibly, in which their assistance to extricate you from embarrassments, or to afford protection, may be highly valuable.

17. An excellent method of *preserving papers and writings* is to have an envelope of paper nearly the strength of cartridge paper, and then deposit them at the bottom of a trunk or coffer, after having taken a note of their contents; this is also the place for *rouleaus* of money, books, or any other objects, the weight of which might bruise or spoil other things of a different texture. The large port-folios that are shut with a lock, are still the best for papers. For those of importance, Count Berchthold recommended a *kind of belt, covered with red leather*, with four pockets to it, at about the distance of an inch from each other, in order that the whole may be pliable. This belt may be worn under the waistcoat and buckled round the waist. Each of the pockets is fastened by a flat metal button.

18. *Trunks and coffers* short and deep are preferable to those that are long and shallow; these at all times should be very strong, and even the outsides of them should be strengthened with iron, and with flat pieces of wood, to resist the pressure in the packing of the diligences and carriages. Nothing can be worse than a simple *leather trunk*.

19. A traveller should invariably *make up his packages* the

night previous to his departure, and never wait till the last moment.

20. What are called *Vaches* and *demi Vaches* are of excellent use upon the continent; they are chiefly intended for clothes, a lady's toilette, &c. and possess the convenience of suffering the clothes, to be extended at their full length.

21. When a person has his own carriage, he will do well to have what are called *Magazins et poches* to put things in, which may be liable to be wanted in the night, without being obliged to open the trunks, &c. Persons who have no carriage of their own, should at least have a portmanteau, or for greater convenience, a *sac de nuit*.

22. Another indispensable article to travellers, is a *strong box* for their money, jewels, bills of exchange, &c. These sometimes contain pens, ink, paper, and visiting cards: in the latter of which, written or printed, the traveller should never be deficient. In great cities, the name of the inn, or the number of the house where the traveller is, must be mentioned. These cards often prevent a great deal of trouble, when travellers are examined at the gates. The *cassettes* or strong boxes, for security, should be attached to the sides or the bottom of the carriage, or in one's chamber at the inn. Most of these *cassettes* are provided with an *escritoire*, basons, bottles, razors, soap-dishes, &c.

23. The *rouleau de voyage* is a modern luxury, and renders the movement of a carriage infinitely more easy. It is made of sheep-skin, five or six inches thick, covered with hair, and filled with goose-down, and is used as a pillow to sleep on, and with the assistance of straps, as a garment to wear.

24. Every traveller should have a *gobelet de voyage*, with an *etui*. Some of these are made of horn, and plated in the inside with silver. These *etuis* also sometimes contain a corkscrew, a *carrelet*, a small but safe padlock in the form of a cross; the latter, however, should never be used but in suspected places. A writing pen is another indispensable article; one much in use, was lately called a *Tilsit*, made of metal, with a small cap, from whence the ink falls of itself; but which is still so well secured, that it may be carried without apprehension. The barometers made by *Luc* and *Rosenthal*, at Paris, are also an object with some curious travellers.

25. A traveller who uses his own carriage, ought to confine himself to one trunk, *vache*, or *cassette*; considering how many



objects may be stowed in the pockets of the coach, the traveller would find more than these extremely embarrassing.

26. Servants should always have a quantity of linen, needles, and thread, and other things necessary to light a fire.

27. A person travelling post without delay, and who eats, drinks, and sleeps in his carriage, will, whatever he may lose in his prospects, gain it again in his pocket. As for what is given to the guards, keepers of public edifices, gardens, museums, &c. for a sight of these places, people will save considerably by not going alone, but with the company they may find at their inns.

28. Ever so short a stay in great towns and cities is always dear; but may be considerably reduced by making proper arrangements. One part of these is to take a ready furnished lodging, where you may practise economy without apprehension or embarrassment.

29. *The Traveller at his Inn.*—It is an uncontroverted rule, that inns most frequented are those whose charges are most reasonable. We may add, that the traveller, whose deportment is civil and obliging, will always be better served than the rude and over-bearing. To know the best inns, is to listen to the voice of common fame, but by no means to depend upon the eulogies of the postillions; however, it may so happen, that in many inns people may be better entertained, and at a lower rate in one season than another.

30. A traveller who has no servant, will do well to take a note of the name of the inn, and that of the street, at which he puts up, as there are sometimes two houses of this description of the same name.

31. Four or five drops of vitriolic acid put into a large decanter of bad water, will make the noxious particles deposit themselves at the bottom, and render the water wholesome.

32. It is of the greatest importance for a traveller to have a bed to himself, and a bed-chamber, if he can; as it is a common practice all over the continent to put three or four beds in a room, he cannot be too much upon his guard against becoming the dupe of a bed-fellow.

33. When you intend to be absent, you should take care to leave your trunks, &c. well secured, to prevent their being searched, for various purposes; and when you go out, to leave the key of your chamber in the care of the landlord, or one of the principal waiters, as this step renders them responsible for your property.



34. In large places, a *valet de place* is sometimes indispensable. If no price be fixed for his services, you must agree with him for his wages, which is generally a florin per day. If you employ him to make any purchases for you, you must take care that there is no collusion between him and the dealer, to wrong you. But with respect to the choice of a valet or a washerwoman, it is generally the most eligible way to refer to the innkeeper with whom you reside.

35. Innkeepers are in the habit of asking their guests what they would choose to have for dinner, &c.; but your best way is to *enquire what they have in the house*; otherwise, if you order any thing particular, they will make you pay for that and the ordinary provision into the bargain.

36. If you are in a *bad inn*, never eat any *ragouts*, as these may be made up of scraps and leavings, or other unwholesome matters: rather ask for roast meat, hot or cold; for eggs, milk, &c. In such places put up also with *ordinary wine*; for if you ask for other kinds, it is generally drawn from the same cask, and you only lose your money for your pains.

37. Every traveller who is alone, may live at a much cheaper rate and much agreeably in a *table d'hôte*, or by dining at a *restaurateur's*, than if he is served in his own chamber.

38. As the *noise* of an inn is often very disagreeable, and prevents invalids from sleeping, it may be well to observe, that the most tranquil time of night is from ten till five in the morning; this therefore, should be devoted to rest.

39. At most inns it is best to *pay your bills every day*, or at furthest every three days. This is a method not very pleasing to many innkeepers; but it is the best way to *prevent being fleeced*, because your host is always under some apprehension, that if not well treated, you will change your house. It is not necessary to ask what is the sum total of the charge; but to keep and give in a specific account of all you have had. In most inns it is necessary, *the moment you step into them, to enquire into the price of the bed, the table d'hôte, &c.* unless you would pay three or four times more than the value.

## EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS

ARE VERY MATERIALLY ACCOMMODATED BY  
THE FOLLOWING

### PLAN

OF THE

### CIRCULAR EXCHANGE NOTES, AND LETTERS OF CREDIT,

OF

MESSRS. HERRIES, FARQUHAR, and COMPANY,  
BANKERS, No. 16, ST. JAMES'S STREET,  
LONDON.

THE object of this plan is to supply *Travellers* on the Continent with money wherever they may require it, without there being any necessity for determining the route beforehand; and to supply *other individuals* who may have remittances to make abroad, with bills upon any particular place that they desire. For this purpose a correspondence is established with all the principal places in Europe.

1.—*The Circular Exchange Notes*, which are calculated to answer the same purpose abroad as *Bank Post Bills* in England, are made out in even sums, from £20. sterling upwards, and are payable, at the option of the possessor, at any one of the various places, named in the annexed list. The traveller is furnished, for that purpose, with a general *Letter of Order* addressed to the different agents of the house, which letter,

whilst it serves to identify, also gives him a claim to any attention or good offices that he may stand in need of.

The value of the notes is reduced into foreign money at the current usance course of exchange on London, at the time and place of payment, subject to no deduction for *commission*, or any other charge whatever, unless the payment be required in some particular coin which happens to bear a premium. They are payable to order, and the traveller will, naturally, for his own security, not endorse them till he receives the money; besides which, such checks are concerted with the agents as to render a successful forgery of his name scarcely possible.

As a still further precaution, they are drawn, like bank post bills, at seven days sight: but although so drawn, they are always paid on presentation, except when there is room for suspicion of their not being presented by the right owner; in which case the agents are instructed to avail themselves of the seven days to make the necessary inquiries, and to give time also to the real proprietor to make known his loss. Upon the whole, therefore, these notes, it is presumed, possess the recommendation of combining, in a peculiar manner, *security, convenience, and economy.*

2.—*The Transferable Exchange Notes*, are payable at one particular place only, and are calculated chiefly for making remittances of money to persons whose residences are fixed.—They are given for any required sum, previously reduced into foreign money at the last quoted course of exchange



from the place where payable, and they are negotiable, or transferable from hand to hand, by simple endorsement, in the same manner as bills of exchange.—They are payable, as well as the circular notes, without any deduction whatever.

From the foregoing short explanation, it will be seen that the great advantages of this plan over common *letters of credit*, are,

1.—The option, which the traveller has, of receiving his money at so many different places.

2.—His being exempted from the payment of any commission, or charge of any kind, the stamp duty only excepted\*.

The real convenience, however, of these notes, having been universally acknowledged by travellers of all descriptions, ever since the plan was first thought of by the late Sir Robert Herries, and by his house carried into execution (now nearly fifty years ago), it is the less necessary to enlarge on the subject here; but any further explanation that may be wished for, either with regard to the notes, or to *letters of credit*, which the house also furnishes whenever required, will be given with pleasure, either verbally or by letter.

\* *All letters of credit in the common form are subject to a commission of one per cent.; and often, from the necessity of getting them transferred from one place to another, two or three of these commissions are incurred.*

*List of Places where the Circular Notes are optionally payable.*

|                  |                |             |                |
|------------------|----------------|-------------|----------------|
| Abbeville        | Chambery       | Lyons       | Riga           |
| Aix in Provence  | Civita Vecchia | Madrid      | Rochelle       |
| Aix la Chapelle  | Coblentz       | Maestricht  | Rome           |
| Aleppo           | Cologne        | Magdeburg   | Rotterdam      |
| Alexandria       | Constantinople | Malaga      | Rouen          |
| Alicant          | Copenhagen     | Malta       | St. Galle      |
| Amiens           | Corunna        | Manheim     | St. Maloes     |
| Amsterdam        | Dantzic        | Mantua      | St. Omer       |
| Ancona           | Dieppe         | Marseilles  | St. Petersburg |
| Angers           | Dijon          | Mentz       | Schaffhausen   |
| Angoulême        | Douay          | Memel       | Seville        |
| Anspach          | Dresden        | Messina     | Sienna         |
| Antwerp          | Dunkirk        | Metz        | Smyrna         |
| Athens           | Dusseldorf     | Middleburg  | Soissons       |
| Avignon          | Elsinore       | Milan       | Spa            |
| Augsburg         | Ferrara        | Modena      | Stockholm      |
| Bagneres         | Florence       | Montpellier | Stuttgart      |
| Bareges          | Frankfort      | Moscow      | Strasburg      |
| Barcelona        | Ghent          | Munich      | Tain           |
| Basle            | Genoa          | Munster     | Toulon         |
| Bayonne          | Geneva         | Nancy       | Toulouse       |
| Berlin           | Gibraltar      | Nantes      | Tournay        |
| Berne            | Gottenburg     | Naples      | Tours          |
| Besancon         | Gottingen      | Neufchatel  | Treves         |
| Bilboa           | The Hague      | Nice        | Trieste        |
| Blois            | Hamburg        | Nismes      | Turin          |
| Bologna          | Hanover        | Nuremberg   | Valencia       |
| Bordeaux         | Havre de Grace | Oporto      | Valenciennes   |
| Boulogne sur Mer | Hesse Cassel   | Orleans     | Venice         |
| Bremen           | Inspruck       | L'Orient    | Verdun         |
| Breslaw          | Konigsberg     | Ostend      | Verona         |
| Brunswick        | Lausanne       | Palermo     | Vevay          |
| Brussels         | Leipzig        | Paris       | Vienna         |
| Cadiz            | Liege          | Parma       | Warsaw         |
| Caen             | Lille          | Perpignan   | Weimar         |
| Cairo            | Lisbon         | Pisa        | Yverdun        |
| Calais           | Leghorn        | Prague      | Zante          |
| Cambray          | Lubeck         | Ratisbon    | Zurich         |
| Carthage         | Lucca          | Rheims      |                |

N.B. Besides these places, there are few or none in Europe where the *circular notes* are not now so well known as to be negotiable currently, as bills at short date on London.







| Reference to the Departments. |                          |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Finistère.                 | 38. Mayenne.             | 77. Dorlogne.            |
| 2. Côtes du Nord.             | 39. Loire Inférieure.    | 78. Gironde.             |
| 3. Ille & Vilaine.            | 40. Morbihan.            | 79. Landes.              |
| 4. Manche.                    | 41. Sarthe.              | 80. Lot & Garonne.       |
| 5. Calvados.                  | 42. Mayenne & Loire.     | 81. Lot.                 |
| 6. Eure.                      | 43. Indre & Loire.       | 82. Gers.                |
| 7. Seine Inférieure.          | 44. Loire & Cher.        | 83. Haute Pyrenées.      |
| 8. Normandie.                 | 45. Côte d'Or.           | 84. Haute Pyrenées.      |
| 9. Pas de Calais.             | 46. Haute Marne.         | 85. Haute Garonne.       |
| 10. Nord.                     | 47. Meurthe.             | 86. Ariège.              |
| 11. Lys.                      | 48. Bas Rhin.            | 87. Haute Pyrenées.      |
| 12. Escaut.                   | 49. Haut Rhin.           | 88. Aude.                |
| 13. Deux Neches.              | 50. Vosges.              | 89. Tarn.                |
| 14. Moselle.                  | 51. Haute Saône.         | 90. Aveyron.             |
| 15. Reims.                    | 52. Doubs.               | 91. Lotere.              |
| 16. Rhin & Moselle.           | 53. Jura.                | 92. Herault.             |
| 17. Oise.                     | 54. Saône & Loire.       | 93. Gard.                |
| 18. Dyle.                     | 55. Yonne.               | 94. Drome.               |
| 19. Jemappe.                  | 56. Cher.                | 95. Vaucluse.            |
| 20. Sambre & Meuse.           | 57. Indre.               | 96. Mouths of the Rhone. |
| 21. Foyers.                   | 58. Allier.              | 97. Var.                 |
| 22. Sarre.                    | 59. Creuse.              | 98. Haute Alps.          |
| 23. M. Tonnerre.              | 60. Vienne.              | 99. Haute Alps.          |
| 24. Moselle.                  | 61. Deux Serres.         | 100. Golo.               |
| 25. Meuse.                    | 62. Vendee.              | 101. Lianone.            |
| 26. Ardennes.                 | 63. Charente Inférieure. | 102. Doire.              |
| 27. Aisne.                    | 64. Charente.            | 103. Po.                 |
| 28. Oise.                     | 65. Haute Vienne.        | 104. Sura.               |
| 29. Seine & Oise.             | 66. Puy de Dôme.         | 105. Maritime Alps.      |
| 30. Paris.                    | 67. Loire.               | 106. Montenegro.         |
| 31. Seine & Marne.            | 68. Rhone.               | 107. Marenne.            |
| 32. Marne.                    | 69. Ain.                 | 108. Sesia.              |
| 33. Aube.                     | 70. Leman.               | 109. Genoa.              |
| 34. Yonne.                    | 71. M. Blanc.            | 110. Apennines.          |
| 35. Loiret.                   | 72. Isere.               | 111. Duchy of Parma.     |
| 36. Eure & Loir.              | 73. Ardèche.             |                          |
| 37. Orne.                     | 74. Haute Loire.         |                          |
|                               | 75. Cantal.              |                          |
|                               | 76. Corrèze.             |                          |



# THE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE

THROUGH

## FRANCE.

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### CHAPTER I.

*Route from Paris to Lyons, by the Bourbonnais—by Burgundy.—Account of Châlons sur Saone.—Macon. Lyons.—Route by Troyes and Dijon.—Account of Dijon.—Excursion to Besançon.—From Dijon to Lyons.*

THE various routes to Paris, as well as that great capital itself having become so familiar to the English reader, either by repeated visits, or by the numerous excellent descriptions which have been published, since the peace,—we shall not unnecessarily increase the cost of this work by any additional matter on the subject, but commence at once our journey into the provinces of France,—referring the reader to the last greatly improved edition of *Mr. Tronchet's Picture of Paris and its Environs*, as the completest Guide extant, not only containing the best account of the metropolis of France,—but

of the various interesting towns which the traveller must pass through, in his journey thither, by all the different routes, now frequented by our countrymen.

The following route to the South of France, is greatly preferable in *summer*, to that by Burgundy, in No. 2.; the road being, after we leave Fontainebleau, as good as any mail road in England, we can travel much more swiftly and pleasantly than on the other, which is nearly the whole of it a *pavé*, or pavement; but in *winter* this last is always to be preferred. Those who pass through the *Bourbonnais*, at the time of the vintage, the latter end of September, or beginning of October, will “travel through the sweetest part of France; when nature is pouring her abundance into every one’s lap, and every eye is lifted up; a journey, through each step of which *music* beats time to *labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters.”

No. I. From PARIS to LYONS, by the *Bourbonnais*,  $59\frac{1}{2}$  posts— $327\frac{1}{4}$  English miles.

| FROM                               | POSTS.         | FROM                           | POSTS. |
|------------------------------------|----------------|--------------------------------|--------|
| PARIS to Villejuif .....           | 1              | Font. to Puits-Lalande ..      | 1      |
| Fromenteau .....                   | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | MONTARGIS <sup>(2)</sup> ..... | 1      |
| Essone .....                       | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | La Cominodité .....            | 1      |
| Ponthierry .....                   | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Nogent-sur-Vernisson ..        | 1      |
| Chailly .....                      | 1              | La Bussière .....              | 1      |
| FONTAINEBLEAU <sup>(1)</sup> ..... | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Briare .....                   | 1      |
| Nemours .....                      | 2              | Neuvy-sur-Loire .....          | 2      |
| La Croisiere .....                 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Cosne .....                    | 1      |
| Fontenay .....                     | 1              | Pouilly .....                  | 1      |

INNS. — <sup>(1)</sup> La Galère, l’hotel de France, du Dauphin  
<sup>(2)</sup> La Ville de Lyon.



# Aqueduct of Arcueil.

3

| FROM                          | POSTS.          | FROM                          | POSTS.          |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| Pouilly to La Charité ..      | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | La Palisse to Droiturier ..   | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Pouzauges . . . . .           | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Martin d'Estreaux . . . . | 1               |
| NEVERS (¹) . . . . .          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Pacaudière . . . . .          | 1               |
| Magny . . . . .               | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Germain l'Espinasse . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| St. Pierre-le-Moutier . . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Roanne (²) . . . . .          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| St Imbert . . . . .           | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | St. Symphorien-de-Lay . . .   | 2               |
| Villeneuve-sur-Allier . . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Pair-Bouchain . . . . .       | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| MOULINS . . . . .             | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Tarare . . . . .              | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Bessoy . . . . .              | 2               | Arnas . . . . .               | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Varennnes . . . . .           | 2               | Salvagny . . . . .            | 2               |
| St. Gerand-le-Puy . . . . .   | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | LYONS (³) . . . . .           | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| La Palisse . . . . .          | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |                               |                 |

We quit Paris by the faubourg *St. Marceau*, one of the most gloomy and disagreeable of its environs, and by the barrier of Italy. On our left, we leave the road which leads to the antient royal chateau of *Choisy*, as well as to a number of charming country seats, agreeably situated on the banks of the Seine. Farther to the right is the road to Orleans, between which, and the road we are now pursuing, runs the little river of Bievre. We next pass on the right, the *Bicêtre*, which being situated at the extremity of a long avenue, has a fine effect. In the valley several locks have been constructed, for the aqueduct which passes to *Arcueil*, and the young poplars that surround them, give to each the appearance of a tomb, the whole forming a sort of little Elysium. The noble modern aqueduct at Arcueil, was built from the designs of the celebrated Jacques de Brosse, by order of Mary de

INNS.—(¹) L'Hotel Royal, Golden Lion. From the last, diligences set out for Lyons and Clermont. (²) Hotel de Flandre. (³) Hotel du Parc, in the Place des Terreaux; Palais Royal, in the rue du Plat; Hotel du Commerce, &c. &c.

Medici, for the purpose of conveying to Paris the waters of Rungy.

*Villejuif* consists only of a single street, and is chiefly remarkable for the obelisk erected here to indicate the meridional line. Between the first obelisk and the chateau, the whole of Paris may be seen, presenting a singular coup d'œil of black looking stone buildings, and irregular steeples; the elevation is so great, as to enable us to discover every object with facility: some persons, indeed, pretend that the road is on a level with the summit of the towers of Notre Dame. The plain of *Villejuif* is entirely composed of corn-fields, but the environs of the village present some pretty vineyards and orchards. Between this village and *Essone*, we cross a plain which has received the name of *Longboyau*, because the trees which have been planted along the road, run in a direct line for more than eight miles, and form an allée, which, of course, extends farther than the eye can reach. The soil is sandy and bad. To the right of this road are the ruins of *La Saussaye*, an old abbey of Benedictines. At the extremity of the long avenue just noticed is the village of *Fromenteau*, where is a companion pillar to that of *Villejuif*. The neighbouring country is extremely rich, and covered with parks, fine residences, and villages which indicate competence, animated by an abundant and variegated cultivation, bordered by the *Seine*, which winds to the left, and intersected by rivulets which dispense general fertility; the whole forming a most interesting prospect. Leaving *Fromenteau*, we pass the *Orge*, over a fine bridge, of extraordinary height, and curious by its arches

being built one above another. Here are two fountains, surmounted by two groupes, one of them representing time, with a medallion of Louis XV. by Coustou. The road traverses the valley by a long causeway, which being pierced with numerous channels for the discharge of the waters, resembles a continuation of bridges. The most agreeable views are now seen on both sides the road, on the right is *Viry*, celebrated for its excellent cheeses.

*Essone*, consisting of a fine long street, is situated on the *Juine* or *Essone*, and has manufactories of cotton, copper, and printed calicoes, where MM. Berthollet and Chaptals new mode of bleaching is pursued. The royal gun-powder manufactory is remarkable on account of its singular situation. The place in which the different substances are prepared for making the powder, is entirely blackened by the dust of the charcoal, and seems to the visitor to resemble the poetical descriptions of the infernal regions; he crosses a stream over a plank, and this may be called the passage of the Styx, into the Elysian fields; for on the other side is a charming meadow, shaded by fine trees, and intersected by several branches of a small river, which serves to turn the machinery. Near this spot is the little hamlet of Moulin-Gallant, celebrated for the paper-mills, at which the famous vellum sheets are manufactured for the superb typographical curiosities of the brothers DIDOT. Farther on, to the left, is seen the chateau of Assere, formerly inhabited by the Duke of Orleans, and the park on the banks of the Seine.



About half a mile from *Chailly*, the post station, we begin to enter the noble forest of *Fontainebleau*, which contains more than thirty-four thousand acres, and is remarkable for the singularity of its prospects. On one side are seen black and shapeless rocks, surrounded with morasses, and on the other, strata of free-stone, disposed with the utmost irregularity. One part exhibits nothing but barren sands, while another part contains lands covered with the finest wood, such as oaks, beech, and firs, whose lofty summits expand in the air, or the trunks of which lie on the ground, while the whole affords the most picturesque views. Often, on leaving a fertile valley, the traveller finds himself in an uninhabited desert; but on the other hand, many parts of the forest contain walks lined with trees, that extend farther than the eye can reach. The rocks of *Fontainebleau* furnish an excellent hard stone, with which, when cut into squares, many of the towns in France are paved, in a convenient and solid manner.

The streets of *Fontainebleau* are broad and regular, and the houses are well built, both of brick and stone. But this place owes its chief celebrity to its ancient chateau, the residence of several kings of France, which offers to the eye a magnificent but confused pile of buildings, each bearing the character of its peculiar architecture. The chateau has two entrances, of which the principal is that of the *white-horse*, a vast square court. The two wings of the building are of modern construction. Of the various galleries which once decorated the interior, that of Francis I. alone is preserved;

here is the bust of that celebrated warrior king, and the fresco paintings of Primaticcio and Rosso, still fresh in beauty, after the lapse of three centuries. This gallery itself is curious, as a monument of the history of the arts, and as a general model of a sort of building now absolutely lost. It is a singular mixture of paintings and ornaments of stucco, composed of flowers, fruits, children, men, and animals, executed by that celebrated sculptor Paul Ponci, whose genius and invention were admirable; for there is no one part which resembles another. These *cartoons* are miniatures of exquisite taste. The large paintings which decorate the gallery are fourteen in number, and eight feet high by eighteen long; the subjects, which mostly relate to mythology, are not connected.

It was in the gallery of the *stags*, that the unfortunate Monadelchi was assassinated by the orders of Christina of Sweden. The grand *chapel* is ornamented with a number of paintings, and a profusion of gilding; it is paved with marble of various colours: that of Saint Saturnin is to be converted into a library. There are some fine pieces of water in the grounds belonging to this chateau.

Fontainebleau was a royal residence as early as the twelfth century, and Louis VII. is supposed to have been its founder. Philip Augustus liked this residence, and St. Louis, who was in danger of dying here, of a serious illness, was much pleased with the place, and called it *his deserts*. At this chateau, Philip the fair was born and died. Francis I. was, however, most attached to this place, and under the reign of this prince it acquired all its importance; having sent to Italy for the most dis-

tinguished artists, to superintend its embellishment. Fontainebleau was a favourite residence of the late emperor, who expended immense sums of money in the improvement of the building, and in the most splendid furniture to ornament it. In this chateau he received Maria Louisa previously to her marriage. Here pope Pius V. resided for two years; and here, Bonaparte, with a guard of 30,000 men, on the 11th of April 1814, signed the act of abdication of his title of "Emperor of the French and King of Italy." At Fontainebleau also, to the surprise of the whole world, this extraordinary man again made his appearance at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March 1815; arriving at Paris, in the evening of the same day, and re-ascending the throne of France, after *a rapid journey of twenty days* only, from the Isle of Elba.

This town has two fine barracks, some public baths, and a manufacture of porcelain and queen's ware; its grapes, so much sought after at Paris, are known by the name of *Chasselas de Fontainebleau*. The inns may be compared to those of Richmond and Windsor for the extravagance of their charges. Population, 9,000.

The road from Paris to Lyons by Fontainebleau, is connected here, on one side by Melun, and on the other, by Monet, with that from Paris to Lyons by *Auxerre*; this last junction, together with the road to Orleans, and that we are about to pursue, forms the star which we observe on leaving Fontainebleau by the south avenue. The obelisk, in the centre of this star, was erected on the birth of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

Leaving Fontainebleau, we again enter its mag-



nificant forest, which for about five miles, presents to the eye a continual succession of the steepest eminences, which have the same effect as a distant view of the Alps or Pyrenees. This is much heightened by the greyish tint of the rocks. Beyond the cross near the village of *Bourron*, we quit the forest to descend into the plains of Nemours, and about two miles farther the *pavé* of Paris is exchanged for a deep sandy road, which is insufferably dusty in summer, hard in winter, and very disagreeable after heavy rains. We next arrive at

*Nemours*, a well-built town, situated on the banks of the *Loing*, and the canal of Briare. Here is a beautiful stone bridge with elliptic arches. The *chateau* of Nemours for a long time inhabited by the dukes of this name, has nothing to interest the traveller. This town has some extensive tan-yards and manufactures of blankets. The inns are tolerably good. Population, 3,600.

After we have left Nemours, we again meet with piles of rocks that border the road on the right bank of the *Loing*, which is very agreeable and shady in summer, but very bad in winter. Pass the little village of *Soupe*, where some diligences stop, celebrated for its manufacture of steel articles, wheels, carriage springs, &c.; and continue to keep by the *Loing*, till you arrive at *Fontenay*, a small hamlet with a good inn; the old stone bridge here is said to have been constructed in the time of Cæsar. The country now becomes less hilly, the rocks less frequent, and they at last gradually disappear, and give place to quantities of flint stones, which serve to keep the road in repair. Farther

on, and near the river, we at times discover the canal which is fed by it, and sometimes loses itself in the stream. The forest of *Montargis* appears, and just before we enter the town are the celebrated paper mills of Buge and l'Anglée. Near this spot the canals of Orleans and Briare unite, in the midst of a vast extent of meadows which reach to the walls of *Montargis*.

The streets of *Montargis* are regular, but the houses are badly built. It is agreeably situated on the banks of the Loing, and the canal of Briare, which serve for a promenade, and both of which are crossed by the road. The chateau now destroyed, was built by Charles V. and was long a part of the royal domain; the kings of France frequently holding their courts here. Several queens came here to lie in, on account of the purity of the air; hence the town was called the "cradle of the children of France." But at that time there was no canal, which has rendered the place unhealthy, and subject to intermittent fevers. The English were compelled to raise the siege of *Montargis* in 1427; and the town was freed from taxes by Charles VII. on account of the resistance which they made. Its trade consists chiefly in wood and grain. A great deal of saffron is gathered in the neighbourhood, the white wine is very good, and the butter, which is chiefly sent to Paris, excellent. That celebrated mystic, *Madame Guyon* was born here. Population 7,500.

The country, on quitting the last town, becomes flat, sandy, and sterile; horses and oxen are here worked together. About two miles and a half from *Nogent*, the post, an indifferent village, with

good inn, on the banks of the canal, in the round belonging to the chateau of *Chenevier*, here are some fine remains of a Roman theatre, one of the most remarkable in France. There are also some ruins of baths; and near the spot is a country house inhabited by a gentleman who is ever ready to shew these objects of curiosity to the inquisitive traveller.

Passing the river Vernisson, the hamlet of Bezars, the wood of Boisson, and the post station of *la Bussière*, we traverse a flat and unpleasant country, till on reaching the summit of the hill that leads to Briare, we discover at once, a new earth, and a new sky; the pleasing vineyards, the fertile plains, and the moving picture of passing vessels on the *Loire*, afford to the eye the most picturesque and agreeable views.

*Briare*, which consists of one tolerable street, owes its celebrity to the canal which unites the waters of the Loire and the Seine. Begun byully, it was the first important work of the kind ever undertaken in France: its execution was interrupted during his retreat, but was re-commenced under Louis XIII.

A plain, intersected with hills, fields, and vineyards, leads us to the bourg of *Boni*, containing 2,200 inhabitants. Here the *Loire* is again seen. Having passed the post of Neuvy, a vast chateau with four towers, appears, on the left bank of the Loire, in the midst of a rich and fertile country. We next reach

*Cosne*, situated near the Loire, and at the mouth of the river *Novain*. It possesses a theatre, and a fine hall of Justice. *Manufactures*



of hardware, cutlery, nails, and iron-work for ships. To the west, on the left bank of the Loire, are the hills of Berry. These are distinctly seen from the *promenade* between the forges and the river. Their highest points, as well as their greatest embellishment, is the hill and town of *Sancerre*, celebrated for its excellent vines, but still more for the stout defence made by its protestant inhabitants against Charles IX. who was forced to raise the siege of the place, and succeeded only by starving them into compliance.

Bonaparte, when first Consul, passed a night at *Cosne*, on his return from a journey into the South, and the landlady proportioning her demands to the grandeur of her guests, made out a bill of *Fifty louis d'ors*. The exorbitance of the sum occasioned so violent a contention between the consul's chamberlain and the woman, as to attract his notice:—"Le Brun, what is all this about?" when informed of the subject, he cried out from the carriage to the landlady, "You must alter the bill," "Pardon me, Citizen First Consul, the *ci-devant* king always paid the same," was the next and just reply of the ingenious and insinuating landlady. "Give her a *hundred louis* rejoined Bonaparte," and the delighted landlady was instantly paid.

Estates are cheap in the environs of *Cosne*. One which was for sale, in July 1814, within half a mile of the town, may afford an idea of their general value: "1000 acres arable, 500 woodland, equal to 1650 acres English; one third of the arable, poor cold clay, of little value; two thirds pretty good wheat land; part dry enough for turnips: is let on lease for nine years (which the

tenant would give up on receiving a fair price for his stock and crops) at 9000 francs, 375l. sterling; and land-tax 1600 francs, 66l. 13s. per annum; might be bought for about 22 years purchase at 8,333l. On this estate is an excellent house, and out-buildings, and a large walled garden; all in good repair." See Mr. Birkbeck's Notes on a Journey through France, p. 29.

Passing the pretty bourg of *Pouilly*, celebrated for its excellent wine, and containing a population of 2,500 persons, we arrive at the ill built and ugly town of *La Charité*, situated on the banks of the Loire. It has a fine quay and two bridges over the two arms of the river, forming an Island. Trade in iron and wood; Population, 4,000. Arrive at *Pougues*, known for its mineral waters, now neglected: the road gradually rises till we reach the summit of a hill, whence the eye discovers one of the richest views in France; descend to Nevers.

*Nevers* is situated at the confluence of the Nièvre and the Loire, and is entered by a sort of triumphal gate, which looks best at a distance. Its amphitheatrical situation on the right bank of the Loire, gives it a fine appearance, but renders the streets very steep; they are also winding and badly paved. The objects worthy of notice, are the fine cavalry barracks, the spire of the cathedral, and the grand square containing the ancient chateau of the dukes of Nevers. *Manufactures* of glass, enamel, earthenware, and a foundry of cannon for the marine, on the Nièvre, where are a great number of forges, the principal of which is that of *Guérini*, appropriated to anchors and balls. This establishment which has

400 men, is the centre of the other founderies, which employ altogether 1,500 labourers. They make also mooring chains, and all sorts of iron work for ships. The mines are not far from the forges, and are the principal source of the prosperity of Nevers. The goods for Paris are sent by the canal of Briare; and those for Orleans and Nantes, by the Loire. Population, 12,000.

From *Saint-Pierre-le-Moutier*, a small town of 2,000 inhabitants, there is no place worthy of particular remark till we reach *Moulins*; but nothing can be more picturesque than the country: "natural beauty and the life and activity of cultivation contribute to render it the most complete succession of landscape in France. The road is of gravel, and excellent to a degree. It is bordered by magnificent trees, but which have been so planted, as to procure shade without excluding air; the road therefore is at once shady and dry. The chesnut trees, which are numerous in this part of the Bourbonnais, exceed, perhaps, in beauty, the oaks, having a more rich and bossy foliage, which reminds one of the Corinthian volutes. The French peasantry are not insensible to this beauty—for wherever there is a tree of more than common luxuriance in its foliage, a seat is made round the trunk, and the turf mowed and ornamented, to prepare it for the scene of their village sports. In the latter end of July or beginning of August, many a happy groupe may be seen, treading out their corn, which is performed in the following manner. Three or four layers of corn, wheat, barley, or pease, are laid upon some dry part of the field, generally under the central tree; the



horses and mules are then driven upon it and round it, in all directions, a woman being in the centre like a pivot and holding the reins: the horses are driven by little girls. The corn thrashed out, is cleared away by the men, others winnow it, others heap it, others supply fresh layers. Every one is happy and noisy, the women and girls singing, the men occasionally resting from their labours to pay their gallant attentions<sup>1</sup>."

On approaching *Moulins*, the sentimental traveller will naturally be reminded, that within half a league of this place, Sterne "discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar—her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook running at the foot of the tree.—She was dressed in white, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net; she had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to her waist, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by her string to her girdle."

*Moulins*, the ci-devant capital of the Bourbonnais, on the Allier, is a much more regular and better built town than Nevers; all the houses are constructed of brick, and the fronts of most of them have a singular appearance, from the mixture of black and red bricks, in the shape of lozenges, zig-zags, and other grotesque figures. The remarkable objects are, a handsome bridge of 13 arches, fine

<sup>1</sup> Pinkney's Travels, 4to. p. 217.

cavalry barracks, fountains, and the *mausoleum* raised by the Princess *des Ursins*, to Henry of Montmorency, her husband, who was beheaded at Toulouse, under the government of Cardinal Richelieu, situated in the Royal College. Moulins has a fine public library, some pleasant walks, and a small theatre. *Trade* in grain, wine, iron, wood, coal, and silk: *Manufactures* of earthen-ware, cotton, stockings, and thread, but particularly of all sorts of cutlery; the scissars are much esteemed. We might, perhaps, have spared the reader this information, for the moment he alights from his carriage, he will be surrounded by a score of women and girls (many of them very pretty, and of the most insinuating address,) who will soon make known to him the staple commodity of the town. There is literally no escape from these persevering girls, with their perpetually repeated "*Achetez-moi quelque chose*;" but by laying out a few sous with them<sup>1</sup>. The inhabitants are distinguished by their frankness and agreeable manners: the country-women wear large straw-hats, in the shape of a boat, which is not unbecoming. There are several forges in the neighbourhood, and some quarries of red, yellow, and blue marble; population 13,800.

<sup>1</sup> These girls will sometimes run by the side of a carriage for two or three miles, importuning travellers to spend a little money with them. This is also the case at Cosne, and at other places *en route*. One of them, having once been very importunate to a gentleman who persisted in refusing to buy her wares, she absolutely got into the carriage when she saw it ready to set off. He, in order to see how far she would go, let her remain there quietly, and she accompanied him to the next post, a distance of eight or nine miles, when finding him still inexorable she departed, and bent her way homewards.

Moulins may be considered a cheaper residence even than *Tours*, particularly since the latter place has been overstocked with English economists. Meat is plentiful and cheap, and poultry, vegetables, and fruit abundant. A very good family-house, with a nice garden and paddock, may be had here for £25 a year. Those who object to the interior of the town, may easily find a house in its charming environs.

From Moulins to *Bessay*, the next post, we pass through a level but rich and fertile country, and observe the left bank of the *Allier* sprinkled with vineyards, woods, villages, and chateaux; the right is still more beautiful. Some distance beyond *Varennes*, the *Puy-de-Dome* is seen, part of a long chain of mountains; still farther, *Mont-Dor* raises its snow capped summit, bounding the horizon: on the left is the modern chateau of *Gaïeté*, now converted into a hospital. About five miles farther, there is a fine view from the top of a hill, of the mountains of *Auvergne* on the right. Pass *St. Gerand-le-Puy*, a post, with a good inn, through a woody and hilly country, with some pretty valleys to *La Palisse*; but before we descend to this place, we observe a road on the right, which leads to *Vichy*, much resorted to in the summer, for its warm mineral waters, celebrated for the cure of palsy, rheumatisms, and obstructions, and often visited by *Madame de Sevigné*, who has given an entertaining account of the place in her charming "*Letters*." The trade of *La Palisse*, consists of corn, hemp, and cloth; population 1,800.

As we have now passed through the departments of the *Nievre* and *Allier*, and are about to quit the



latter, we shall pause a moment, to give the reader a general idea of the climate and productions of this favoured region, more particularly with a view of affording those who wish to settle here, the best information on the subject; and as we can bear testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Pinkney's very excellent description of these departments, we shall give it in his own words. There is nothing to add on the subject.

“ The climate of the departments of the Nievre and the Allier, which include the Provinces of the Nivernais and Bourbonnais, is the most delightful under heaven, being at once most healthy, and such as to animate and inspirit the senses and the imagination; it is an endless succession of the most lovely skies, without any interruption, except by those rains which are necessary to nourish and fertilize. The winters are mild, without fogs, and with sufficient sunshine, to render fires almost unnecessary. The springs answer to the ordinary weather of May in other kingdoms. The summer and autumn, with the exception of hail and thunder, which are certainly violent, but not frequent, are not characterized by those heavy humid heats, which are so pestilential in other parts of the world: they are light, elastic, and cheering. The windows of the bed-chambers are almost all without glass: or if they have it, it is for show rather than for use; the universal custom is to sleep with them open. It is not uncommon to have the swallows flying into your chamber, and awakening you by early dawn with their twittering. When these windows open into gardens, nothing can be more pleasant: the purity of the air, the splendour of the stars, the singing of

nightingales, and the perfume of flowers, all concur to charm the senses. In March and April the ground is covered with flowers, and many, which are solely confined to the gardens and hot-houses in England, may be seen in the fields and hedge-rows; the colours are perhaps not altogether so brilliant as in more humid climates, but they give the country an appearance of a fairy land. Peas are in common use on every table in March, and every kind of culinary vegetable is equally forward, and reasonable in price! The meadows are covered with violets, and the gardens with roses, and the banks by the side of the road seem one continued bed of cowslips. In a word, spring here indeed seems to hold her throne, and to reign in all that vernal sweetness and loveliness which is imputed to her by the poets<sup>1</sup>."

Every spot of ground is cultivated; if there be no natural soil, the peasants will carry some thither. As there are numerous woods and forests in these departments fuel is very cheap; coal also is found here. The most beautiful shrubs are common in the woods and hedges. An estate may be purchased here for two-thirds less than in England; and those who are disposed to settle in this central part of France, will find cheerful neighbours, a people polished in their manners from the highest to the lowest, and naturally gay and benevolent.

*Roanne* is a populous, commercial town, situated on the left bank of the *Loire*, which here becomes navigable, and continues so for more than 450 miles. All the merchandize from Lyons, from Lan-

<sup>1</sup> Travels in France, 4to. p. 237.

guedoc and Provence, and from the Levant, is sent to Paris from this port, by the river and the canal of Briare. At a distance, the town appears nothing more than a large village, but it has some broad, regular streets, good houses, public baths, and a theatre. The wines of Renaison and St. André, made in the neighbourhood, are highly esteemed. Manufacture of calicoes. Population 8,000. *St. Symphorien-de-Lay*, the next post, is a small *bourg*, with some cotton manufactures and coal-mines. Hence to the mountain of *Tarare*, the country is full of ascents, but very picturesque. There is a good road over this mountain, which is safe in summer, but dangerous in winter, on account of the snows with which it is covered. Posts, however, are placed along the road to direct the traveller. Oxen are here used with horses to assist in drawing the carriages. Sterne passed over this mountain, and has given an interesting narrative of an adventure which occurred to him there—one that is so likely to happen to every traveller—that we shall make no apology for presenting it to the reader. It is a finished sketch, and perfectly characteristic of the manners of the peasantry in this part of France, even at the present day:

“ A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Tarare, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the



chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

“ He had not mounted half a mile higher when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost his second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot: I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farmhouse, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant’s house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

“ The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

“ They were all sitting down together to their gentil soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—it was a feast of love.

“ The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was sat down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the

family: and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

“ Was it this? or tell me, Nature, what else it was which made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

“ If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

“ THE GRACE.

“ When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife—to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

“ The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the viol—and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

“ It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.— In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.”

The little bourg of *Tarare*, situated on the Tardine, in a valley at the foot of the mountain we have just passed, has a population of 3000 persons, some manufactures of printed linens, cottons, muslins, bleaching grounds, and tan-yards. Before we arrive at *Arnas*, the next post, there is a very steep descent by a narrow road hedged in by rocks on one side, with a precipice on the other, which the traveller would do well to pass on foot, as it is rather dangerous for carriages. *Arbrêle*, or *Bresle*, a small town of 2000 inhabitants, is chiefly remarkable for its copper-mines, about two miles distant, which will well repay the curiosity of the traveller. The situation is fine, the smelting-houses large, and the excavations immense. Those of *Sainte-Bel* are less considerable. Here they manufacture copperas, verdigris, and vitriol.

Leaving *Arbrêle*, we ascend the mountain of that name, and after passing *Salvagny*, the next



post, see on our right the chateau of *Charbonnières*, celebrated, at Lyons, for the mineral waters in its park. The beauty of the country continually increasing, offers to our view some of the most delightful landscapes in France; and the numerous country seats which every where meet the eye, in the most picturesque situations, announce our approach to a great commercial city, the antient and celebrated LYONS, of which the reader will find a detailed account in our second chapter.

No. 2. From PARIS to LYONS, by *Burgundy*,  
58 $\frac{3}{4}$  posts, 324 English miles.

| FROM                         | POSTS.          | FROM                                | POSTS.          |
|------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Paris to Charenton.....      | 1               | Rouvray to Roche-en-B.              | 1               |
| Villeneuve-St. Georges ..    | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Saulieu .....                       | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Lieusain .....               | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Pierre-Ecrite .....                 | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| MELUN <sup>(1)</sup> .....   | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Chissey .....                       | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| L'Ecluse .....               | 2               | AUTUN <sup>(5)</sup> .....          | 2               |
| Fossard .....                | 2               | St. Emilan .....                    | 2               |
| Villeneuve-la-Guiard....     | 1               | St. Leger.....                      | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pont-sur-Yonne .....         | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Bourg-neuf.....                     | 1               |
| SENS <sup>(2)</sup> .....    | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | CHALONS-SUR-SAONE <sup>(6)</sup> .. | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Villeneuve-sur-Yonne ..      | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Senecey .....                       | 2               |
| Villevallier .....           | 1               | Tournus .....                       | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Joigny .....                 | 1               | Saint Albin .....                   | 2               |
| Bassou.....                  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | MACON <sup>(7)</sup> .....          | 2               |
| AUXERRE <sup>(3)</sup> ..... | 2               | La Maison-Blanche ....              | 2               |
| Saint Bris .....             | 1               | St. George de Rognains..            | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Vermanton .....              | 2               | Villefranche .....                  | 1               |
| Lucy-le-Bois .....           | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Anse .....                          | 1               |
| AVALLON <sup>(4)</sup> ..... | 1               | Limonest.....                       | 1               |
| Kouvray .....                | 2               | LYONS <sup>(8)</sup> .....          | 1               |

INNS.—<sup>(1)</sup> La Galere, le grand Monarque. <sup>(2)</sup> L'Ecu, the Bottle, Black Stag. <sup>(3)</sup> The Leopard. <sup>(4)</sup> La Ville de Lyon Golden Lion. <sup>(5)</sup> L'Ecu, the Bottle, Black Stag. <sup>(6)</sup> The Park, commanding a beautiful prospect, the Three Pheasants Three Moors. <sup>(7)</sup> The Savage, Hotel de l'Europe. <sup>(8)</sup> Hotel du Parc, Palais Royal, du Commerce.

Quitting Paris by the faubourg St. Antoine, we pass by the manufactory of glass, the gate of Reuilly, and see on our right the Val-de-Grace, Observatory, the Bicêtre, and Villejuif: keeping by the walls of the park and chateau of *Bercy*, we arrive at this pretty village, which is a grand dépôt of wines, and has a manufacture of printed cottons, and a sugar refinery. The brick-house, on this road, about the third mile stone, was built by Henry IV., for the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. *Charenton*, on the right bank of the *Marne*, has a great trade in wine. At the end of St. Maurice, which forms a part of this bourg, is an asylum for lunatics. *Alfort*, only separated from Charenton by the *Marne*, has a royal veterinary school, with a botanic garden, and some fine collections of comparative anatomy. The bridge of Charenton, often rebuilt, is famous for the numerous battles fought near it, from the year 865 to 1649, when the patriots repulsed here the army of the Prince de Condé.

At the village of *Villeneuve St. George* are many pretty country seats, and a sugar refinery. Nothing remarkable occurs till we reach *Melun*, situated on the banks of the *Seine*. This place has *manufactories* of glass, cotton thread, printed calicoes, tan-yards, large markets for grain, an Agricultural Society, and baths. It was taken by the English in 1419, who kept it for ten years. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, was born here. Population, 7,000.

*Montereau*, situated at the confluence of the *Seine* and *Yonne*, has a trade in corn, grain, and cattle, a manufacture of queen's ware, and

tan-yards. On the bridge of this town the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, in 1409, by the orders of the Dauphin. There was a sharp contest here, in 1814, between the French and allied troops, with great loss on both sides. Population, 3,450.

SENS, the antient capital of one of the Gaulic provinces, and once an archbishopric, upon which Paris itself was dependent, is surrounded with old ramparts, and Roman works, and is situated at the confluence of the Yonne and Vanne. The principal street is broad and regular, but the only good one in the place; and has a handsome gate at each end. Here also is the *cathedral*. This magnificent church, dedicated to St. Stephen, was built in the tenth century, and has been augmented and embellished at various times, by the different archbishops. The entrance is heavy and irregular; there were formerly, over the principal doors, several figures of angels and saints, and a representation of the marriage of the virgin. Over the left gate are still to be seen the remains of two figures, representing avarice and prodigality; avarice is sitting upon his bags, in order to prevent them from being stolen; while prodigality is also sitting, but between two coffers, which he keeps open; in one of these is silver, and in the other effects of various kinds; at the feet of the figures is a sack. Over the gate to the right are the remains of the statue of Philip of Valois. The monuments in this church are not remarkable.

In the middle chapel, behind the choir, is the martyrdom of St. Savinian, sculptured by Bridan; an executioner is about to cut off the head of the



Saint with a hatchet, while a soldier holds him by his clothes: the drapery is well executed. The stained windows are magnificent, and have an imposing effect; one of them represents Paradise. Those also of the chapel of our lady of Loretto, behind the choir, are worthy of notice. On the walls of the cathedral are many inscriptions of the middle ages. The *chapter-house* contains the portraits of several archbishops, and is embellished with a fine tapestry of silk and gold, representing the adoration of the Magi: here are also the armouries of the house of Bourbon—Vendôme. The relics in the *treasury*, are a piece of the rod of Moses, a bone of the prophet Isaiah, a bit of the seamless coat, a piece of the real cross, and other *authentic* articles of a similar description. But the greatest curiosity here is an ivory box with twelve faces or fronts, representing the history of Joseph and his brethren, and of David; there are Greek inscriptions above the figures, but these are nearly effaced in the attempts to clean the ivory. From the lantern of this church, a delightful view may be had of the course of the Yonne, and the fine adjacent country.

In this cathedral it was, that the impious and extravagant mummeries of the *Fête de l'Ane* or the *Fête des Fous*, were for the first time practised in France. Their invention is attributed to Pierre Corbeil, Archbishop of Sens, who died in 1222.

On this festival of folly, which was held on Christmas day, a bishop, or even a pope, was selected for the occasion: the priests were besmeared with lees of wine, and they were masked or disguised in the most extravagant and ridiculous

manner. On the eve of the day appointed to celebrate this festival, before the beginning of vespers, the clergy went in procession to the door of the cathedral, where were two choristers singing. Two canons were now deputed to fetch the Ass, and to conduct him to the table, which was the place where the Great Chanter sat, to read the order of the ceremonies, and the names of those who were to take any part in them. The modest animal was clad in precious priestly ornaments, and, in this array, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession, a hymn was sung in a major key, the first stanza of which is as follows :

*Orientis partibus  
Adventavit asinus  
Pulcher et fortissimus  
Sarcinis aptissimus.*

Hez ! Sire Ane, hez !

After this, the office began by an anthem in the same style, sung purposely in the most discordant manner possible : the office itself lasted the whole of the night, and part of the next day ; it was a rhapsody of whatever was sung in the course of the year, at the appropriated festivals, forming altogether the strangest and most ridiculous medley that can be conceived. As it was natural to suppose that the choristers and the congregation should feel thirst in so long a performance, wine was distributed in no sparing manner. The signal for that part of the ceremony was, an anthem commencing, *Conductus ad poculum*, &c. (Brought to the cup, &c.)

The first evening, after vespers, the Grand

Chanter of Sens headed the jolly band in the streets, preceded by an enormous lantern. A vast theatre was prepared for their reception before the church, where they performed not the most decent interludes : the singing and dancing were concluded by throwing a pail of water on the head of the Grand Chanter. They then returned to church to begin the morning office ; and, on that occasion, several received on their naked bodies a number of pails of water. At the respective divisions of the service, great care was taken to supply the Ass with drink and provender. In the middle of it, a signal was given by an anthem, *Conductus ad ludos* (Brought to play, &c.), and the Ass was conducted into the nave of the church, where the people mixed with the clergy, danced round him, and strove to imitate his braying. When the dancing was over, the Ass was brought back again into the choir, where the clergy terminated the festival.

The vespers of the second day concluded with an invitation to dinner, in the form of an anthem, like the rest *Conductus ad prandium* (Brought to dinner), and the festival ended by a repetition of similar theatricals to those which had taken place the day before.

What is the most extraordinary fact of all, and indeed barely within the limits of credibility, is, that this most shameful festival was not suppressed till towards the end of the sixteenth century ! Some of its most shocking absurdities had, indeed, been removed, yet the custom was continued ; and strange as it may appear, this asinine festival was annually celebrated in ENGLAND, in the *Cathedral*



of Lincoln, till the *Eleventh* Century; when Grost-head, the bishop, ordered his deans to abolish it.

In the *museum*, belonging to the college, is the *Dyptic* or missal, containing numerous representations of this celebrated ceremony. Its leaves are stretched on pannels of oak, and the whole is contained in a frame of silver. This is a great curiosity, and well worth inspection. Here are also the bas-reliefs of the tomb of the chancellor Du Prat. The ancient church of *St. Savinian*, lately the property of a private family, who used it for a cemetery, deserves a visit. Upon the altar some red spots are shewn, said to be drops of blood of Saints Savinian and Potentian, who introduced Christianity into Sens, in the third century. One of the inscriptions on the tombs, cut in a rude style, and scarcely legible, is as follows: *Per flores rosei sanguinis, sumpserunt coronas victoriæ martyres Christi Savinianus et Potentianus eum multitudine ingenti, et ibi tremulati sunt, pridie kalendarum, Januarii.* That is, by the flowers of the rosy blood, the martyrs of Christ, Savinian and Potentian have acquired crowns of victory, together with an innumerable multitude, and were interred here on the eve of the kalends of January (the last day of December.)

The *manufactures* of Sens are hats, cotton twist, stuffs, flannels, fustians, leather, and a large establishment for making *glue*, first set up by an Englishman of the name of Hall, the annual sale of which amounts to more than 16,000*l.* *Clepsydræ* or water-clocks are also made here in great quantities. They consist of a round box divided into

compartments, and each partition is perforated with a small hole, to let the water escape, drop by drop; in consequence of which the box, by the successive evacuation of the water from one compartment into another, descends imperceptibly between two uprights or scales, on which are indicated the hours, which the box points out as it descends. The price is from five to eight francs. Sens is a *Sous-Préfecture*, has a theatre, baths, and fine walks. Population 11,000.

The environs of Sens are picturesque and well cultivated. The little river *Vanne* divides into a number of branches and streams, which not only supply the town with water, and keep the streets always clean, but serve to set in motion the machinery of the different manufactories. In the outskirts of the town these streams spread over the grounds and irrigate the gardens, called by the old French name of *courtials*, which are full of fine culinary vegetables. An immense quantity of *garlick* is grown here, which forms a branch of trade with the neighbouring towns, and the alder trees that surround the gardens afford loppings that serve for vine-props and fences. A number of botanical plants are to be met with in the environs of Sens; a catalogue made in 1684, enumerates more than 500.

Leaving Sens, and crossing the canal of the *Vanne*, with the *Yonne* on our right, we pass over a road planted with fine trees, and see on the left, hills covered with vineyards, and occasionally interspersed with woods. Pass by the chateau and mountain of *Véron*, famous for its incrustations, and arrive at *Villeneuve-sur-Yonne*, a small town,

resembling Sens in its principal street, with two gates and a church in the centre; it has a fine avenue leading to it. *Trade* in wine, wood, and coal. Population 3,000. The road now becomes heavy and sandy; the Yonne runs to the right, while to the left, the calcareous hills are covered with verdant vines, till we reach *Joigny*, which has a pleasing appearance. A spacious quay along the banks of the Yonne with the fine cavalry barracks, and the noble stone bridge of seven arches over which we pass, all contribute to give the traveller an idea of the importance of the town; but he is soon undeceived on entering it; the streets are very narrow and steep, and the houses badly built. The town, indeed, is placed on such a declivity, that the windows of the highest tier of houses are on a level with the chimnies of those next below them. From the terrace of the *chateau* in the highest part of the town, a fine view may be had; and the building itself, as well as the roof of the small church, deserve notice. *Trade* in oak bark, wood, stuffs, and good wine, of which 35,000 hogsheads are sold annually. Population 5,500.

The promenade at the bottom of Joigny is very agreeable. In general from the bridge as far as Auxerre, the river is bounded by fine meadows, which afford pasturage to numbers of cattle, while the scene is enlivened by the passing carriages, as well as by the rafts and barges moving down the river. Much of the ground which we now see is irrigated by trenches: the willow and poplar grow here in great abundance, and with singular rapidity. Passing through the villages of Voves, Charmoy,



nd Bassou, the bridge and river of *Beaulches*, we descend the steep declivity of *Migrenne*, celebrated for its excellent wine. It is delicate, generous, and has a fine smell; very strengthening to weak stomachs and convalescents; and perhaps the best wine of Upper Burgundy. It has also the rare quality, for wines of this kind, of bearing exportation. The following lines are in praise of *Migrenne* wine:

Laissez les charlatans pretendre, avec de l'eau,  
Un acide sucré, l'hièble ou le sureau  
Ou sur le gras terrain du fertile Surenne,  
Faire un vin qui surpasse ou le Vosne, ou *Migrenne*.

We admire, on our left, a fine plain fertilized by the Yonne, pass the *Clos de la Chenaye*, known for its wine, and the general Hospital of Auxerre; enter on the Boulevard, and the new road leading to the port and quay.

The antient town of *Auxerre* (*Autisiodorum*), agreeably situated on the left bank of the Yonne, which contains a number of little islands, and is animated by the numerous flour mills in motion. Attila, the Saracens, the Normans, the Calvinists, and the English, have at different times, ravaged this town, and the marks of their excesses are still known. The Church of *St. Germain* is a building of great antiquity, chiefly remarkable for its crypts, which contain a number of holy corpses, and are held in superstitious veneration by the people. Over the entrance, there is a Latin inscription, forbidding you to defile the sacred place with your shoes: "*Ne propinques huc; solve calceamentum de pedibustuis.*" These crypts are composed of low arches, supported

by small pillars ornamented with capitals; the galleries, the altar, and the chapel, are arranged like upper stories. The wall appears to have been re-painted, about the beginning of the last century, and the inscriptions which point out the spots that contain the bodies of the Saints, seem to have been executed at the same time. Several of the tombs are still entire, but many others have been broken open by profane hands. The crypts in general were despoiled by the revolutionary army, as well as by the galley-slaves and prisoners of war, who were confined here at various periods.

The *Cathedral*, dedicated to St. Stephen, next attracts our attention; the portal is ornamented with an infinity of sculptures; the choir is very fine, but the canopy is in bad taste. The whole building is badly lighted, and has a religious obscurity favourable to reverie. The stained windows are of the finest kind, though in part destroyed; the rest of this grand building is in good preservation. At the entrance of the choir is the tomb of Nicholas Colbert, Bishop of Auxerre, who died in 1676. This church formerly had some very remarkable customs. The *Festival of Fools* was celebrated here till the year 1407, and it was not till the year 1538 that the custom of *playing at ball in the nave* was abolished. On Easter-day the junior canon furnished the ball, and presented it to the dean, who tossed it about to his companions, and the game finished by a banquet, at which wine was not spared. One of the most singular customs was the heirship to the dignity of canon in the house of Chastellux, in memory of Claude de Beauvoir, Lord of Chastellux, who retook the town of Cravant from a

troop of banditti, and restored it, without plunder to the chapter of St. Stephen, to which it had previously belonged. The officiating canon, after preaching the customary sermon, presented himself at the entrance of the choir in a military dress, with boots and spurs, while over this dress he wore a fine white surplice, neatly plaited; a large belt was thrown over all, to which his sword was suspended; the spruce canon had gloves on both hands, a falcon on his fist, an *amesse* (an ornament which canons use when they go to the holy office,) on the left arm, while in his right hand he held a hat, adorned with white feathers.

The musical instrument called the *Serpent* was invented, in 1590, for the use of this church, by a canon named Edmé Guillaume. In this cathedral is the tomb of Amyot, the translator of Plutarch.

The Church of *Saint Pierre*, called by the inhabitants St. Perè, presents a singular mixture of Gothic and modern architecture. The *tour d'horloge*, is worthy of notice. The clock is placed over an arch, near a tower, terminated by a pyramid, covered with lead, and originally intended for a belfry; one of the points of the index represents the sun, and the other the moon, which have their respective motions; the last also shows the phases. Jean, who executed this master-piece in 1469, had his eyes put out, that he might never be able to construct such another. The *library* contains some very curious books, and a number of Roman antiquities, busts, urns, inscriptions, &c. Near the street *Joubert*, are the remains of the ancient walls constructed with large hewn stones by the Romans. Auxerre possesses an episcopal palace, baths, a



theatre of manufacture of wax, and a great trade in wine. 200,000 *cordes* of wood are annually floated by Auxerre, to their different destinations. Population 12,000. The *coche d'eau*, or water-coach, from this place to Paris, puts up at Lacour's.

Quitting Auxerre, near the bridge, is a handsome modern house, a delightful prospect, and some charming landscapes on the right. The borders of the Yonne are generally covered with felled wood, ready to be floated down or put into boats. This river seems to have been nobly adapted for commerce, even in the time of ancient Gaul, but its name is not to be found in the classic authors. It is of great importance to trade, and is of easy navigation; after issuing from the mountains of Morvan in the department of Nièvre, where it has its source, it passes on to Clamecy, where it becomes navigable, and thence proceeds to Auxerre and Sens, carrying with its stream immense barges laden with the richest presents of Bacchus. After having received the Cure at Cravant, and the Vain at Sens, it empties itself into the Seine at Monttereau.

The long and narrow rafts, called *traises*, pass with the rapidity of a bird's flight, and convey to Paris a great part of the wood necessary for the consumption of that great city. This wood is cut in the forests; they sell it in bundles to burn, or square it for the carpenter. The timber intended for the latter use is conveyed by land-carriage to the river, when the boats are laden with it. The billets bear the mark of the proprietor, and are conveyed to the small rivers which join the Yonne, and into which they are thrown pell-mell. A watch is

kept along the shores of the rivers, so vigilant that not a single piece is ever lost. The Cure, the Armançon, and the Yonne, are the rivers which conduct these floating logs. The overseers distinguish by the marks to whom they belong. The billets, bound with withes, are laid on casks, placed at equal distances, forming rafts, and are conducted by three men to Paris. These hardy pilots turn dexterously round the points of the shore, and avoid the flats, with which they are well acquainted; but particularly in shooting the bridges, under which they pass with the rapidity of lightning, they show the most perfect address and management; scarcely has the head of the raft appeared in view, than it is again almost out of sight. As soon as the raft is arrived at Paris, men plunge into the river up to the middle, loose the bundles, and put the billets in a heap into the waggon; however, a sudden fall of rain, or a hard frost, occasions at times serious accidents, and sometimes from a moment's negligence in steering these fragile vehicles, the raft strikes against the piles of a bridge, is broken in an instant, and the waters covered with the wrecks, which are taken up by the boatmen, but of which the owner seldom recovers more than a very small part.

*Vermanton*, situated on the *Cure*, has a great trade in wine, and excellent wood for fuel. About five miles south of this town are the celebrated grottoes of *Arcy*, which have been compared to those of *Antiparos*. They are composed of a suite of large chambers, narrow passages, small rooms, and galleries, incrustated with stalactites that equal marble in beauty, and stone in hardness, and assume the most fantastic shapes and figures. We

can enter at one end, and go out at the other, without retracing our steps. Near the entrance is a small lake. The post-masters of Vermanton and *Lucy-le-bois*, will convey travellers thither, and it is not more than three miles out of the way. Before we arrive at the next post, we pass on our left, the road to Dijon and Lyons, by *Tonnere*. If we take this route, we pass through *Montbard*. Here may be seen the house in which BUFFON spent the greatest part of his life. It is in the high street, and the court is behind. You ascend a staircase to go into the garden, raised on the ruins of the antient mansion, of which the walls make the terraces. On the top there still remains a lofty octagon tower, where Buffon made his observations on the reverberation of the air. This singular and picturesque garden is well worthy of notice. In quitting this interesting spot the column erected to Buffon by his son is seen, on which there was once the following inscription: "*Excelsæ turri humilis columna—Parenti suo filius Buffon.*" That revolution which caused these words to be effaced, also condemned to the scaffold the writer of them, who died, pronouncing only in a calm and dignified tone, "*Citizens, my name is—BUFFON!*"

*Avallon* is agreeably situated on the *Cousin*; has broad, regular streets, and some good houses; a public hospital, and a church, of which the front is worthy of remark. No stranger ought to pass *Avallon*, without seeing the promenade of the *Petit Cours*, where he may contemplate the most delightful effects of nature, and admire the most charming scenery. It is astonishing that these enchanting landscapes are so little known to travellers. The two views



of the Petit Cours resemble some of the scenery of Switzerland, but in miniature. The Cousin seems to wanton amid the fertile vallies, where it forms various charming lakes and picturesque waterfalls, near a thousand toises in depth. The town stands in a plain; a little bridge crosses the river. The valley is surrounded with small hills, where the pointed rocks show their heads from among the thickets, and above the verdure; while the most delightful gardens in terraces, appear as if suspended on the declivities of the hills. From the terrace of Petit Cours is seen the remains of a Roman way. There are some good coffee-houses, public baths, and very respectable society at Avallon. The trade of Avallon consists in corn, wine, wood, grain, horned cattle, horses and mules; coarse paper, and a great quantity of casks are also made here. Population 5,500. The country of *Morvan*, celebrated for the quantity of wood it sends to Paris, its cattle, and the rough unpolished manners of its inhabitants, commences in this spot.

The rage for gaming in this little town, which is immediately in the high road from Dijon and Lyons almost surpasses belief. The four principal coffee-houses are continually filled with gamblers; and the seductive but hazardous games of *Trente-un* and *Roulette*, are constantly played. The gamesters come there from twenty leagues round. A thousand Louis have been staked here on a single card, and many an unfortunate man has been totally ruined at one of these houses.

The small town of *Saulieu*, contains 3000 inhabitants, and has a large manufacture of casks. It has been taken and retaken many times by the

English, French, and Huguenots. The ponds in its neighbourhood furnish excellent fish, particularly *trout*. Passing *Pierre Ecrite*, and numerous other small villages, we arrive at *Autun*. But before we cross the bridge over the *Arroux*, we should deviate a little to the right to examine the remains of an antient temple of Janus, which offers a pretty specimen of plain masonry, being constructed of small square stones.

The gate of *Arroux*, through which we enter the city of *Autun*, is one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity in this place. It consists of two large arcades for the passage of carriages, and two smaller ones for pedestrians. A magnificent entablature crowns the four arcades, and above it rises a kind of gallery, formerly composed of ten arcades, but of which only seven remain. The range of arcades on the side towards the city, is entirely destroyed. The small columns of the Corinthian order, which separate these arcades, are fluted with the greatest exactness.

The richness of the grand entablature is greatly admired; the eaves and moulding are covered with ornaments, distinguished by the most delicate lightness of workmanship, and the capitals are in the best style. The solidity of the construction is no less remarkable than the elegant style of the architecture: though the stones are put together without cement, the joints are so close that it is impossible to insert the blade of a knife between them; and the arches, notwithstanding the enormous weight of the superincumbent gallery, stand firm merely in consequence of the form given to the stones with which they are constructed. A tree of

liberty, in 1794, was planted over this gate, in the centre of the gallery with which it is crowned. The other gate of *St. Andrew* resembles this, except that the capitals of the pilasters are of the Ionic order.

*Autun*, the celebrated city of *Bibracte*, was the ancient capital of the *Ædui*, the most illustrious of the Celts, who always enjoyed very great authority in Gaul. Cæsar taking advantage of their hatred to the *Allobroges* and *Arverni*, had the address to draw them over to his side, and rewarded their attachment with the title of brethren and allies of the Roman people. They were afterwards first admitted into the senate; and it is a curious fact that till the year 1789, the citizens of *Autun* and *Rome* respectively enjoyed the freedom of both cities. The territory of the *Ædui* was situated between the *Rhiger* and *Arar* (the *Loire* and *Saone*,) which comprised a great part of *Burgundy* and the *Nivernais*; and they exercised authority over several people whom Cæsar calls their clients. Out of flattery to *Augustus*, they changed the name of their capital into *Augustodunum*, from which the modern one has been formed.

The city is situated on the side of a steep hill near the *Arroux*, at the foot of three high mountains, which cover it on the south and east. One of these mountains is still called *Montjeu* (*Mons Jovis*, the mountain of *Jupiter*); the name of the second is *Montdru*, which is supposed to be derived from *Mons Druidarum*, and to have been the residence of the ancient *Druids*: the third is the highest; it is called *Mont Cenis*; and, like *Mont Cenis* of the *Alps*, has a pond on its summit, which furnishes



the inhabitants of the city with an abundant supply of limpid water.

The city is divided into three parts. The higher is that called the *Castle*, and containing the two cathedrals. The antient one dedicated to St. Nazarius, has not been finished: it is built over the subterraneous church of St. John of the Grotto, which is supposed to have been a catacomb. The *New Cathedral* was formerly the chapel of the dukes of Burgundy. The lateral gate on the side facing the hotel of the sub-prefecture, is of modern construction; and is remarkable for four columns, each of different and very singular workmanship, which have been preserved in it.

Almost all the pilasters of the church have capitals sculptured with subjects taken from Scripture. The execution is in general extremely singular. We may distinguish the dream of the Magi: the three kings are lying asleep on the same bed; and behind them is an angel who inclines a little towards them, and points with his finger to the star which will guide them to the birth-place of the new King of the Jews. On another capital the adoration of the Magi is represented; and on another, the three young men in the fiery furnace: some of them exhibit devils, in very whimsical costumes, with wings and hideous faces. The greater part of these capitals with historical sculptures, are immediately under the beginning of the arch.

In the square in front of the cathedral, called the *Place de Terreau*, there is a handsome fountain, composed of two cupolas of the same shape, the one placed over the other, and supported by fluted Ionic pillars. The second dome is surmounted with

pelican: an ingenious allegory of the abundance of water every where diffuses. Under the lower upola stands a balustre, supporting a handsome urn; the water which flows over it falls into the basin formed by a circular wall. The grand *Place* of *St. Ladre*, (a corruption of *St. Lazarus*,) is situated in the division called the *City*, and is surrounded with handsome houses; the centre being planted with rows of trees, and serving as a convenient promenade to the inhabitants. It was here they used formerly to act a kind of religious and military farce called the Game of *St. Ladre*. The third division, called the *Marchaux*, (*Martis Camus*,) is the site of the ancient city of *Augustodunum*. The streets are narrow, the houses low and ill-built; the clock-tower, however, has a very picturesque appearance.

The library belonging to the *Chapter* contains many curious manuscripts and books. We ascend to it by the stair of the steeple, which is a very remarkable building: it is a spire of a very great height, and distinguished by elegance and solidity of construction. It was erected at the expence of cardinal Rollin. The interior of this steeple is quite smooth, and has the shape of an inverted drinking-glass. Architects conceive it to have been a masterpiece in their art, to raise a scaffolding for building a hollow spire, more than 300 feet in height, and only from five to six inches in thickness.

From the following inscription it appears that the inhabitants of Autun had deified their city, and that religious worship was paid to the Goddess *Ibibracte* there, in the same manner as to the God *Demetrius*, at *Nismes*:

DEAE BIBRACTI  
P. CAPRIL. PACATUS  
IIII VIR AUGUSTA  
V. S. L. M.

A tower, supposed to have belonged to a temple of Minerva, and which bears that name, is now a part of the Abbey of Saint Andoche. A single wall only remains. The Autunese are noted for their indifference to the antient monuments of the town, and the destruction of the most curious relics is little regarded. One of their learned fellow-citizens, John Guijon, taxes them with this propensity, in the following lines :

Temporibus priscis Heduorum Augusta vocabar;  
Voxque rei, voci res erat apta suæ.  
Diruta sum bellis, iterumque exstructa revixi;  
Ne facite, o cives, rursus ut inteream !

The monument called *Pierre de Couars* is an immense mass of rough stones, kept together by a white cement, of a pyramidal form, and more than 70 feet in height. It is rather more than half-a mile from the town, in a place called the *Field of Urns*. The *Seminaire*, out of the town, is a fine building. The *manufactures* of Autun are cotton velvet, water-watches, and English glue. Population 9,200.

It will take more than an hour to ascend the mountain of Autun, one of the granitic chain which crosses the southern part of Burgundy. Passing *St. Emilian*, the post, we are conducted, by several steep descents, to *Couches*. A road on the right leads hence to *Creusot*, remarkable for its cannon-foundery, and the finest manufacture of



crystals in France, both of which, but particularly the latter, deserve the notice of the traveller. The sand used in the manufactory of crystal, which is very fine and white, is brought from Fontainebleau, at an expense of two sous the pound for carriage. It is washed and sifted here. The minium is not prepared in the house, but brought from Paris; and the annual consumption amounts to about 100,000lbs. A considerable proportion of it is employed in the manufacture of the crystal, which renders it very brittle, like the English glass of the same kind. A cubic foot of the crystal made at Reusot, weighs 240lbs. The potash is imported from America, and costs about 52 francs per quintal; so that it is cheaper than the potash made in Lorraine. The glass-makers work twice a day, and each time for four hours and a half. They are paid by the month.

The steam-engine, Wood's cylindrical blower, and other kinds of machinery invented in England, are used here; to most of which, are added some improvements, for the purpose of saving time, increasing their velocity, augmenting their force, or to give a more pleasing appearance to the whole.

The ore is brought partly from Couches, situated at a small distance, and partly from Autré in Manche Comté. They cast here a considerable number of cannon for the sea-service. Government pays for them at the rate of six sous the pound. They are proved on the spot. The cannon and other heavy articles, are moved from one part of the manufactory to the other by means of carriages running on rail-ways. Here is also a *boring-machine*, much admired for the precision with which

it acts. Most of the machines are put in motion by means of steam-engines. The piston of the principal pump was made in England, and served as a model for the others. There are five furnaces, four large ones, in which pit-coal is used; and a small one in which charcoal is burnt. The quantity of fuel consumed, is estimated at about twenty-ton per day. Fossil coal abounds in the canton of Creusot; and it was this circumstance that principally induced the proprietors to establish the foundery there. In some places it is found scarcely a foot under the surface of the ground, and some of the small hills which contain it, present the singular phenomenon of spontaneous inflammation.

The workmen reside in long buildings resembling barracks, with a range of contiguous chambers; or in detached houses, of some of which they are themselves proprietors; the directors of the works having given them the ground, on which they have built their habitations; each of them has a small garden annexed to it.

At the post of *St. Leger*, situated in a valley we cross the grand *central canal*. At Charsey are the remains of a Roman way. Passing through some villages, we arrive at

*Chalons*, which being situated in a very beautiful and fertile valley, on the banks of the *Saone*, and at the mouth of the grand *central canal*, has long been the centre of a flourishing trade, very advantageous to its inhabitants. Cæsar, Strabo, and Ptolemy mention Chalons: The antient name was *Cabillonum*, from which the modern Chalons is a corruption. Several military roads branched out from it, and the Romans had here a port and

et of boats, where a considerable commerce in grain was carried on, particularly for the supply of the Roman troops stationed in this part of Gaul; for whom it served as a place of arms, and a magazine for provisions and warlike stores. Chalons is now the grand *entrepôt*, both of the north and south of France; particularly of Marseilles and Paris, for grain, wine, iron, leather, oil, and soap. The scales of the bleak, (*cyprinus alburnus*,) caught here, are used for preparing the substance which gives such a fine, brilliant, colour to artificial pearls. This town has some most beautiful walks, a pretty theatre, a library, and public baths, where every thing is neat, clean, and in the best order.

Among the public buildings of this place, the curious traveller should not forget to visit the hospital of *Saint Laurent*, the whole economy of which is distinguished by the greatest order and neatness, and indeed we might even say, *elegance*. It was founded by the inhabitants of Chalons in the reign of Francis I., in 1528. The apothecary's department, the kitchen, the bake-house, the dormitory of the nuns, and their refectory, are all objects of curiosity and interest; but above all, the nuns themselves, who are known by the title of *Servants of the Poor*. It is not the necessity of concealing the faults committed in the world, or the desire of obtaining pardon for them from the goodness of the Almighty; it is not the necessity of trying in a cloister a virtuous misery, which induces these generous girls to expose youth and beauty to the pestilential breath and putrid exhalations of the diseased; and to spend their life in the



performance of offices not less disgusting than laborious:—no, it is that sublime love of humanity which the Christian religion calls *charity*, in the idea that in the poor, it is God himself we honour, and the more we practise the works of mercy, the more we commune, as it were, with God, who is all love, clemency, and goodness. “What is the fashionable charity of subscribing to a London Hospital, for the sake, perhaps, of being able, occasionally, to relieve ourselves from the trouble of a sick domestic, compared to the almost divine benevolence of these nuns? some of whom have scorned the most flattering allurements of life, and devote themselves irrevocably, like their blessed Master, solely to doing good! We justly admire and venerate *one* man, who pursued to the last a conduct like this; but those poor nuns are each HOWARD!”

The number of these Servants of the Poor amounts to twenty-three; viz. sixteen nuns and seven novices: they all belong to the best families of the place, and have all a patrimony, the use of which they continue to enjoy. Several of them possessing an income of 100 to 200*l.* a year, and some even considerably more, the whole of which they apply in an exemplary manner. The hospital provides them only with lodging, each of them having a neat bed-room, adorned with some religious engravings. They even purchase their clothes with their own money; but, as a mark of Christian humility, receive annually from the governors of the house, a pair of shoes and two pounds of soap. Their dress is blue in winter, and white in summer, with a white veil. The municipal body pays a visit

to the house every year, on which occasion the mistress presents the keys to the mayor, who replies, "They cannot be in more trusty hands." These words, and the consciousness of having done good, are by her, and her interesting companions, deemed an ample recompence for the most courageous sacrifices. They make a vow only for one year; at the expiration of which they may quit the house, and even marry: but there have been very few examples of such a secession. It is the genuine spirit of charity which prompts them to adopt this mode of life; and the same motives induce them to persevere in it. During the revolutionary period, not one of them quitted the hospital. There are very neat baths in the house, and every accommodation is provided for the bathers at a very moderate price. The profits form part of the income of the hospital.

One of the wings, which has no communication with the rest of the hospital, is used for the reception of strangers, who pay about 7s. a day. On the first story there are three spacious rooms, with two beds in each, on one of which the patient may be laid while the other is making. Adjoining to each of the rooms is a small recess for a servant. In the same building is the hall where the council of administrators meet. These only attend to the financial concerns of the house: the internal management of which is confined entirely to the nuns. Besides this hospital, Chalons has to boast a dispensary, and several other charitable institutions. A school particularly for orphans, where they are taught the various trades. From the bridge which

we pass in going to the hospital, there is a fine view of the town and the course of the Saone.

The *Central Canal*, which here unites the Saone and the Loire, is the great source of the prosperity of Chalons. This canal, which traverses the department of the Saone and Loire, for the space of 200 miles, was begun in 1783, and finished in 1792. It was called the *Canal du Centre*, because it established, by the means of that of Briare, an internal communication with the two seas, in a part of France which is regarded as the *centre*. A water-coach, or barge, which is almost as expeditious as the stage, goes every day from Chalons to Lyons, and embarks the two diligences which arrive from Paris, the one by Dijon, and the other by Autun. This voyage is very pleasant, and far preferable to the conveyance by land. Population of Chalons 12,000.

*Tournus*, (Tinurtium) pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, on the Saone, has a good quay, a handsome wooden bridge, and some pretty walks. Trade in wine and grain. We next see *St. Albin*, remarkable for the pretty costume of its peasant women. Nearly opposite is the small town of *Pont-de-Vaux*, having 3000 inhabitants, the birth-place of General Joubert. From Chalons to Macon is one of the finest countries in France, abounding with rich meadows and fine vineyards. The travellers by the boat, sleep at Macon.

*Macon*, from its antient name *Matisco*, situated on the Saone, has a fine quay, and some handsome public buildings; among which are, the hotel de ville, the antient palace of Montrevel, the theatre, and the baths: a part of the Alpine chain may be



seen from the quay, which is lined with many good houses, and always enlivened by the passing and repassing of the boats on the river. There is a stone bridge of thirteen arches over the Saone. The city, however, is dirty and disagreeable, and the streets are paved with sharp flints. The principal article of *trade* is in wines, which are highly esteemed; sweetmeats, and above all, the most delicious *marmalade*. There is no manufacture here of any consequence. Population 11,000.

The costume of the women of Macon and its neighbourhood is pretty, but singular. It consists of a blue cloth petticoat, with a border of deep red, a jacket of the same, and a small felt hat worn over one side of the head only, displaying a neat little white cap, and all the dressing of the hair; on entering a church they take off their small hat, and carry it in their hands. It is a very pleasing sight on a Sunday, or fête-day, to see so many pretty faces all habited in the same fanciful costume.

While at Macon, we must not forget to notice *Cluny*, about 12 miles north of that place, once so celebrated for its antient Abbey of Benedictines; in which 2000 monasteries in Europe were dependent, and which makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of France. The gothic church of the convent was one of the most beautiful, and the library one of the richest in France, but neither exists at present. The convent, a fine modern building, has been preserved, and is devoted to several public establishments. The town is larger than Macon, but does not contain more than 4,000 inhabitants. *Manufactures* of cloth, gloves, and basket work.

All the way from Macon to Lyons the traveller,

by the water-coach, will be quite charmed with the right bank of the Saone; pretty villages, country-seats in the most picturesque situations, rocks, hills, and wood; in short, every description of fine scenery, will here delight his view, and fix his attention, till he arrive at Lyons. The Saone is only navigable from Auxonne; although slow in its course, and generally very still, it at times inundates the shore, and leaves behind a thick and viscous slime, which destroys the vegetables. It is probably this slime that makes the waters of the Saone so unfit for use, particularly at Lyons; but they are good for the purpose of dyeing, and all the dyers of Lyons have their houses on the banks. We change horses at St Romain, and presently pass Beauregard; stop at Riotier, a small village where there are several little taverns; the women and girls belonging to which run to meet the travellers on their landing, to get them for guests.

We now no longer see the little felt hat of the Mâconaise peasant; here the women are all habited à la Lyonnaise; the hair is turned up behind *en chignon*, and a cap trimmed with lace in small plaits; the bosom is entirely covered with a handkerchief, also ornamented with lace, and the gown is generally green or brown; the better sort wear a border of broad silver lace; the apron is of a rose colour, and the shoes of black leather with small heels! the neck is generally adorned with a necklace of gold, of three or four rows. Continuing our journey, we pass the little town of Trevoux; here are several pretty houses and gardens. At the distance of five or six miles from Lyons is a large town, called

*Neuville*, where we again change horses. Several boats, composed of one or more large boats, to which are fastened ten or twelve smaller ones, may be frequently seen going up the Saone, many of which are laden with wine, soap, &c. they are generally tracked by fourteen or sixteen horses. A short distance from the river side on the right, are the quarries whence the Lyonnais have their stone for building; the chief article of commerce here. The Saone contracts by degrees, and we begin to see a succession of pleasant country houses, which present a most diversified and delightful prospect all the way to Lyons.

Those who go by *land* also, will not be without gratification in point of beautiful country. From Macon to Villefranche, we pass several villages, and numerous vineyards, and observe some pretty landscapes. *Villefranche*, on the Morgon, consists of one large street, resembling a square, and is chiefly remarkable for its calicoes and handsome women. The old proverb of *la lieue d'Anse à Villefranche est la plus belle lieue du monde* is abundantly realised: we travel over the most delightful plain which separates the two towns, in the midst of quick-set hedges, fruit-trees, and verdant meadows. After a rise, the hills and vineyards are agreeably interspersed with numerous country seats, a groupe of which, including a very fine chateau, forms the pretty village of *Lucenay*. On the other side of the Saone, which flows about a mile from Anse, rises in the form of an amphitheatre, crowned with the ruins of a gothic castle, the little town of *Trevoux*, noted for the "*Journal des Savans*," and the great



“ Dictionary of the French language” printed here.

Quitting Echelles, we keep by the side of the *Mont d'Or*, whose wood-crowned summit, feeds a number of goats, which supply the cheese of *Mont d'Or*, so well known at Lyons. This mountain also furnishes a great quantity of excellent free-stone. An almost continual descent leads from *Limonest* to Lyons, in the midst of vineyards, groves, orchards, gardens, and country-seats, which ornament the banks of the Saone, in the environs of this city. On our left, we have the romantic valley of *Rocheardon*. Those who like to quit their carriage here, may enjoy a charming walk to Lyons, by a path along this vale, which leads to the banks of the Saone. Every spot, every house, in this mysterious retreat, calls to mind the eloquent, the impassioned, but self-torturing sophist, the wild ROUSSEAU.

The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, yet knew  
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue  
 Of words, like sun-beams, dazzling as they past  
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

BYRON.

The wood and fountain of *Roset*, which we reach by a steep path, curiously cut in the rock, were Rousseau's favourite haunts. Here his name is inscribed on a stone, amid a host of vulgar, and a sycamore bears his well-known motto, *Vitam impendere vero*.

But to continue our walk. The numerous country seats on both banks of the Saone, the *Isle*

Barbe and its vicinity, present an enchanting prospect. The most remarkable of these chateaux are first, *Roset*, near the wood of that name; next, *Vernet*, on the other bank of the river; farther still, one elevated on a fine terrace; the tower of *la belle Allemande*, who was condemned to pass her life here by her jealous husband; and last and most celebrated of all the *maison de la Claire*, on the right bank of the river, having some fine gardens laid out by Le Notre. Approaching Lyons we pass between this house and the spacious and well built chateau of M. Duchere, situated where the two roads from Paris meet. This vast building, was at the time of the Revolution, one of the principal *avant-postes* of the besieged as well as of the attacking army. The *Place de la Pyramide*, where the faubourg of Lyons commences, is nearly opposite.

No. 3. From PARIS to LYONS, by *Troyes* and *Dijon*,  $62\frac{1}{2}$  posts,  $331\frac{3}{4}$  English miles.

| FROM                       | POSTS.         | FROM                        | POSTS.          |
|----------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| PARIS to Charenton . . . . | 1              | Bar-sur-Seine to Mussy-     |                 |
| Grosbois . . . . .         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | sur-Seine . . . . .         | $2\frac{1}{2}$  |
| rie-Comte-Robert . . . .   | 1              | Chatillon-sur-Seine . . . . | 2               |
| Guignes . . . . .          | 2              | Saint Marc . . . . .        | $2\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Lormant . . . . .          | 1              | Ampilly . . . . .           | 1               |
| Angis . . . . .            | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Chanceaux . . . . .         | $1\frac{3}{4}$  |
| Maison-Rouge . . . . .     | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Seine . . . . .         | $1\frac{1}{2}$  |
| rovins . . . . .           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Val-de-Suzon . . . . .      | $1\frac{1}{4}$  |
| ogent-sur-Seine . . . . .  | 2              | Dijon (2) . . . . .         | 2               |
| ont-sur-Seine . . . . .    | 1              | La Baraque . . . . .        | $1\frac{1}{2}$  |
| ranges . . . . .           | 1              | Nuits . . . . .             | $1\frac{1}{2}$  |
| rez . . . . .              | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Beaune . . . . .            | $1\frac{3}{4}$  |
| ROYES (1) . . . . .        | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | Chagny . . . . .            | 2               |
| t. Parre-les-Vaudes . .    | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | Chalons-sur-Saone . . . .   | 2               |
| ar-sur-Seine . . . . .     | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Chalons to Lyons . . . . .  | $15\frac{1}{2}$ |

INNS.—(1) Hotel du Commerce, du Bongelot, &c. (2) Du Prince Condé, Comte d'Artois, du Parc, &c.

This route, being the shortest, is that commonly pursued from Paris to Dijon; passing over scites of ground celebrated for the various battles fought there, between the French and the allies. There are three other roads to Dijon; one by Fontainebleau, one by Melun, and another by Auxerre, but the distance is nearly the same in all these. They, however, who have seen Paris, and do not wish to deviate for the purpose of viewing Lyons, may proceed direct from *Calais* to *Dijon*, by Saint Omer, Arras, Laon, Rheims, and Langres, the whole distance being 66 posts or 351 miles.

Quitting Paris by the faubourg St. Antoine, as in the route No. 2 (which see) we pass Charenton, and afterwards reach the village of *Grosbois*, which contains a fine chateau, with a walled park of more than 1,700 acres. *Brie-Comte-Robert* is a small town on the right bank of the Yères, and has a trade in corn and cheese. *Provins* an old town on the *Vouz* is divided into upper and lower: its trade consists in corn, flour, and wool, and its manufactures are druggets, cotton stuffs, and leather. Excellent conserve of roses and violets is made here, and the town has some mineral waters. Population 5,500. *Nogent-sur-Seine* trades in wood and grain. Population 3,200.

*Troyes*, the ci-devant capital of Champagne, situated on the Seine, is an episcopal see, and has a tribunal of Commerce; the houses are built of wood. The water from the wells of this place is excellent for cleansing stuffs, as well as dyeing wool, silk, and thread, and tanning leather. It has manufactures of calico, caps, fustian, dimity, serges, paper, &c. &c. Great quantities of ex-



cellent pork, corn, wine, fruits, &c. are furnished by this town. The cathedral here is remarkable for its grand door-way, the bold construction of its nave and choirs, its windows and its organs. Troyes has a theatre and some pretty walks in its environs. Girardon the sculptor, and Mignard the painter, were born here. Population 26,700.

At *Bar-sur-Seine* there are manufactures of caps, paper, and cutlery, and a population of 2,300 inhabitants. The next town is *Chatillon*, divided by the Seine, and having several iron mines and forges in its neighbourhood; as well as manufactures of coarse cloth, serges, caps, druggets, paper, cotton, bread, and some excellent tan-yards. Population 5,000

Between *Chanceaux*, a village, and post, and Saint Seine, the source of the Seine is found in a place called *Evergeraux*. At a little distance from *Chanceaux*, it is only a little rivulet, which we pass over, on a small stone bridge. *Saint Seine* is a small town situated in a deep valley, the road to which is very steep and winding very much to avoid the rapidity of the descent. The church formerly belonged to a rich and celebrated abbey.

In this part of the country they cover the roofs of the houses with small slabs of calcareous stone, which are readily found in the fields. From its being proper for this purpose, it is named *pierre régulière*, or as the people of the country call it, *meule*. They have only to look for this in the fields, but they would have to send for tiles from a considerable distance. Their manner of roofing houses requires that the walls should be very solid, as well as the carpenter's work, to support the

weight. If the walls were not solid, at the end of two or three months they would begin to crack and bend ; but a good roof constructed in this way will last for nearly half a century.

The little *lames* are also employed to make the walls which separate the inclosures, in the rudest fashion and without cement. They content themselves with placing them one on the other, taking care that the highest shall be of the largest size, the small ones being placed in the middle. The high road has a wall of this kind, and there are also in the fields walls like them, which separate the lands of the different owners.

Before we arrive at Val Suzon, we descend a very long and steep declivity ; on the one side large rocks, and on the other precipices, beyond which another mountain is seen almost entirely covered with rocks. The village of *Val Suzon* is formed of two clusters of houses situated in the bottom of the same valley, at a little distance one from another upon the borders of the Suzon, a small river that in the summer months is nearly dry, but which has a stream sufficient to turn some mills. It abounds with trout ; the largest do not weigh more than half a pound, but are excellent. They are much esteemed at Val Suzon and are greatly in request at Dijon at the best tables.

On leaving Val Suzon we continue to ascend for about three miles, but the road is good and kept in excellent repair : the side of the mountain is bordered with immense oaks, between which pines rear their heads. The appearance of this place is truly picturesque, and affords the traveller a rich recompence for his fatigue. While contemplating

With pleasure this magnificent scenery, we come to a less mountainous part; and, having passed Talant, the castle which the ancient dukes of Burgundy made their residence, we soon after come in sight of DIJON, the chief town of the department of the Cote d'Or, one of the most highly cultivated districts in France; and is situated in an agreeable and fertile plain, between the rivers Ouche and Yonne. The castle, the hospital, the rue de Condé, the front of Saint Michael's church, the work of Jacques Sambin, the rival and friend of Michael Angelo; and the front of the church of Notre Dame, a chef-d'œuvre of Gothic architecture, are worthy of particular notice. The effect of this last, however, has been much injured by the revolutionists, who broke and defaced the statues with which it was embellished. Other remarkable buildings are the palace of the government, the grand square; and two spires; that of St. Benignus, 375 feet, and that of Saint John, 300 feet in height. The University of Dijon, was formerly, one of the most considerable in France.

Dijon has a Museum, which is in one of the wings of the antient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, and possesses some good pictures, marbles, and engravings. The public walks are very beautiful, particularly that of the *Course*, which leads to the park. Besides this, may be named those of the *arquebuse*, the *Retreat*, and *Tivoli*. This town gave birth to Bossuet, BUFFON, Crebillon, Piron, and other illustrious men. *Guyton de Morveau*, the celebrated chemist, was a native of Dijon. No one ever exerted himself with greater assiduity, during every long series of years, in public and private



life, than Monsieur Guyton de Morveau. *Procureur-général* for the space of two and twenty years at Dijon, Solicitor-general of one of the French Departments; Member of the Legislative Body of the National Convention; of the Council of Five hundred; occasionally upon the Committees on Financial, Diplomatic, and Legislative Subjects; Commissary to the Armies, and to the Frontiers and, finally, Director-General of the Mint; he might fairly be supposed to have no time for any other occupation: but when we reflect that he was still better known for his services to science—that he was a public Professor of Chemistry at Dijon, and Paris, for upwards of thirty years; that he fulfilled the duties of Director-general of the Polytechnic School, for a considerable space of time; and finally, that during twenty-six years as Member of the National Institute, he furnished several important memoirs and reports to that scientific body, published in its transactions; besides many other papers printed in the *Annales de Chimie*, of which he was one of the earliest and most indefatigable editors;—we cannot withhold that just tribute of praise and admiration which his memory now demands, and which it will call forth in all ages.

M. Guyton de Morveau died on the 21st December 1815; not having quite completed his eightieth year but time enough to avoid the order of *banishment* in which he had been included by the present government of France.

As a specimen of the *peculiar dialect* of Burgundy we subjoin the following stanza, being part of a small poem, made by a hair-dresser, on the ascen-

sion of Guyton de Morveau, in a balloon from Dijon, on the 25th of April 1784:

J'éto lai plantai su lai tarre,  
 J'antandi le cainon ronflai,  
 Quand béto ai ce bru de guarre  
 On vi ein baitea s'anvôlai,  
 Eue bôle desu lo tête;  
 Ca le diale qu'eto dedan :  
 Ai les ampoto po le van,  
 Sans qué ran du tô lés airete <sup>1</sup>.

Dijon has a considerable *trade* in corn, wine, wood, candles, printed calicoes, muslins, playing cards, and woollen and silk stockings. It has a large nursery of mulberry trees, and a mineral spring called Saint Anne. The population is about 22,000.

The *Chartreux*, near Dijon, once so renowned for its palaces, its church, its mausoleums, and its luxurious table, fell a sacrifice to revolutionary fury <sup>2</sup>. The two tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, in Parian marble, and other magnificent monuments of the arts, were destroyed; and the ploughshare has passed over a great part of the monastery which contained them.

If the traveller should intend to remain some time at Dijon, a very cheap and agreeable residence in every respect, he should not omit to make an excursion to the interesting town of *Besançon*, one of the strongest and most remarkable fortresses in

<sup>1</sup> See the interesting Life of Guyton de Morveau, in the Journal of Science and the Arts, vol. iii. p. 281, the first tribute yet paid to his memory.

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1780, the annual revenue of this convent was more than £12,000.

France; or, if he propose to visit *Switzerland*, he will find this, the most striking entrance to that romantic country, though almost unknown to the English tourist; he is thus gradually prepared for the noble views which burst upon him at every step; and ascends from pretty to picturesque; from romantic to sublime and awful scenery.

No. 4. From DIJON to BESANÇON,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  posts—  
63 English miles.

| FROM                  | POSTS.         | FROM                          | POSTS.         |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| DIJON to Genlis ..... | 2              | Dole to Orchamps .....        | 2              |
| Auxonne .....         | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Saint Vit .....               | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Dole .....            | 2              | BESANÇON <sup>(1)</sup> ..... | 2              |

At *Genlis*, within sight of the road, is a chateau, belonging to the lady of that name, so well known by her numerous works for the instruction of youth. Near *Auxonne* is a plain where a battle was fought between the French and the Allies. This town is situated on the Saone, and has a castle, an arsenal, a school of artillery, a foundery of cannon, and magazines of powder and salt-petre. It also has a trade in grain, cloth, serges, wine, and wood. Population 5,000.

*Dole*, situated on the Doubs, has a trade in hosiery, iron and glass works, and coal mines. It was once a place of great strength, but Louis XIV. destroyed the fortifications in 1674. The Church of Notre Dame, the College, one of the finest in France, and the magnificent public walk, called the *Course*, are worthy of notice. The *Canal of*

<sup>1</sup> INNS.—L'Hotel National, des Anciens Sauvages.



*the Rhine* is also an object of great importance; it commences below Dole, and forming a junction with various canals and rivers, reaches as far as Basle, where it unites with the Rhine; thus facilitating the transport of goods from Switzerland and Germany, to the neighbouring French departments: the tedious *ascent* of the Rhine from Basle to Strasbourg, being entirely avoided. Great progress has been made in this work. Near Dole are the remains of a fine Roman way. Population 8,200<sup>1</sup>. Proceeding through a mountainous and picturesque country, we arrive at

Besançon, a fine large city, divided into two parts by the *Doubs*. This place was strongly fortified by Louis XIV., the citadel being elevated upon a precipitous rock. Besançon has an Agricultural Society, an academy, royal college, school of artillery, library, museum, botanic garden; and some much frequented hot baths; here are some fine remains of Roman antiquities, as an amphitheatre, a triumphal arch, and the ruins of a temple. The gardens of the Granvelle palace, is the general rendezvous of Besançon; the walk of Chammaris is also very agreeable. The student of natural history will find abundant occupation in its picturesque environs, full of rare and curious plants. Here is a *manufacture* of clocks and watches, which

<sup>1</sup> As far as *Dole*, is the high road to Geneva (about 20 posts, or 110 miles distant.) From Morey to Gex in this route, is a succession of the wildest and most picturesque scenery. In ascending and descending the mountain of Gex (one of the Jura chain,) eight or nine hours are employed: this is one of the magnificent new roads cut by order of BONAPARTE, and is a part of the grand route leading to the Simplon. See *Picture of Italy*, 18mo.

equal those of Geneva, and fire-arms of the best quality ; iron-ware, hardware, printed calicoes, muslins, cloth, and stuffs, form a part of the *trade* of this place. Population 30,000.

Supposing the traveller to have returned to *Dijon*, we shall now proceed to describe the route from that place to LYONS, as laid down in our Itinerary, No. 3. p. 55.

We leave Dijon by the faubourg of the Ouche ; and having proceeded about a mile, we see rising on the right, towards the S. W., the celebrated hill, over which Bacchus has spread a verdant and magnificent carpet. This hill well deserves the name of *Côte d'Or*, or Gold Coast, which has been given it on account of the excellence of its wines and the riches they produce. We continue to enjoy this smiling view ; and every point that presents itself, is a spot more or less celebrated for the excellence of its wine. After having passed Chenone and Marcenay, the wines of which are in high estimation, and before we arrive at Baraque, the first stage, we see the vineyards of *Chambertin*, of which our countrymen have so high an opinion. Soon after we perceive the vineyards of Morey and Chambolle. The name of *Clos Vougeot*, written in large characters, now attracts our attention ; this vine-land derives its name from the Vogue, which flows by at a small distance from it, over which we cross by a small bridge ; it formerly belonged to the monks of the Abbey of Citeaux ; its extent is about 250 acres. It is now the property of MM. Tourton and Ravel, two eminent merchants, who pay great attention to its culture and improvement. Formerly

was not allowed to appropriate to this species of husbandry any lands, except such as were proper for it; but now, when the regulations relative to this point are no longer in force, vines are frequently planted in low watery grounds, which possess none of the properties requisite for a vineyard: but this is not the case with the vineyard of Vougeot, which is cultivated with extreme care; the wine made here is sold in bottles, the price of which is six francs (five shillings) each. The proprietors have always 500,000 bottles in store. Some of the wine is twelve years old; but it will not keep beyond that age. This vineyard enjoys the greatest celebrity; but that of *Vosges*, at a little distance from it, on the road to Nuits, has gained an almost equal degree of reputation.

These names recal to mind the disputes which occur at every banquet among the Burgundians, relative to the superiority of the produce of the several vineyards; and which frequently become very animated, generally ending in very considerable wagers. We now soon arrive at

*Nuits*, a place celebrated on account of its vineyards, and the great trade carried on there with the gifts of Bacchus. The wines of the neighbourhood rose into great repute after the illness of Louis XIV. in 1680; who received great benefit from being recommended, by his physicians, the old wine of Nuits, as a restorative. The price of the article, which till then had been very moderate, was considerably increased, and large quantities are now exported. Nuits is a small town, situated at the foot of a hill called *Côte Nuitone*, on the bank of the Meuzin; planted with the excellent



vines, which have raised the reputation of the place, where every thing has an air of comfort and competence. *Manufactures* of coarse cloths and other common stuffs, such as druggets, serges, flannels, &c. paper-mills, and tan-yards. Population 2,600.

The tract of vine-land opposite to Nuits is covered with forests, the wood of which is employed in smelting the ore of the iron mines, or sent as a supply of fuel to the capital. The Côte d'Or formerly produced a considerable number of chesnuts, but it is a remarkable fact that this tree will not now thrive there. This tract of country ends at Vosnes; but the vineyards as far as Beaune continue to have the reputation of producing excellent wine.

*Beaune*, situated in an agreeable and fertile plain, upon the Bouzeoize, at the foot of Mont-Afrique, is of an oval form, and has some handsome houses and wide streets; it stands on a calcareous soil, about three leagues from the Saone; and its situation between Chalons, Dijon, and Autun, is well suited for inland trade. Of the castle nothing but ruins remain. The church of St. Peter is the handsomest; but the most remarkable edifice is the magnificent hospital, founded in 1443, by Nicholas Rollin, chancellor to Philip, duke of Burgundy, of whom Louis XI. of France used to say, "It is but an act of justice in him, who has made so many poor, to build an hospital to lodge them in." The court of this house presents some remains of Gothic architecture, which have a picturesque effect. It does honour to the inhabitants of Beaune, that this asylum of sickness and misfortune is kept in a

very good state of repair, and that they pride themselves upon it as an intitution of great importance.

The animosity of the Athenians against the Thebans was not greater than that of the inhabitants of Dijon against those of *Beaune*. The Dijonese will give it, that the very air of the country has a purifying effect; and they vie with each other in describing the most ridiculous bulls and simplicities of the good folks of *Beaune*. The quarrel of Piron, the poet, with them, has not a little contributed to strengthen this opinion. *Genus irritabile vatum!* The knights of the cross-bow, of *Beaune*, having gained the prize in 1715, Piron, who then resided in Dijon, his native city, held them up to ridicule in a burlesque ode. Fifteen months afterwards the *Beaunese* gave back the prize. Piron's friends begged him not to go to *Beaune*; but he paid no regard to their advice, and his temerity nearly cost him dear, as he informs us himself in his *Voyage de Beaune*. His antagonists began to attack with insults and threats. Piron kept up a running fire of bons-mots, puns, and epigrams. His friends endeavoured to carry him off the field of battle: but he resisted, exclaiming

Allez; je ne crains pas leur impuissant courroux;  
Et quand je serois seul, je les batterois tous!

Having met with an ass in one of the streets, he stuck to the long ear of the beast the green parade of the *Beaunese* Bowmen, repeating aloud their Motto, *Marche au but*. This roused their fury against him to the highest pitch. On the following day, he had the imprudence to go to the

theatre, and seated himself in the pit: all the young men immediately ranged themselves on the stage, and overwhelmed him with volleys of opprobrious language. At length, however, the actors with much difficulty were proceeding with the play when a young Beaunese, disgusted with the uproar, exclaimed "Silence! gentlemen; 'tis impossible to hear any thing."—" 'Tis not however for want of *ears*!" replied Piron. His enemies notwithstanding the most deadly vengeance, pursued the poet with sticks and swords through the streets and he probably would have fallen a victim to their rage, if a good-natured citizen had not permitted him to take refuge in his house. Ever after Piron vented his spleen against the Beaunese in a great number of epigrams, and his townsmen the Dijonese have not failed to imitate him. All the puns or plays upon words to which the comparisons of a sot with an ass can give rise to, have been employed for this purpose by them to satiety, in a manner more or less ingenious.

Is there any real foundation for this opinion of the great simplicity of the Beaunese? we must own that having heard so much of it, and read the hundreds of *naivetés* and blunders told of them, it was difficult to divest ourselves of prejudice; and during the time we were in the town, there occurred nothing calculated entirely to remove this prejudice: it seemed as if no one gave a proper answer to the questions put to them. But our stay was too short to enable us to form a correct opinion: and we will not follow the example of a certain fellow countryman, who wrote in his journal, that at *Blois* all the



women were carrotty and peevish, though he had seen only the hostess of the inn where he put up.

But even admitting that the Beaunese in general have little wit, and a sluggish imagination, this rule is not without an exception; and they may cite with pride the names of some very eminent men, to whom their town has given birth—and particularly M. *Monge*, to whom we owe so many discoveries in physics, chemistry, and geometry.

There are some fine walks at Beaune, particularly that of the fountain of Aigue. Its *trade*, in excellent wine, is very considerable; and it has *manufactures* of woollen and cloth, and some quarries in its environs. Population 8,500.

Passing the celebrated vineyards of *Pomare* and *Volnay*, and several small villages, we arrive at *Chagny*, a small town on the left bank of the *Heune*, which has a great trade in fine wines. Here is also a cloth manufactory. Hence, nothing worthy of remark occurs till we reach *Chalons*, which, with the route to Lyons, we have already described, at p. 46.

## CHAPTER II.

*Description of Lyons and its Environs.—Excursions to Chambery and Grenoble.—Voyage down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon.—Description of Avignon.—Excursions to Vaucluse, Carpentras, Cavaillon, &c.*

LYONS is a very antient city; its foundation is attributed to Lucius Minutius Plancus, one of Julius Cæsar's officers, about 40 years before the birth of Christ. In the time of Augustus, Lyons was considered the capital of the Gauls, and money was coined there; its original name of *Lugdunum* was changed for that which it has ever since borne, because the cohorts from this part of Gaul which are enrolled in the Roman legions had a lion for their device;—some coins which were struck here by order of Mark Antony, have his effigy on one side, and on the reverse a lion, with the word *Lugduni*. Under Antony was constructed the celebrated aqueduct which brought the waters of the little river Furens to Lyons, a distance of several leagues. Three arches of this aqueduct, still tolerably perfect, are to be seen, near the road, on entering the city, from Paris; and several other remains of it are scattered in different parts.

Under the reign of Claudius Cæsar, Lyons was nearly demolished by a dreadful fire, but it was rebuilt by Nero, and afterwards much enlarged by Adrian and Marcus Antoninus; to the latter a temple was erected, which is supposed to have stood

here is now the place of St. John. The city after the period of the Antonines, embracing the Christian faith, was cruelly persecuted by the Emperor Severus; nineteen thousand of the inhabitants were massacred by his order, and the city almost laid in ruins. In the following century it rose again into splendour and opulence, and the Christians were permitted the unmolested exercise of their religion.

At the fall of the Roman Empire, Lyons was for time under the dominion of the Dukes of Burgundy; but in the sixth century it came under the Kings of France, as it has ever since remained; except in a short interruption, when the kingdom was divided among the sons of Lothaire the first, and Lyons devolved on Charles the youngest son; and when under Lothaire the second it was given as a portion to Matilda his sister, on her marriage with Conrade, Duke of Burgundy; but in both these instances it was soon united to the French crown. In the time of the League, it had for a moment fallen off from its allegiance to its rightful sovereign; but soon repenting, it submitted to Henry the fourth, and afterwards gave him so many proofs of attachment that he used to call it his *good city of Lyons*. We have seen this city consumed by fire, under the reign of Claudius; we have seen it suffering from a cruel persecution, under that of Severus: in the eighth century it was almost depopulated, and laid in ruins, by the Saracens, and dreadful ravages were made there by a visitation of the plague, in 1628; but perhaps under none of these calamities did it experience sufferings so severe as in the devastations to which



it was condemned after its surrender to the Conventional army, in 1793. Before the revolution one of the most populous and opulent cities in France, abounding in fine buildings; it was, till within these few years, and indeed in some respects even at the present time, a sad monument of the fatal excesses to which an insatiate thirst for vengeance may be carried, when freed from all restraint and control.

Till the final overthrow of royalty, however, up to the 10th of August, 1792, no steps had been taken against Lyons by the zealous revolutionists but from that period its sufferings may be dated under the notorious *Chalier*, the worthy friend and emulator of Marat, a Central Club was formed, to whom such endless vexations were inflicted on the Lyonnais, that their patience being exhausted the citizens determined to make an effort to shake off the yoke. On the night between the 29th and 30th of May, they rose upon their Jacobin oppressors, and expelling both the Central Club, and the Sans-culotte mayor, with all their dependents, they hoped that an end would be put to their troubles. Alas! how great was their error! instead of being the termination it might be called but the beginning of them; all their former sufferings were nothing to what they subsequently encountered. The day which followed the night of this victory, presented a most affecting spectacle. Persons of all rank and descriptions, who before were scarcely known to each other, met in the streets and squares, with embraces and congratulations of what had passed mingled with tears of joy and gratitude, and the union of hearts and sentiments which now burst forth, seem to assure to the city the enjoyment of

peace and tranquillity. But these flattering hopes were of short duration; the Convention, incensed at what had passed; indignant likewise against the Lyonnais, for having disowned their authority as the legal representatives of the nation, and for having rejected the constitution which they had imposed, ordered an army to march against this devoted town, under the command of the Generals Kellerman and Dubois Crancé. (See Plumtree's *Residence in France*, vol. I. p. 233, 236.)

The bombardment of the city was commenced, but its effect considerably retarded by the exertions and precautions of the inhabitants in preventing conflagrations, and extinguishing the fusées of bombs. The investment was, however, so close, that famine began to be severely felt: corruption found its way within the walls, and treasons, discovered and punished, only created alarm and mistrust. New missionaries were sent to the besieging army, among whom were Couthon, Maignet, and Chateauneuf Randon; they addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, requiring an unconditional surrender, which being disregarded, a more furious bombardment and cannonade was commenced, the works were carried by main force, and several important posts fell successively into the hands of the assailants. General Doppet, who arrived from the army of the Alps, to command the siege, was preparing to make a last attack, when the people opened their gates, and surrendered at discretion. General Prècy, at the head of two thousand five hundred men, and escorting many women and children, made his escape; but an ammunition waggon being blown up, occasioned

great destruction among his helpless followers : and the country being raised, and the fugitives being pursued by a party of the victorious enemy, the whole detachment was put to the sword. In the fate of their defenders the people of Lyons might anticipate their own ; a decree passed the Convention for razing all the buildings, except the abodes of the poor, of murdered patriots, and houses of industry and public instruction. On the site of it a column was to be raised, with an inscription, “ *Lyons warred against liberty—Lyons is no more :*” and the name of the city was changed to VILLE AFFRANCHIE. This decree gave additional energy to the measures of vengeance, already pursued : twenty thousand men, who had signed a petition, were devoted to destruction at once, on the motion of Dubois Crancé ; and an intention was publicly professed of reducing the population from a hundred and forty thousand to twenty-five thousand souls at the utmost. As a means of exciting the Jacobins to relentless revenge, the remains of Challier were brought to view, and worshipped, like those of his political preceptor, Marat. Robespierre pronounced his eulogy to the Jacobin club and Dorfeuille, at Lyons ; and Collot d’Herbois, Montaut and Fouché, were deputed by the Jacobins to accelerate measures of cruelty, and instituted an impious fête, at the close of which it was proposed to murder all the prisoners ; but a sudden storm drove the people to their houses. No time was, however, lost in forwarding the work of destruction ; the missionaries boasted to the Convention of their inflexibility, and required the explosion of mines, and the rapidity of flame to gratify their desires of extermi-



nation; and the Convention received, with coldness a petition from the inhabitants of this large, beautiful, and rich city, referring it to the committee of public safety, which had ordered their destruction<sup>1</sup>.

More than three thousand of the inhabitants of Lyons fell a sacrifice to the siege and the guillotine. The venerable DELANDINE who has published a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the MSS. in the public library, narrowly escaped falling a sacrifice in this dreadful carnage. He was imprisoned for some time, and has published a deeply interesting, but heart-rending narrative of the siege of this place by the republican army, and of the massacre of its royal inhabitants. The guillotine was erected in the *Place de Bellecour*, which literally overflowed with the blood of its victims<sup>2</sup>.

The death of that monster *Robespierre* having put an end to the sufferings of this devoted city, on the 29th of May, 1795, funeral honours were celebrated to the memory of those who fell under the reign of terror. "On the field of death itself, in the midst of the earth which covers the remains of so many innocent victims, on the plain of the *rotteaux*, a cenotaph was erected. On a large base, ascending in steps like an amphitheatre, was placed an immense sarcophagus, round which was hung a drapery of black, festooned with bunches of laurel, of oak, and of roses. They to whom

<sup>1</sup> Adolphus's History of France, vol. I. p. 457.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Histoire du Siège de Lyon, depuis 1789, jusqu'en 1796*, 8vo. 2 tom. Paris, 1797; or Miss Plumtree's *Three Year's Residence in France*, vol. I. where the most interesting parts of this narrative are given at length.

this monument was dedicated had a right to the laurel, since they had fought for their country; to the oak, as the civic crown, since they had proved themselves good citizens; and to roses, since the flower has been considered, by all nations, as the emblem of virtue, as the symbol of that transitory life which blooms for an instant, then to disappear for ever. At each corner of the sarcophagus were *Larvæ*, the genii considered by the Egyptians, and afterwards by the Greeks, as the guardians of the tombs; they supported tablets of stone, on which were groups of owls, the birds of night, emblem of the long, long night of the tombs, and these again supported the *thuriferæ*, or vases, in which were burned the perfumes and incense. From the centre of the sarcophagus rose a pyramid, surmounted by the funeral urn, and at its base were two female figures, veiled, holding lacrymatories, and appearing overpowered with grief and despair. On the four fronts of the sarcophagus were inscribed four stanzas, of which the following is a spirited translation:

Here Lyonnese, your sighs be breathed;  
 Here o'er your friends your requiems swell:  
 To you their courage they bequeathed,  
 O live like them! O die as well!

Death to their eyes, wore victory's face:  
 Sated with crime's unceasing round,  
 Glory they clasped, in death's embrace,  
 Repose beneath this sod they found.

Traveller, who journeyest near our dust,  
 With fond respect one flower bestow,  
 And teach thy sons, O sacred trust!  
 That from our deaths their blessings flow.

Field, scene of many a bloody feud,  
 What tombs, what trophies, shall be thine!  
 Sunk in thy bosom's solitude,  
 What prowess, virtues, power recline.

A band of music, vocal and instrumental, with drums muffled and decorated with bunches of laurel, and black crape, marched first, playing and singing a solemn requiem. They were followed by an immense concourse of the inhabitants of Lyons, of all ranks and degrees, all bathed in tears, which fell alike for departed friends and a degraded country." (See Miss Plumtree's Residence in France, vol. I. p. 360.)

This memorial, however, was not suffered to remain more than a year; since the change of affairs, let us hope that some simple monument of these melancholy times, may yet rear its head, as a warning voice to future generations.

The *situation* of the modern town of Lyons, early in the centre of two navigable rivers, and at the junction of many public roads, is extremely favourable to commercial pursuits. The Rhone affords an expeditious communication with Languedoc, Provence, and the Mediterranean; the Saône, uniting with the Doubs, lays open the trade of Burgundy and Franche Comté; the vicinity of Geneva, Switzerland, and Savoy, facilitates an advantageous traffic with these states, and invites, through their channel, to more extended dealings with a considerable portion of Germany, Piedmont, and Italy.

Though the *climate* of Lyons is very fine, no place is subject to more sudden changes from heat to cold. The greatest heats are in June and July,



and in a part of August; towards the latter end of this month a considerable quantity of rain falls, till about the middle of September: and from this time to the end of November is the pleasantest part of the year. The cold is often very severe in winter, and frosts sharp enough to destroy all the vine-buds have sometimes occurred in the month of April.

Among the *natural productions* of this part of France, are the white mulberry tree, which is stripped of its delicate leaves to furnish food for the silkworm; the two sorts of chesnut (*marron and chataigne*) the first held in the greatest estimation; and that delicate little bird the *bec-figue*, erroneously supposed to live upon figs; fine horned cattle; excellent potatoes and other vegetables. In several villages of the Mont d'Or, very nice cream-cheese are made; and the sausages, called *cervelats de Lyon*, are deservedly celebrated. Much of the wine made on the banks of the Rhone is excellent, particularly that of Condrieux; the waters of the Saone abound with delicious fish. Wood for fuel is not very plentiful, but there are numerous mines of coal in the Lyonnais.

Before the Revolution, Lyons was reckoned, after Paris, the most polished town in France; it is now much altered as it respects the male population; warmly devoted to commerce, the Lyonnais are active, industrious, keen calculators, and prudent in their speculations; consequently, gracefulness of manners, and a taste for letters are not to be expected in this great provincial town: yet we must do them the justice to observe, that though like the inhabitants of London and Liverpool, they are con-

ually immersed in trade, they are not backward in contributing a portion of their enormous wealth to the encouragement and support of literature and the arts. The women, *toujours séduisantes*, particularly in the South of France, are very handsome, and engaging in their manners.

A long stay at Lyons is very expensive. To those who remain here some time, it is much more economical to hire ready furnished apartments on one of the quays, and to dine at a table d'hôte, of which there are several at different prices. This is generally the best method in all great towns.

Lyons is, in general, well-built, but the streets are narrow, and from the great height of the houses have a dark, gloomy appearance, many of them being much loftier than at Paris; the pavement also, composed of small sharp stones, is very unpleasant to pedestrians. In the quarter of Gourgillon, chiefly inhabited by mechanics, the streets are so steep, that excepting the public road, which has been made somewhat more convenient, it is not possible for carriages to pass; on each side there is a kind of foot-path, the steps to which are so very high that in great rains the water runs in torrents. The black colour of the houses, dirty, ill-built, and badly glazed, gives to all this quarter a dismal and disgusting appearance. Notwithstanding this, there are some fine parts or quarters. The *Place de Bellecour*, before the Revolution, was considered one of the handsomest squares in Europe; it is one thousand feet in length, and six hundred and fifty at the widest end; one end being fifty feet narrower than the other. An equestrian statue in bronze of Louis XIV. stood on a pedestal of marble, raised

upon a base of three steps, and at the foot, were two bronze figures representing the Saone and the Rhone, which last were saved from destruction and placed in the town hall. At the two ends of the square was a range of handsome houses, built on a uniform plan, and between these and the statues were lawns, with a bason and jet-d'eau in each. It is still a noble square;—a statue of Louis XIV. is again to be placed here. This quarter is inhabited by the rich, and contains some fine houses. The quarter of *St. Clair* is another fine part of the town, which with its handsome quay, answers to the *Chaussée d'Antin* of Paris, and is chiefly inhabited by merchants. The *quay* is the *Boulevard Italien* of Paris; in this quarter is the *Maison de Tolosan*, whose magnificent façade was so much admired by Joseph II. of Austria. The *Place des Terreaux*, the second square in Lyons was formed on the filling up of a canal which crossed the city from the Saone to the Rhone, and it was from this circumstance that it had its name. Before the Revolution, this was the place of all public executions. In the beginning of the terrorist massacres, the guillotine was in the *Place de Bellecour*, but it was removed to the *Place des Terreaux*, by order of Collo d'Herbois, because he lodged there, and wished to enjoy the sight of the heads falling as he sat at breakfast.

There are many *bridges* at Lyons, principally of wood, and of the boldest construction. The most remarkable is that of *Morand* of the lightest wood-work, over the Rhone, leading from the place *St. Clair* to the promenade and faubourg of *Brotteaux*. The heaviest waggons pass over it; there is a foot-



ath of brick for the pedestrians. The stone bridge of *la Guillotiere* is more substantial than elegant; but the new one of *l'Archeveché* leaves nothing to be wished for.

The *remarkable edifices* are the government house, the hotel-de-ville, the magnificent library, the cathedral, the hotel-dieu, and hospital of La Charité. The useful and literary establishments are the royal college, the academy, the veterinary school, the *athenæum*, the society of agriculture and of medicine, the exchange, chamber of commerce, and the mint; and, as an object of great curiosity to the stranger, the silk mills at the Hotel de Milan.

The *Hotel-de-Ville*, after the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, considered the handsomest edifice of the kind in Europe, was built in 1647, from the plan of Simon de Maupin, surveyor of the town. It was burnt in 1674, and Mansard replaced the front, which together with the principal stair-case, grand all, and court, are very fine.

Here are the celebrated *bronze tablets*, discovered in 1528, containing the harangue which the Emperor Claudian made in favour of Lyons. It was engraved on three tablets, but there only remain at this time two of them, which are under the vestibule in the building, and are placed against the wall on the left hand as you enter. In front is the inscription, by which the consulate of Lyons has commemorated the epoch, to which they refer.

These tablets are very important monuments of antiquity. Tacitus has given the speech of Claudian in the eleventh book of his Annals, but it may be seen that he has retouched it. The style of that emperor was feeble, but from the pen of the writer

it has acquired vigour and perspicuity, which establishes the opinion that the ancient historians have taken from the notes or traditions of the times, the substance of the harangues which were attributed to their princes and generals, but that they embellished and altered them after their own manner.

The statue of the *Rhone*, is supported on an oar and on a lion, who appears in the act of roaring. It has a furious air; but the attitude is strained; near it is an enormous salmon.

The *Soane*, which fronts it, is also supported on a lion; the attitude is more tranquil, but as much out of nature, without expression, and without dignity. These two colossal statues once ornamented the Place de Bellecour; they are executed by Guillaume Coustou.

The beautiful *tauribole* or altar which was discovered in 1705, on the mountain of Fourviers, is equally worthy the attention of the antiquary. It is known to have a curious inscription which represents the ceremony of the bull-offering in the year A. D. 160, for the health of the Emperor Antoninus the Pious, and for the prosperity of the colony. The ceremony of the bull-offering was as follows. They dug a large hollow in the ground, into which the priest descended, who had to make the expiation; he was attired in a robe of silk, a crown upon his head, and a fillet. The bottom of the hollow was pierced with several holes; and the blood of the victim sprinkled the priest, who was to turn that he might be entirely covered with it. Then every one knelt before him as if he represented the deity, and his bloody garments were preserved with the most religious veneration. This altar, which is

The most beautiful of the kind, has three fronts; the principal one bears a bucranium, or bull's head, decorated with fillets for the sacrifice, and has part of the inscription. The second, the head of a ram, which proves that this bull-offering was also the same as was offered in memory of Atys, to whom they sacrificed that animal. The third, the crooked sword of sacrifice, made in the form of the harp, with which Tersius cut off Medusa's head. Over this sword is the following inscription:

CVIVS MESONYCTIVM  
FACTVM EST. V. ID. DEC.

That is—The mesonyctium (of this bull-offering) took place the 5th of the ides of December. The mesonyctium was probably the eve of the feast. The bull-offering was repeated every twenty years, and the women received this kind of regeneration as well as the men. The inscription is as follows:

TAVRO BOLIO MATRIS D. M. I. D.  
*Quod Factum est ex Imperio Matris D.*  
DEVVM

*Pro Salute Imperatoris* CAES-T.AELI  
*Hadriani Antonini* AVC-PII PP.

*Liberorum que* EIVS  
*Et Status Coloniae* LVGUDVN  
L. AEMILIVS CARPVS IIII VIR AVG ITEM  
DENDROPHORVS  
VORON FECIT.

(Here is the figure of a Bull's Head.)

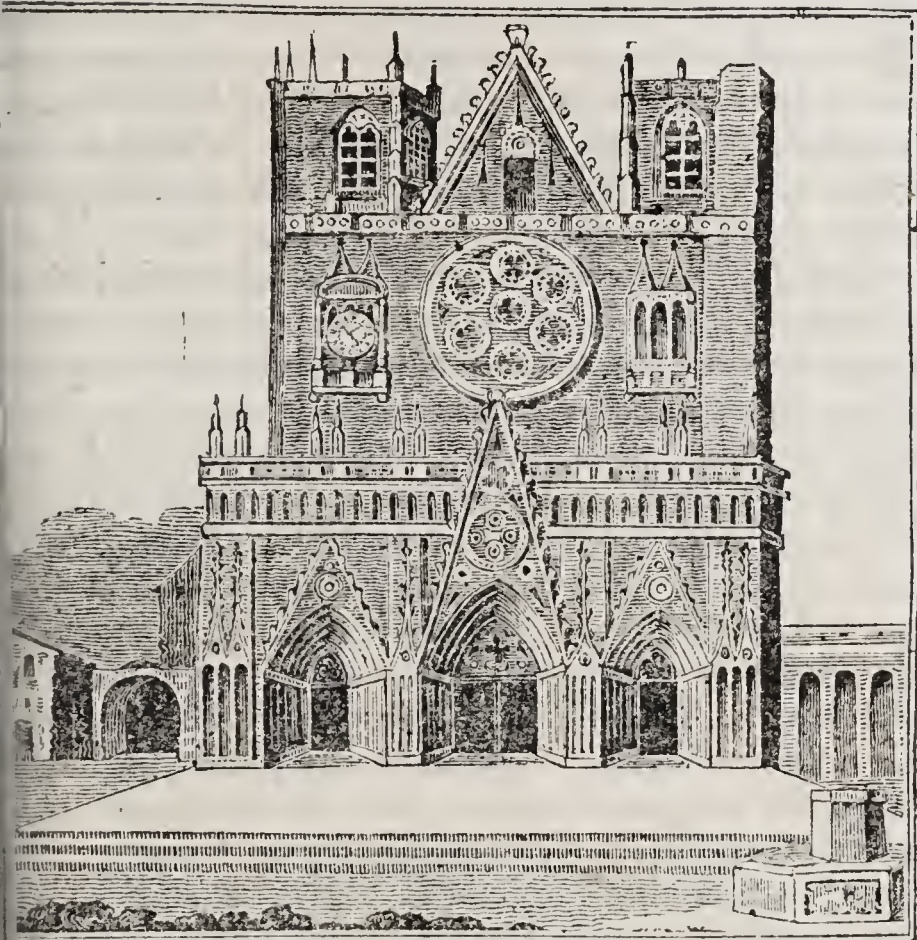
VIRES EXCEPIT ET A VATICANO TRANS  
TVLIT ARA ET BVCRANIVM



SVO INPENDIO CONSACRAVIT  
 SACERDOTE  
 Q. SAMMIO SECVNDO AB. XV VIRIS  
 OCCABO ET CORONA EXORNATO  
 CVI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LVGDVNENS  
 PERPETVITATEM SACERDOTI DECREVIT  
 APP. ANNIO. ATILO BRADVA T CLOD VIBIO  
 VARO COS  
 L. D. D. D.

“ For the bull-offering of the grand-mother of the gods Idenius, Drudyminius, which was made in order of the divine mother of the gods, for the preservation of the emperor Cæsar, Titus, Ælius Adrian, Antoninus the Pious, as much a father to this country, as of his own children, and of the state of the colony of Lyons. Lucius Æmilius Carpus, Sextumvir, Augustal, and Dendrophorus, have preserved the sexual organs of the bull, have conveyed them to the Vatican, and have consecrated the altar, and the bucranium at their expense under the priesthood of Quintus Sammius Secundus, ornamented by the Quindecemvirs, with a *occabo* (or bracelets), and a crown, to which the most holy order of Lyons decreed the perpetual priesthood, under the consulate of Appius Annii Atilius Bradua, and of Titus Clodius Vibius Varus. The place was granted by a decree of the Decurions.”

Among the remarkable *Churches* at Lyons the traveller should first visit the *Cathedral*, a fine specimen of the Gothic, or rather Moorish architecture constructed at various times, principally in the reigns of Philip Augustus and Louis the Eleventh.



In one of the transepts of this cathedral is a famous clock made by Lipsius of Basle, in 1598. In the upper part are a number of little figures which move mechanically to the chimes, which play every hour, the hymn of St. John. A cock crowns the whole and announces the hour by clapping his wings and crowing. Above is an astrolabe, shewing the positions of the sun in the signs of the zodiac, and the phases of the moon. At the bottom is a perpetual calendar.

The traveller should also visit the church of St. Paul, which has an altar-piece by Le Brun; those of

the ci-devant Feuillans, where are the ashes of Cinq Mars, and of the celebrated *De Thou*, who was executed by the command of the Cardinal Richelieu, in the place Des Terreaux; of Saint Nizier, built in the XIV. century; and of the College which has a very fine nave.

The *Library*, which commands a beautiful view of the Rhone, is one of the finest structures in Europe, and the most considerable in the departments. The building consists of a long and spacious hall, surrounded with a gallery, as in the Royal Library at Paris, and contains more than 120,000 volumes, 800 of which are MSS. The library suffered much during the Revolution. A battalion was lodged here, and the soldiers during six months kindled their fires with the books. The library of the late M. Adamoli, an individual, who bequeathed his noble collection of books to the public, is placed in an apartment on one side of the grand hall, which fortunately remained unopened during the siege. Adjoining is a small closet of antiquities, which contains many interesting and estimable curiosities. A considerable quantity of gold and silver medals, valued in the mass, at £800, were disposed of to a goldsmith, in the reign of terror.

The *Museum* contains some good pictures and antiquities, among which is the bronze leg of a horse, probably belonging to an equestrian statue, the history of which is very singular. From time immemorial, the watermen and fishermen had observed in the Saone, between the wooden bridges, on one side of that at Aisnay, when the water was low, a large substance which they called the *Broken Iron Pot*. The fishermen carefully avoided the place for fear of breaking



their nets; the watermen, on the contrary, laid hold of it with their boat hooks to help them up the stream. However this supposed pot resisted all these efforts for fifteen hundred years. On the 4th of February, 1766, the water being frozen hard, and at the same time very low, a boat-builder, one Bartholomew Laurent, perceived that what had been taken for a pot till that time, was something of greater magnitude, and that it would be worth while to get it up. He confided his intention to one of his friends, a man named Louis l'Etoile, and as they were not strong enough themselves, they called some porters to their assistance, and making use of a rope, after many efforts, they dragged out this horse's leg: they offered it to a citizen of Lyons for eighteen livres, which he refused to give; they then carried it to the hotel-de-ville, and received two louis from the prevost; it was afterwards placed in the museum. The quadrangular court belonging to this building, is filled with Roman monuments and inscriptions, which are tastefully arranged or let into the walls, as in the Townley Gallery of our own British Museum.

*Antiquities.*—In the church of *Enay*, built on the ruins of a temple, and dedicated to Augustus, is a curious Mosaic, discovered in 1806, in the garden of a M. Macors, Rue de Passy. Four marble columns that support the dome are all that remains of this magnificent temple, the offering, &c. This city abounds with antiquities; such as the ruins of an antient aqueduct, near the church just mentioned; one of its reservoirs is entire, and called the grotto of Bazelle; the fine remains of another aqueduct, near the church of St. Irenée; a fine Mosaic, in

the maison Cassère; some vestiges of a theatre in the close of the Minimes; subterraneous reservoirs in that of the Ursulines, and also in the Maison des Antiquailles, built on the ruins of a palace of the Roman Emperors; here are several curious relics, as piles of coal, melted metals, fragments of vases, &c. &c.

Lyons has many *hospitals* and benevolent *institutions*, which are indispensably necessary in a place where the bulk of the inhabitants is composed of mechanics and manufacturers. Most of the common people are supported by *silk works*; if, therefore, the produce of the mulberry trees should fail, (as is sometimes the case), the manufactories stop, and the workmen become destitute. A prolonged war, successive court mournings, and above all, the caprice of fashion, have similar effects. The *Grand Hospital* is a very fine building, and has not its equal in France; its immense front of the Ionic order, looks towards the Rhone. In the interior is a fine stair-case, in the interior of which is represented the *crocodile*, said to have been taken in the Rhone, at the beginning of the last century. The size and distribution of the apartments, as well as the excellent administration of the income of this hospital, amounting to more than £16,000, will excite the most pleasing reflections in the mind of the philanthropist. It is attended by the *sœurs de la charité*, who are distinguished from the novices by the cross which they wear at their bosoms. The brothers wear at the left side a plate of silver, on which is engraven an image of the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross. The establishment of *La Charité*, devoted to various purposes, and parti-

cularly to the support and employment of the indigent poor, contains about 450 objects of commiseration. They have four meals a day. At seven o'clock breakfast, which consists of soup or bread, whichever they please; at half-past ten dinner, being soup, and sometimes vegetables; at two o'clock, a repetition of the breakfast; at five o'clock supper of soup and bouilli. They have meat every day, and at each meal the value of three *décilitres* of wine, about a bottle of wine a day for each person. The dress of both the old men and women is black. They have liberty to be unemployed between meals, or to work, to get money to supply their little luxuries, such as tobacco, coffee, &c. They have the entire produce of their labour; and are furnished with dress, food, and lodging. The principal objects of curiosity in this building are the work-rooms; the refectory for girls; the *oratory* for the old men; some cells; the manufactory for carding and spinning wool; the refectory for the brothers, and the manufactory for winding silk. Besides the children maintained in the house, there are *four thousand* boarded in the country at the charge of the establishment. There are also classes where they are taught reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic: at the age of fourteen years, the boys are apprenticed to different masters in the city.

In the room called *La Creche*, there are about forty or fifty cradles. They keep the children as short a time as possible, and in general send them to the country the next day. They also receive and deliver in this establishment pregnant unmarried women.



The other charitable establishments are, the hospital of the Antiquaille; the *depôt de mendicite*, for the reception of the poor, the insane, and others; the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, for the distribution of fuel and food; the *Institution de Bienfaisance*, and other establishments of a similar nature. There are also four *Maisons de Charité*, one in each quarter of the city for the relief of the sick. The sisters who attend these last, also keep schools, to teach young girls to read, write, sew, and knit.

*Trade and Manufactures.*—Lyons is celebrated for its silk manufactures of every kind, gold and silver lace, gauze, crape, hosiery, printed calicoes, paper, jewellery, &c. &c. It is a grand *depôt* of grain, and excellent wines, known by the name of *vins de rivage*. Printing and bookselling also flourish here. Population 100,000.

Among the illustrious men which Lyons has produced, are, Sidonius Apollinaris, who resided at Clermont; Jacob Spon, Menestrier, Stella, Andry, Coustou, Jussieu, Rozier, Bourgelat, &c.

*Public Walks, Environs, &c.*—The Brotteaux, the Banks of the Saone, and the Allée Perrache. From the quay of the Rhone in clear weather, Mont Blanc may be distinctly seen. There is a fine view from the mountain of Fourvières. The point of sight is admirable; the Saone runs slowly and tranquilly, washing the foot of the mountain, and beyond the city it is met by the Rhone. The quays, the streets, the squares, and the bridges are filled with crowds of people, who all appear actively engaged; a perpetual hum, a confused murmur, and the sound of various voices is continually heard. Behind

he city, on the banks of the two rivers, are cheerful gardens and pleasant country houses which command a view of all Dauphiny, and this rich scene is terminated by the magnificent curtain of the stupendous Alps.

The charming *Environs* of Lyons deserve an attentive examination, and afford a striking contrast to the gloomy interior of the city.

*Les Etroits*, a path on the banks of the Saone, leading from Lyons to the bridge of Mulotière, is a most delightful walk, which never tires. Here is a grotto formed in the Poudingues, at the top of which is a fountain, a spot where *Rousseau* passed a night with two small pieces of money in his pocket, which he was compelled to reserve for his breakfast the next morning. There is an exquisite description of this adventure, in his *Confessions* (Part I. liv. iv.) For the benefit of the English reader we have ventured on a translation: "I remember to have passed a delightful night outside the walls of the town, in a road which borders either the Rhone or the Saone; I forget which. The opposite side of the road was lined with gardens, elevated above each other in terraces. The day had been extremely hot; but the evening was delicious. The dew bathed the drooping herbage—there was not a breath of wind—all was tranquil—the air was fresh, but not cold—the red clouds, which still lingered after the setting sun, cast a reflection of rose colour on the water; and the trees on the terraces were filled with nightingales, which, from time to time, answered each other. I walked about in a sort of extasy, abandoning my heart and my senses to the rapture which every thing about me inspired: only sighing now and then at being

obliged to enjoy it all by myself. Absorbed in this delightful reverie, I continued wandering about it till it was very late, without perceiving that I was tired. At length I grew fatigued, and composed myself to rest, in a sort of niche or alcove, which had been cut in the wall of the terrace. The curtains of my couch were the branches of the trees; a nightingale was singing directly over my head, and I went to sleep by his song. My slumbers were sweet; but my waking was still sweeter. It was broad daylight—the sun was shining in my face—the water and green grass were spread at my feet—and a beautiful prospect stretched itself into the distance before me. I got up—shook myself—felt that I was hungry—and walked gayly towards the town to get my breakfast.”

The *confluence of the Saone and the Rhone* is now about half a league below Lyons. It was formerly under its very walls, and the space which lies between the town and the present junction was an island called Mogniat, from the name of the family to whom the property of it belonged. Under Louis the Fourteenth an attempt was made to reclaim this island, as a royal domain, when the proprietor answered the claim by addressing the following quatrain to the king:

Qu'est ce pour toi, grand monarque des Gaules  
 Qu'un peu de sable et de gravier?  
 Que faire de mon isle?---il n'y croit que des saules  
 Et tu n'aimes que le laurier.

His majesty, who loved flattery as well as most men, pleased with the compliment, relinquished the claim. In 1770, *Michel Perrache*, an architect and



sculptor of Lyons, but not of any great reputation in his profession, in concert with some other citizens, formed a plan for enlarging the city, by filling up the bed of the river between the island and the continent, and building there a number of new streets and squares. To fill up any part of the bed of a river so rapid as the Rhone, seemed so wild a project, that the serious reasoned upon it as a matter of impossibility, while among the gay and the witty it was a subject of much mirth and pleasantry. Many little squibs, in ridicule of the idea, flew about, one of which was a pamphlet, entitled "*A project for Drying up the Mediterranean, and building a few Towns there, by a Company of Merchants.*" But Perrache was not discouraged, either by the reasonings of the old, or the satire of the young; and having obtained the royal sanction to his undertaking, soon demonstrated to the reasoners that there was nothing impracticable, and to the jesters that there was nothing ridiculous, in his plan. The two rivers were confined within the new bounds which he had chosen to prescribe them, and the island was so effectually joined to the main land, that no one could see that they had ever been separated. A road and walk, shaded by two rows of poplars, run along the side of the Rhone to the head of the ci-devant island, where the rivers now meet; it is extremely pleasant, and in summer is a fashionable promenade.—(See Plumtree's France, vol. i. p. 266.)

A boat goes three times a week to Avignon, and every day, during the fair of *Beaucaire*, which begins the 22d of July, and lasts a week. Bonafous and Co. in the rue Bât-d'Argent, have a diligence

which goes to *Turin*, in four days and a half in summer, and four days in winter. A boat goes from Lyons to Chalons in sixty hours, and from Chalons to Lyons in forty-eight. The Compagnie Grün have stages for Besançon, Strasburgh, and Germany, on the Quai St. Clair; and Gaillard, on the same place, for Geneva; a journey of twenty four hours. Galline and Co. have a diligence for Marseilles every day.

*Excursion to Chambery, Grenoble, and the Grand Chartreuse.*

It would be inexcusable in the admirer of the romantic beauties of nature, to quit Lyons without paying a visit to some of the most picturesque scenery in France, particularly at Grenoble, and its environs. Chambery, though now a part of the king of Sardinia's dominions, borders so closely upon France, that we shall include it in our excursion. Those who are going to Geneva may take Chambery in their way.

No. 5. From LYONS to CHAMBERY  $14\frac{1}{2}$  posts,  
 $79\frac{3}{4}$  English miles.

| FROM                     | POSTS.         | FROM                        | POSTS.         |
|--------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| LYONS to Bron.....       | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | La Tour du Pin to Gaz ..    | 1              |
| St. Laurent-des-Mûres .. | 1              | Pont-de-Beauvoisin ....     | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| La Verpillière.....      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Echelles de Savoie .....    | 2              |
| Bourgoin.....            | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Thibault-de-Cour (¹) .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| La Tour du Pin .....     | 2              | CHAMBERY (²) .....          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |

On arriving at Pont Beauvoisin, situated on the Guier, which rises on the confines of Savoy and

INNS.—(¹) This and the last are foreign posts. (²) Perfect Union, Post, Three Kings.

auphiny, a sensible change takes place in the country, the climate and the people. The mountains of Savoy, with their woods, rocks, precipices, and waterfalls, forcibly arrest the attention of the traveller; and from Pont Beauvoisin, till we have passed Mont Cenis, the complexions of the men and women become of a darker hue, particularly on leaving Maurienne.

We next pass the *Guier*, over a handsome wooden bridge, of a single arch, and enjoy the view of a rich and fertile country, while we are traversing a well-cultivated plain, covered with trees, vines, and cattle. We now enter SAVOY, and five or six miles farther reach the pass of *Chailles*, celebrated by Rousseau, in his "Confessions," (Part I. liv. iv.) "It is the same with me now," says this inimitable writer, "in relating my travels, as it was in making them. I never wish to get to the end. My heart beats with delight, as I thought of again approaching my beloved *Mama*, and yet I did not go a step the faster for it. I like to walk at my ease, and to stop just when it pleases me. The life of a pedestrian is of all others the one that suits me. To my taste, travelling on foot, in beautiful weather, through a beautiful country, without being hurried, and yet always having an agreeable object in view, is of all modes of life the most delightful. A fat country, however fine it may be, does not appear so in my eyes. I must have torrents, and rocks, and fir-trees, and gloomy forests, and hills difficult to mount and to descend, with precipices on the sides of them, which almost frighten me.

I found this pleasure, and enjoyed it in all its charms, at *Chambery*. Not far from a hill which is



called the *Pas de l'Echelle*, just below the main road, which is cut in the rock, at a spot called *Chailles*, a little river runs boiling along through frightful gulphs, which it would seem to have required thousands of ages to work out. To prevent accidents, the road is bordered by a parapet. From hence I was able to look down, and become giddy at my ease. I have always found something pleasant in looking down from spots which make my head turn round. I like this giddiness, provided I am in safety. Resting on the parapet, I used to lean over and gaze for hours together on the blue and foaming waters; listening to their dashing, as it came up to my ear, mingled with the cries of the rooks and sparrow-hawks, that are flying from rock to rock, and from bush to bush, a hundred *toises* below me.

“Where the declivity was sufficiently steep, and clear of bushes to admit of stones falling, I used to go and fetch some as heavy as I could carry, collect them together in a pile on the parapet, and then throw them down one after another; and delight myself by watching them roll, and leap, and fly, in a thousand directions, before they reached the bottom.

“Nearer to Chambery is a spectacle of the same kind, but in a different point of view. The road passes at the foot of the most beautiful waterfall I ever beheld. The rock is so perpendicular, that the water detaches itself immediately on coming over the edge, and falls in a kind of arch, sufficiently distant from the rock to enable you to pass between that and the water, and sometimes without even being wetted.”

Traversing a well-cultivated plain, covered with every kind of tree, vines, and cattle, we begin to ascend the mountain of *Echelles*, on the most elevated part of which the road is protected by walls; farther on the road is cut between the rocks, and is much exposed to *avalanches*, when the winter snows begin to melt. The village of *Echelles* is situated in plain; and, on the neighbouring heights are some ruins of castles which once defended the passage to

At a short distance from the village, the traveller ascends the steep mountain of *la Grotte*, by a road and well-paved road, scooped out of the rock and made by order of Charles Emanuel, second duke of Savoy, in the year 1670, and greatly improved and enlarged by Bonaparte. Quitting this road we pass to colder regions, where at the end of June the wheat is still green, although in other parts of Savoy, it is nearly ready for the sickle.

Approaching Chambery, the country sinks into a plain, and the climate is much milder. About three miles before we arrive at this town, on the right, at a little distance from the road, is a cascade of the most limpid water, which, when the sun shines on it, presents all the colours of the rainbow. The environs of Chambery are agreeable and well-cultivated. The large quantity of mulberry trees, announces to the traveller, the country of silk-worms.

*Chambery*, situated at the confluence of the Rhone and Albano, is the most considerable town of Savoy, and has a population of 12,000 persons. The houses are lofty and well-built, but being constructed of a dark-coloured stone, and the streets not very broad, the town has somewhat of a gloomy appearance. The inhabitants are polite and well-

bred, and their society is very agreeable. The public walk of *Vernay*, at one of the gates, is formed of six rows of trees, and is well frequented. Here are seen the remains of a palace which was burnt in 1745. Other objects worthy of notice, are the castle, the cathedral, the hotel de ville, the Tir de l'Arquebuse, the market-place, and the public library, where is deposited a bas-relief of great merit. About a mile from the town are some sulphureous waters—and at the same distance are the *Charmettes*, celebrated by Rousseau. About three miles from Chambery, at a place called *les Abîmes* in the year 1249, a town of the name of St. André together with sixteen villages, were buried by an earthquake.

From Chambery we can proceed to Geneva (11 posts, or  $46\frac{1}{2}$  English miles) return to Lyons, or first visit Grenoble; we shall adopt the latter route.

No. 6. From CHAMBERY to GRENABLE, seven posts, or  $38\frac{1}{2}$  English miles.

| FROM                   | POSTS. | FROM                    | POSTS. |
|------------------------|--------|-------------------------|--------|
| CHAMBERY to Chapereil- |        | Chapereillan to Lumbert | 2      |
| lan.....               | 2      | GRENABLE.....           | 2      |

The first view of *Grenoble* presents the idea of a fortified town, and it may be included among the bulwarks of France. The ramparts that surround it were built by Vauban, and we enter the place by an old draw-bridge. A fort on the summit of the mountain, which commands Grenoble on the north was its principal defence. Of this fort a single house alone remains, and is still known by the name of the *Bastille*. Thence is an excellent view of the valleys of the Drac and the Isere, at the



termination of which, thirty leagues distant, we may discern the summit of *Mont Blanc*. This superb prospect will amply repay the stranger for a fatiguing walk to arrive at it. An old wall, that encloses two sides of the mountains, ascends to its summit, which it contains within its circuit. As this mountain commands the city on this side, so the ramparts and terrace command an extensive plain on the other, covered with meadows and orchards.

*Grenoble* is divided by the *Isere* into two unequal parts; the least considerable of these are *de la Perriere* and *St. Laurent*, situate between the right bank of the *Isere* and the foot of the mountain; and forming a long street, which gives them the appearance of a suburb. The other part, which is the city, properly speaking, is large, and the streets well laid out; though the houses are indifferently built. The fine hotel *de l'Intendance*, is occupied by the prefect. The *Palais de Justice*, upon the place *St. Andre*, is a Gothic edifice, and its delicate architecture has escaped the hand of time and the ravages of modern barbarism. The *College* contains a large library, with some valuable manuscripts; and, among others, the poetry of the Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII. Here are also the statues of four great men, natives of the city: the Chevalier Bayard, the metaphysicians Condillac and Mably, and the mechanist Vaucanson. Here is likewise a fine *Museum*, a cabinet of natural history, and a very small one of antiquities, which are some Egyptian mummies. *Grenoble* contains a Lyceum, a School of Law and another of Physic; a School of Artillery, a *Cour Royale*, and an Arsenal. The commerce of this city

much promoted by the Isère, which, notwithstanding its rapidity, is navigable to Montmelian, twelve leagues above Grenoble: its trade consists in hemp, cotton twist, cheese, gloves, shanoy manufactures, ratafia, and other *liqueurs*; iron from the forges of Alleverd, and marble from the neighbouring mountains, which is cut and polished in the city; fir and walnut-trees are also used here the first for masts, and the latter for furniture.

In this city are four bathing houses; one of these has excellent accommodations; a pretty theatre and several promenades, as *la Porte de France*, *le Jardin de la Prefecture*, or the town-garden, ornamented with a statue of Hercules in bronze, from the chateau which belonged to the constable Lesdigneres, with the glacis and the *Cours de la Graile*; these extend in a direct line to the distance of two leagues from Grenoble to the *Pont de Claix*, a bridge with one arch over the Drac, which is worth seeing, this arch has a span of 140 feet and is 120 feet high.

Grenoble owes less of its agreeableness of situation to the orchards and meadows in its environs, than to the mountains and hills that constitute its horizon.—A more varied perspective is scarcely to be seen. The Alps have a finer appearance from hence than from any other place in France or Piedmont, where a great part of their chain may be seen more distinctly. Here towards the east, above their summits, some of the glaciers also appear to be at no great distance. Towards the west, the view is limited by the *Sassenage*, one of the ramifications of the Alps, and towards the north, by the

Chartreuse, which is completely isolated. Population, 22,000.

Grenoble was the first fortress of any magnitude that submitted to Bonaparte on his return from Italy, and was of the greatest consequence to him in his future progress to the capital. "Advancing towards Grenoble, the Colonel Termanouski was met by an officer on full gallop, who said, 'I salute you on the part of the Colonel Henry Labedoyère.' The colonel soon arrived at the head of the 4th regiment of hussars, carrying an eagle, which had been hidden in the military chest. The garrison of Grenoble had been augmented by a part of the 9th and 11th regiments of the line, selected on purpose, as not being acquainted with the Emperor's person, and sent from Chambery. General Marmand, commanding the place, was faithful to the king. The regular force was composed of the 7th and 11th, 2000 of the third regiment of engineers, two battalions of the 5th, and the 4th of the artillery of the line, in which last regiment Napoleon had been raised to the command of a company twenty five years ago. The 7th regiment marched out of the town at four in the afternoon to meet the invaders, but were ordered back by General Marmand. The whole force was ranged on the ramparts; the cannon were loaded, and the matches lighted; the national guards were drawn out in the rear of the regular troops, and were themselves backed by the mass of the population of Grenoble. The gates were shut at half-past eight. Termanouski, with eight polish lancers, presented himself at the gate of Bonne, just as Napoleon entered the suburbs. He demanded the keys, and was an-



swered, that General Marchand had secured them; but at the same time, the garrison and the cannoniers, instead of firing as they were ordered, shouted *Vive l'Empereur*, and were joined by all the inhabitants on the ramparts and those of the suburbs, who now approached with axes and began to beat down the gate. The keys were sent just as the gate was driven in; and the advanced guard, entering the town, were met by a crowd with torches, issuing out to meet Napoleon, who was soon seen walking alone, and some paces before his troops. The colonel told us that the crowd rushed upon him, threw themselves before him, seized his hands and knees, kissed his feet, and gave way to every demonstration of unbounded transport. The mayor and many of the municipality would have accompanied him to the town-house, but he slipped aside into the inn of one Labarre, an old soldier of his guard, and was there for some time completely lost to his staff, who became so much alarmed, that Termanouski and Bertrand, after many efforts, pushed their way into the room, and found the Emperor, unaccompanied by a single soldier, in the midst of a crowd, who were thronging about him in every direction to see, to speak to, and to touch him. The officers succeeded for a moment or two in clearing the room, and placed tables and chairs against the door, to prevent another irruption, but without success; for the crowd burst in a second time, and the Emperor was nearly two hours in their hands unattended by a single guard. It was during this period that the gate of Bonne was brought under the window of the inn by a vast body of people, who cried out, 'Na-

oleon, we could not offer you the keys of your good town of Grenoble, but here are the gates.” ”

*La Grande Chartreuse*.—No traveller of taste will, we are persuaded, think of quitting Grenoble without visiting this ancient monastery; particularly as the road to it has been pronounced by *Gray*, as one of the “most solemn, most romantic, and most astonishing scenes, he ever beheld.” Several routes lead to the *Chartreuse*; but the most frequented one is that of *St. Laurent du Pont*. This leaves the high road and the valley of the *Isere*, at *Voreppe*, and enters a defile between two mountains, which runs three leagues to the northward. Five or six torrents of water, which have formed the valleys through which they pass, must be passed, but not without some danger, before we arrive at the village of *St. Laurent*, where the heads of the order commonly stop in their carriages when they go to hold a chapter once a year at *La Grande Chartreuse*. Here the danger of passing the first torrents is at an end, but then that of the narrow roads hanging over other torrents, like the cornice of a lofty building, commences. Those who have seen the falling of cascades at a distance, have an opportunity now of being close to them. Here it is no longer a confused noise heard a great way off, but a continued roar, and a noise that drowns all others, and does not permit the bird to hear his own song, nor the travellers to be delighted with it. At length the valley closes, as it were all at once, the two mountains meet, and their summits are lost in

See *Hobhouse's Letters* written at Paris, during the last reign of the Emperor Napoleon, Vol. I. p. 122.

the clouds. On each side, however, the dreadful steeps present thorns, firs, rocks, &c., traversed by the torrents, and forming a barrier equally as inaccessible to those who might wish to penetrate into this retreat, as to others who would leave it by any other issue than this. One house built over an open archway, partly closed on each side by a gate occupies the whole breadth of this passage. But after having passed the torrent, over a dangerous bridge, thrown from one mountain to the other, it is necessary to pass under the house with its back to the right against the mountain, and upon the left suspended over an abyss. Having passed this double gate, we find ourselves in the close of the Chartreuse, composed of a groupe of the highest mountains, the steepest and the wildest of the whole chain. Here the forests of firs that cover them from the base to the summit, the frowning rock and torrents, are the only embellishments which supply the place of smiling meadows, orchards and plantations. In traversing these astonishing regions we involuntarily exclaim with the poet who visited these sublime scenes.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,  
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve  
 Nativa nam certè fluenta  
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas,

Præsentio rem et conspici mus DEUM  
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,  
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes  
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Ode written in the album of the Grande Chartreuse, August, 1741.



*Imitated.*

Hear awful genius of the solemn grove,  
(And say what title best can please thine ear;  
Those age-struck woods, and native rivers prove  
No common genius bears dominion here.

The trackless rocks, the mountain's savage height,  
The broken cliff, inviting fell despair,  
The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,  
And sounding waterfalls, the God declare.)

Continuing our walk about an hour towards the east, following the torrent of *Guier vif*, which falls into *Guier mort*, and forms the river *des Eschelles*, we hear the noise of the water against the rocks which obstruct the passage, but only see it at intervals through the umbrageous foliage, and running along a frightful abyss, into which one false step might precipitate us. All at once we then come upon a cascade which falls down into the middle of the road from the summit of the mountain on the right. The horses may take fright, but there is no other passage; we must either venture directly under the cascade, whose volume is sufficient to crush the horse and his rider, or actually pass within the space of two or three feet between the precipice and the cascade under the shower that it effuses, and through the rapid current which it forms in the road. If the horse should be frightened, and should start too far to the left, he would fall into the torrent which runs in a bottom beneath his place at a depth of more than 400 perpendicular feet.

When the snows melt, the danger of the torrents is very great; but it is not so in summer, when pilgrimages are generally made, unless the torrents

have been swollen by great storms. We still advance through the obscurity of the forest, the mountain on the right, and the torrent on the left, till we come to the second bridge the ancient entrance of the Chartreuse. This bridge passed, we cross to the opposite bank, and then have not more than half a league of the forest to traverse before we arrive at the convent. The same dreary scene, the same lofty rocks and precipices, the same unbrageous gloom still continue. We still go ascending; and the mountains seem to rise in proportion. However the coolness we enjoy here, even in the heat of summer, is always delightful. At length the valley widens and the darkness of the forest begins to disappear. The spreading beech now takes place of the tall fir, which is only seen crowning the heights. Already the monastery appears shining through the opening foliage of the trees. Soon the forest terminates, and we find ourselves in a vast meadow, and at its extremity the eye may measure a part of that desert of which this edifice forms the centre. "The stupendous rocks which inclose it on every side reach far above the clouds, which mostly indeed rest upon the summits; here they form a dense shade, which like a dark awning, completely conceals the sun from the view. Were not this the case, the fierce reflexion of its beams would be almost insupportable. Even on the brightest day, the sun is only visible (owing to the proximity of the rocks) as from the bottom of a deep well. On the west, indeed, there is a little space, which being thus sheltered, is occupied by a dark grove of pine-trees; on every other side, the steep rocks, like so many walls, are

at ten yards distant from the convent. By this means, a dim and gloomy twilight perpetually reigns within; and it is difficult to read small print by lamp light, even in the noon of the brightest summer's day." The architecture of this building, which cost more than a million, is noble, simple, and solid. The meadow that is before the Chartreuse, is bounded by the forest which covers the whole of this elevated region. The façade is embellished by the gardens and terraces belonging to the ancient officers of the house. In the interior, we visit the apartments of the strangers, the spacious cellars and the dairy, where they make a kind of *Gruyere*, or Swiss cheese. The tables in the kitchen are formed of two slabs of rough marble. The hall of the Chapter still embellished with the portraits of all the heads of the order, is one of the principal objects of curiosity; the extent of the cloister is very striking. It contains eighty cells.

This convent was not sold during the French revolution, because no purchaser could be found for it, and being situated in a kind of desert, its demolition would have been of no advantage.

The riches of this monastery were considerable, but their possessors were not envied because they received a great number of strangers<sup>1</sup>, distributed

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gray thus describes his reception there, in 1739. The two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak to one another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a past of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruit, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this



many alms, and maintained a prodigious number of people all the year round. Besides opulence had not introduced corruption within these walls. The primitive purity of cloistered virtue was still to be found here, and the rules of the order were rigidly observed: the Chartreuse had been its cradle, and it continued to be its example.

The following are some of the regulations which were formerly strictly observed in this monastery. "Each member of the community had a cell, with a little garden adjoining. In this cell, he ate, slept, and worked, excepting during the hours of outdoor exercise, which each passed in cultivating his own little garden. By this means the recluses, however numerous, had no communication with each other. They never saw each other, but in the hour of public service; excepting on a Sunday, when they were allowed to go to the proper offices, who gave them their portions of food for the week. Every one cooked his provisions in his own cell.

"Their only sustenance is a coarse brown bread and vegetables. They are likewise allowed to receive fish, whenever it is given them. In case of illness, they are allowed two spoonfuls of wine to a pint of water. On high festivals they are allowed cheese. The cells are provided with water by a brook, which runs close by, and which enters the

we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it." *Works*, Vol. I. p. 202. 8vo.

ells through holes left in the walls for that purpose. They always wear hair-cloth next the skin. Whenever it is necessary to make any communications to their brethren, they do it by signs, if possible. Every cell is furnished with skins of parchment, pens, ink, and colours: and each one employs himself for a certain time every day, in writing or transcribing. No one is admitted to take the vows till the age of twenty<sup>1</sup>."

To arrive at the *Cell of St. Bruno*, the founder of the Chartreuse, we follow a torrent by a broad and shady path for about a quarter of an hour; this cell has been converted into a chapel; and in a grotto beneath it a spring is still running, at which St. Bruno used to quench his thirst. Never was an asylum better chosen; on approaching this peaceable and profound solitude, we seem to feel a peculiar repose of the soul; a state of mind which silences our tumultuous passions:

Here, *Solitude*, and *Silence* reign,  
 With all the Virtues in their train,  
 Here, *Contemplation*, nymph serene,  
 With gentle step and placid mien,  
 With *Saints* and *Confessors* of old  
 High sacred converse seems to hold;  
 Here *Piety*, with up-cast eyes,  
 Dissolves in holy ecstasies:  
 And scorning aught of this vile earth,  
 That Heaven seeks that gave her birth;  
 Here *Charity*, above the rest,  
 Even in the desert spreads a feast<sup>2</sup>.

See the interesting "Tour to La Grande Chartreuse and the Grande Chartreuse," by Dom Claude Lancelot," 8vo. 1813.

Imitation of part of the Latin Ode before quoted, by Mr. Stuard, the Anecdotist, printed in the European Magazine for 1771.

Other objects of curiosity in the environs of Grenoble, a country of wonders, are the *Sassenage*, famous for its caves and its cheese; the *Preciosier de Sassenage*; and *La Fontaine Ardente*, a hot spring, near the village of St. Bartholemew, a short distance from Grenoble. The phenomenon that has rendered this place famous, appears to have been more striking formerly than it is at present. Flame and smoke are said to have been frequently emitted from it. St. Augustin reports, that in his time, a lighted flambeau was extinguished on approaching it, and another lighted that had been put out. The Greeks relate the same of the fountain of Dodona. An author of the seventeenth century assures us that the country people used to be in the habit of making parties of pleasure to this spring for the purpose of making pancakes without fire. The flames used to rise very high, and travellers have more than once in passing near this spring been alarmed under the idea of a real fire having broken out in some of the villages. At present these spontaneous inflammations are very rare; but an inflammable gas often escapes from the rivulet, and from the water found in the earth at a very small depth, by which matches, paper, and other light substances may be set on flame.

*La Tour Sans Venin*, some leagues south-west of Grenoble, was once reckoned among the wonders of Dauphiny, because it was reported to have the property of destroying venomous reptiles; but as a proof of the fallacy of this notion, it is infested with them to this day.

In concluding this account of our visit to Grenoble and the interesting mountains in its neighbour-



ood, we must remark that the interior of France does not contain any mountains more extraordinary than these we have described; and though their greatest perpendicular height, about 6,600 English feet above the level of the sea, is much inferior to that of the Alps, yet they exhibit more real horrors than the traveller will see in any part of Switzerland, which he may visit. We shall now conduct the traveller to Lyons, and thence to AVIGNON.

Co. VII. From GRENOBLE to LYONS,  $13\frac{3}{4}$  Posts, about 75 English miles.

| FROM                     | POSTS.         | FROM                       | POSTS.         |
|--------------------------|----------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| GRENOBLE to Voreppe..... | 2              | Bourgoin to La Verpillière | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Vives .....              | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Laurent-des-Mures ..   | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Mettray .....            | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Bron .....                 | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Châlonnay .....          | 2              | LYONS .....                | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Bourgoin .....           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                            |                |

The only remarkable object in this route is the grotto or cave of *Notre-Dame de la Balme*, a little distance from the village of that name, and about seven or eight miles from *Bourgoin*, a small town very agreeably situated, and a post.

Those who do not choose to return to Lyons, may proceed to *Valence* on the Rhone ( $12\frac{1}{2}$  posts, or  $68\frac{3}{4}$  miles), and pursue their route, either by land or water to *Avignon*.

Co. VIII. From LYONS to AVIGNON,  $30\frac{1}{4}$  posts; about 167 English miles.

| FROM                     | POSTS.         | FROM                      | POSTS.         |
|--------------------------|----------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| LYONS to Saint Fons..... | 1              | Vienne to Auberive .....  | 2              |
| St. Symphorien d'Ozon .. | 1              | Peage-de-Roussillon ..... | 1              |
| Vienne .....             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | St. Rambert.....          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
|                          | L 2            |                           |                |

| FROM                       | POSTS.          | FROM                   | POSTS. |
|----------------------------|-----------------|------------------------|--------|
| St. Rambert to St. Vallier | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Montelimart to Donzère | 2      |
| Tain                       | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Palud                  | 2      |
| VALENCE <sup>(1)</sup>     | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Mornas                 | 1      |
| La Paillasse               | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Orange                 | 1      |
| Loriol                     | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Sorgues                | 2      |
| Derbières                  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | AVIGNON <sup>(2)</sup> | 1      |
| Montelimart <sup>(2)</sup> | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |                        |        |

Such is the route by land, to Avignon, which may be performed with horses or *asses*, according to the taste of the traveller; the *poste aux anes* being established all the way from Lyons to Marseilles. Their long-eared brethren in England and other cold countries, are not to be named with the fine animals of Provence, which trip nimbly along and post it to the full content of their employer. This road, though very agreeable, is in the summer so incommoded with a white powdery dust, even to suffocation, that every one who is pressed for time will prefer a water excursion in the *coche d'eau* which leaves Lyons three times a week, and arrives at Avignon, generally in two days; or if the wind be contrary, in three or four. Half the vessel is filled with merchandize and packages, and in the other part there is a cabin, which will contain about thirty people; there is sufficient room to walk about on the deck; it is impelled by the current and the wind. The *bateau* stops at dusk at some town on the banks, and starts again the next morning before it is light. To enjoy, however, the fine scenery of the Rhone, and indeed of any river, to

(<sup>1</sup>) INNS.—The Post, Martin's hotel (2) The Post, an excellent house. (3) Hotel de l'Europe, very comfortable; the Palais Royal; St. Omer.

the greatest perfection, the traveller should hire a small boat for himself, and devote about a week to the examination of the various objects of curiosity on both its banks. A boat, large enough to hold a carriage, may be hired for about seven louis, and five francs a day for the two watermen who attend: the traveller to be allowed to land, and stop wherever he pleases.

The Rhone is a noble river, and its banks are very lofty, covered with vineyards, and now and then the ruins of a castle, a church, or a village, contribute to relieve the sameness of its swelling hills. This passage is very agreeable, and affords much bold and magnificent scenery, yet, when the wind is contrary, and the time is extended to four days (we speak here of the public boat,) the whole becomes tedious, and loses much of its natural interest. The Dart, in Devonshire, is a *miniature* of some parts of the Rhone, which, as a whole, is on too large a scale to constitute the picturesque; yet, this again, though only a miniature of the Rhine, possesses, in a great measure, the character given of it, by Lord Byron :

A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Or in the prose description of a plain but sensible tourist :—Took boat for Vienne—altogether delightful ; sweet air, ex-  
hilarating mountain scenery ; the clear, and rapid, and majestic  
Rhine ; rocks, woods, vineyards ; chateaux on commanding  
eminences ; cottages embosomed in trees, retiring from the  
view ; the busy traffic of the river, and prosperous villages on  
banks." Birkbeck's Notes, p. 38.



As a whole, the *Wye*, in Monmouthshire, is infinitely more *picturesque*; its numerous windings, its overhanging woods, its pure and limpid stream, have in them something of enchantment; though this is only a rivulet, compared with the Rhone. The character of the two rivers is so entirely different, indeed, that we cannot fairly institute a comparison between them; one is, generally speaking, *grand*—the other *picturesque*.

As it is an object of some importance to pass the first night at *Vienne*, where there is very good accommodation, we must leave Lyons very early in the morning: but if this cannot be accomplished we may sleep at Givors or Loire. Those who travel by land from Lyons to Vienne, cross a hilly country, at some distance from the Rhone, where few habitations are seen. The cultivation on each side of the road is better than in the other parts. there are fields of corn, and some vines; and at a distance the mountains, which have but a barren appearance. Before we reach Vienne, we cross a beautiful valley between the Rhone and the mountains; the foot of the rocks is planted with vines, and the valley itself produces corn. The entrance of the town is a pleasant promenade.

*Vienne*, after Grenoble, the most considerable town in the department of the Isère, was the principal place of the Allobroges, a courageous people, who were often at war with the Romans; and at length became subject to them, in the time of Cæsar. The boundaries of their territory were the Rhone, the Isère, and the Alps.

Pliny speaks of it as a colony, a distinction it received in the reign of Tiberius. It was to obtain

the inhabitants the rights of Roman citizens, at Claudius delivered the discourse in the senate, which has been preserved to posterity by Tacitus, and which may be read on the celebrated tables of Lyons. Martial notices this city with much self-complacency :

Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos,  
Inter delicias, pulchra *Vienna*, suas.

The town of Vienne is built on a flat and narrow piece of land, extending from the banks of the Rhone, between two chains of bleak and sterile mountains, in the middle of which runs the Gier. Its situation, however, be not the most agreeable, is amply compensated for by the various prospects of the Rhone, St. Colombe, and the beautiful appearance of the surrounding country. Near the place where we land are the remains of an old tower, which is called Pilate's tower, from a fabulous tradition believed among the common people, that Pilate having been confined in this tower by order of Caligula, hanged himself. But as the tower only received this name about five hundred years ago, it probably owes the appellation to an ancient pile of the bridge, which is well known to have been built in this place by the Romans.

Although stone is very good and sufficiently plenty in this department, yet many of the houses are of clay. Several of these kind of houses are thirty feet high: the foundations are of common brick work. There is also another way of constructing walls and houses of the flint stones which are picked up in the fields, or in the bed of the Rhone: they give to each layer of flints a different direction, which forms a kind of mosaic.

The *ci-devant cathedral* of St. Maurice, is a magnificent structure, and was beautified at different times by the antient prelates of Vienne. You ascend to it, by twenty-eight steps, and from this circumstance it resembles somewhat an antient temple. The door-way was formerly enriched with a great number of figures in alto-relievo, the baron des Adrets had already thrown down several during the religious wars; but at the time of the revolution all the figures were shockingly mutilated. The interior of the building is very light and beautiful without any superfluous ornaments, but everywhere are to be seen the traces of sacrilegious devastation. The vessel for holy-water is of very fine marble, from the ruins of an antique temple. The altar of the choir is covered with antique green marble, taken from a beautiful column, which has been found at St. Colombe. Round the choir is a frieze composed of foliage, and heads of men and animals. Behind the altar is the archiepiscopal chair, affixed to the wall. Here yet remain eight windows of stained glass, on which are represented the apostles.

The tomb of *Armand de Montmorin*, who died in 1713, is formed of the most excellent sculpture it was done at Rome, by Slodtz, and brought to Vienne in 1747. The prelate, clothed in the chape, or ecclesiastic cloke is sitting on a sarcophagus before a pyramid, and holds, with his left the right hand of Oswald, the cardinal of the tower of Auvergne, who erected this monument to his memory; he points with his right hand to the archiepiscopal mitre and cross, which were placed on a cushion; seeming to tell him that these marks of



gnity are destined for him, and that he will one day succeed him: a figure, which represents Religion, preserves the last words of the prelate, which are those passages of the epistle of St. Paul to Timothy on the duties of a bishop.

Vienne has a library of 12 or 14,000 volumes, a *museum*, containing numerous Roman antiquities, inscriptions, &c. to which a drawing-school and other establishments are annexed. It has manufactures of cloths and ratteens; forges, flattings and paper-mills, and glass-houses. Population 12,000.

A short distance from the town, between the town and the high road, is the curious monument, called *l'Aiguille*. It is a pyramid, composed of several layers of large square stones, and has steps on the four sides; being constructed on a body of square architecture, each angle of which is ornamented with a column, and each front pierced with an arch, one may pass from side to side, under the pyramid. These walls support a flat roof or top, on the middle of which is placed the pyramid. This monument, which is seventy-two feet in height, bears many marks of outrage occasioned by people dragging out the iron work. A Venetian who had bought the field where it stands began to destroy it, and had it not been for the obstinate resistance of the learned *Pierre de Bessac*, at that time chief justice of Vienne, this curious and valuable monument would have been levelled with the ground. During the time of terror and confusion, they had placed on this *aiguille*, an enormous bar of iron, which supported a large tin can, and the cap of liberty. This beautiful monument, which inspires veneration by its grandeur

and solidity, appears to have been built in the time of the first emperors, and was, probably, the tomb of some distinguished personage.

The climate of part of ci-devant Dauphiné, situated between the Isère and the Rhone, is more temperate than that nearer Grenoble; and the nearer we approach Vienne the air becomes still milder. The banks of the Rhone present a warm country, celebrated for the quality of its wines.

The air of this country, and particularly near the Rhone, is very healthy, no endemic or local disease temper affecting the population. They breed very few horses, but the asses are very fine, and nothing is more common than to speak of *post-asses*. Many of the people of the country have no other beast for the saddle than these humble coursers; the peasants let them to hire for a moderate sum. These animals know their way so well, that they never quit the path they have been accustomed to take, neither will they slacken or mend their pace. It is in vain to attempt to turn them out of this direction; they will rather return to whence they came, or they will expire under the stroke. Among other quadrupeds common in this country may be reckoned the roebuck, hedgehog, otter, &c. &c. The race of horned cattle has been much improved by crossing the breed with those of Switzerland and Holland; the breed of Spanish sheep also has been attended to.

Between Vienne and Auberive, but on the opposite bank of the Rhone, is the famous tract of vine-land called *Cote-Rotie*. The mountain of Tupain affords the best wine of this name.

Leaving Vienne, we see on the right bank, S

lombe, and on the left the public baths, the  
 in of the Aiguille, and the great road planted  
 with mulberry trees and chesnuts ; and soon disco-  
 ver that luxuriant shore, the red wines of which  
 are so celebrated. These wines go to Paris by the  
 Rhone, the canal of Charolois, and the Seine. We  
 see, at a distance, the little town of Auberive, and  
 a place called Péage de Rossillon, where are still  
 on an eminence the ruins of another little town,  
 and of a chateau ; indeed, during almost the whole  
 of the voyage, it may be said, as of the Rhine :

Above, the frequent feudal towers,  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.

BYRON.

The town of *Condrieux*, situated at some dis-  
 tance from the port, has nothing remarkable ; the  
 soil is well situated, and they carry on a great  
 trade in the wine of the country. Most of the  
 women of the Rhone have their habitations at  
 Condrieux, and they generally find a pretext to  
 stay here some time. The people here spread on  
 the corn fields the scrapings of horn, which comes  
 from the cutleries of St. Etienne en Foret, which  
 makes an excellent manure.

*Saint Valier*, where there is a good inn, at the  
 mouth has a fine gothic chateau, silk-mills, and a  
 manufacture of porcelain in its neighbourhood.  
*Val*, on the Rhone, has a great trade in excel-  
 lent Hermitage and Cote Rotie. Here is a *tauri-*  
*col* or bull-altar, with an inscription, a similar  
 monument of antiquity to that described at Lyons.



Population 1,800. Before we arrive at Tournon we pass a large flat rock, in the middle of the Rhone, called by the watermen *Table du Roi*. A *Tournon* is the antient chateau of the Dukes of Soubise, on the top of a steep rock, at the foot of a mountain; a fine bridge, of a single arch, over the Dreux, and a celebrated college for the education of youth, deserving of inspection for the excellent manner in which it is kept. Each pupil pays about 40 guineas a year, including every expence. Near this spot is the tract of vine-land famous for its red and white *Hermitage*, the latter of which is considered the best. Excellent fish may be had at the inns, on the banks of the Rhone, such as very fine eels, pike of a superior flavour, barbel, and delicious small carp; the lamprey and sturgeon are also caught here.

Proceeding in our course we have now before us the *Mont-Ventoux*, which we never lose sight of afterwards: it is easily distinguished at a distance by the two points which form the summit. We next perceive on the left the *Roche de Glun*, a chateau built on a rock washed by the stream; it has a very picturesque appearance. Farther on, in front of a small island, we cross the mouth of the Isère: the name of this river, called *Isara* by the Romans, has received but little alteration from time. It takes its source from mount Iseran, and receives the Drac below Grenoble: it is navigable from Montméliant; its course is rapid, though it is winding. Its inundations are terrible, and often detain for several days those travellers who are obliged to cross it. The ferry-boat in which carriages cross this river, is of singular construction.

has a platform thrown over the boat, on which the carriage stands, but across the boat, and the boat goes sideways. It is moved by means of a rope, stretched from one side of the river to the other, and fastened to two strong beams of wood placed vertically upon the banks. A cable and rope are fixed to this line, and the boat is fastened to the rope; then, by means of a winch on shore, the cable is made to run along the rope, which is stretched across the river, and that draws the boat along with it. We now leave the territory of the ancient Allobroges, and enter that of the Segalauni, now the department of the *Drôme*. On the right of the territory of the ancient Helvii (the Viriatis,) which is only separated from that of the *Arverni* (Auvergne) by the mountains of *Cévennes*. The sides of these mountains are cultivated with vines. The plain which is between these and the Rhone appears fertile, if we may judge by the number of mulberry trees with which it is covered, but there is no corn; and among so many trees, there is no fruit but the mulberry. Valence is at the extremity of this plain.

*Valentia*, now called Valence, which was the principal place of the Valentinois, is now that of the department of the *Drôme*. It was the capital of the *Segalauni*; Ptolemy gave it the title of a colony.

Valence is nearly as large as Vienne: the streets are narrow and tortuous. It is situated on the declivity of a little hill, and surrounded by villages, which are watered and fertilized by a number of springs. They have in this city a considerable trade in woollen cloth and skins; calicoes,

thread, paper, &c. Population 9,000. This place has a school of artillery and an agricultural society. The remarkable objects are the citadel, known by the name of the *Gouvernement*, an elegant building with some delightful gardens; the prefecture in the ci-devant abbey; the cathedral which contains the mausoleum of Pope Pius VI. who died here in the year 1799; and the fine public walk called the *Champ-de-Mars*, which has a magnificent view of the Rhone. Near Valence is a chateau with a park called "*le Valentin*;" which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Valentinois. On the opposite side of the Rhone is the tower and celebrated hill of St. Peray, which produces the wine of that name.

*Montelimart* (*Montilium Adhemari*) is a well-built town, situated partly at the foot and partly on the declivity of a hill. Beneath the walls, the Roubion and the Jabron unite, and from thence flow on until they mingle their tranquil streams with the majestic Rhone; the shores are enlivened by cheerful landscapes, and the more distant prospect presents the most diversified scenery; we see little hills covered with vines, and mulberry and olive trees; in another view, plains filled with orange and other fruit trees; in one spot the yellow harvest, in another the verdant meadow. The climate is here so mild that the orange trees grow in the open gardens.

Montelimart was the first city of France where the reformed religion was established: and there are still many Protestants, even among the most distinguished families. The women have particularly testified their zeal for the Protestant faith. There is still to be seen a mutilated statue of Margot de Lay (*Marguerite de Lage*), who defended the ram-



parts at the breach, and killed with her own hand the count Ludovic, who was one of the principal besiegers, and led the victors back into the city, leaving an arm on the spot where she acquired so much glory. Manufactures of silk, skins, and morocco leather. Population 6,500.

The ancient *Chateau de Grignan* (now destroyed), so celebrated in the Letters of *Mad. de Sevigné*, was at no great distance from Montelimart; here, it will be recollected, Madame de Sevigné died a victim to anxiety of mind on account of a very alarming illness under which she saw her daughter suffering; she was accordingly buried in the family vault of the Grignans, and a monument to her memory was erected in the church there. During the reign of terror, the chateau with the church and the family monuments were all laid in ruins, but when the destroyers came to the monument of this illustrious lady on which was her effigy, a name so celebrated struck even *them* with a sacred awe, and the monument was left untouched; neglect and the injuries of the weather, however, have now done what they left undone, and laid that in ruins with the rest. When they afterwards visited the vaults, the real body was treated with less respect; the corpse was inclosed in lead, and such was the avidity for this metal, that the temptation could not be resisted; the coffin was carried away, and the body left to the chance of what might befall it. Having been embalmed, it was found entire and in a high state of preservation. It was dressed in a long robe of silk, fastened round the waist with a silver girdle; the girdle was carried away as well as the coffin, and the body was in time deprived of its

silken garment, by persons coming and taking piece of it as a precious relic ; the body remaine among the ruins, and is, by this time probably mingled with its native dust. (See Plumtree's Residence in France, Vol. I. p. 370.)

Having quitted Montelimart, in doubling the point of Ancona, we have a full view of the three great rocks of lava which are on the right bank of the Rhone, and it will amply repay the traveller to land and take a nearer view of them. These three beautiful basaltic heaps are in a line, and almost touch one another, but are entirely separated, and detached from the chalky mountain, to which they appear to be close. We approach them by a road which leads to a pleasant hamlet called *les Fontaines* at the foot of a mountain covered with vineyard and olive trees, that are always green, and which receive the first rays of the rising sun. Plantations, meadows, and gardens, enliven this delightful picture ; the landscape is also enriched by an extensive perspective, which presents first the largest river in the south of France, and next the town of Montelimart, with little hills covered with vines and fruit trees of every kind, some villages of Provence, and at the distance the extensive chain of the Alps.

The largest of the three basaltic heaps is pointed and is three hundred feet in height ; the others not so high :—they are only accessible on one side : the three are a very hard black basaltes, sometimes forming irregular masses, joined and adhering together, and sometimes imperfect columns, turrets, &c. calling to our recollection the beautiful lines

the poet;—describing the scenery of the Rhine, he says, what is equally applicable to the Rhone;—

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom,  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and gothic walls between,  
The *wild rocks shaped as THEY had turrets been,*  
*In mockery of man's art.*

We soon perceive *Rochemaure*, the ruins of which are very picturesque; they appear suspended on a pile of basaltes, which bends towards the horizon. This castle belonged formerly to the prince of Soubise. The burgh and little town of Rochemaure, are but about five or six hundred paces from the three rocks of lava before described: a part of the town is situated at the foot of the mountain, while the other on the heights, is built in the form of an amphitheatre. Several houses, which surround the castle, have their foundations on the lava. The little colonnades of basalt form in a very singular manner the stairs and steps at the doors of some of these houses, the backs of other houses are set against the sloping masses of lava; the windows and doors are framed in large regular prisms of basalt; and the flat pieces of lava are used to make a kind of eaves to the houses; in short, this town among the broken ruins of a volcano, presents to the eye a very interesting picture.

The castle is but thirty paces higher. It must have been immense; it is fortified by steep masses of basalt, and very high walls of considerable thickness. The entrance is through extensive courtyards; but all is ruin and desolation; in one place are the remains of an armoury, in another of a cha-



pel; we see here cisterns, wells, dungeons, and a sort of cave where money was coined—there we observe furnished halls, and spacious chambers. All is grand, all is vast; all bears the marks of the ravages of time. But these walls are now

— Tenantless, save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud :  
There was a day when they were young and proud,  
Banners on high and battles passed below !  
Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls.

The tower is built on the inaccessible summit of a basaltic heap; near it is a crater, in which travellers may descend to a depth of nearly four hundred feet.

We next pass the small town of *Viviers*. Formerly the current of the Rhone flowed close to the walls of the town; it is now a gun-shot distant. There is an island formed between the shore of Viviers and the principal current. The walls of the gardens are chiefly constructed with basalt; the streets of Viviers are narrow, and for the most part unpaved; and the walls of the houses have a blackish cast, owing to the fragments of basalt with which they are built, which adds to the sombre appearance of these habitations. The bishop's palace and the seminary, which are out of the town, are the only remarkable edifices. The interior of Viviers is gloomy, but the environs are cheerful. At every turn we meet with some object which reminds us that the Romans were formerly the inhabitants of this country. The naturalist, the antiquary, and the philosopher, may here occupy their leisure hours

while walking, hunting, and fishing, present other pleasures to those for whom study has no charms. Viviers is celebrated for its excellent mutton.

Those who go by land will now pass through Donzère, a small bourg, with an inn, celebrated for its red wines, and having a population of 1,500 inhabitants. The warmth of the sun and the brown complexions of the peasantry, begin to admonish us of our latitude; we begin also to recognize the vegetable products of southern climes, such as the Judas tree, pomegranate, &c.; another indication, according to naturalists, is the blackness of the hogs; to which may be added a third, the broad-brimmed beavers and short petticoats of the women, the former for shade and the latter for coolness. Here we may often see "women threshing with the men under a burning sun;—it is a family party threshing out the crop of their own freehold: a woman is holding the plough;—the plough, the horses, the and is her's;—or (as we have it) her husband's; who is probably sowing the wheat which she is turning in. You are shocked at seeing a fine young woman loading a dung-cart; it belongs to her father, who is manuring his own field for their common support. In these instances, the toil of the woman denotes wealth rather than want; though the latter is the motive to which a superficial observer would refer it." See Mr. Birkbeck's Notes, p. 42.

The next place is *Pierrelatte*, a small town, built at the foot of a rock, whence its name. Immediately opposite on the other side of the river is the bourg of St. André, or *Andéol*, remarkable for a beautiful spring that issues from the foot of a rock,

and for the remains of a temple dedicated to *Mithra*. The monument is on a rock behind the spring just mentioned, and is a square bas-relief, four feet in height, and six in breadth, cut and sculptured in the rock itself, which is of a chalky substance. In the centre is a young man clothed with a *chlamys* or cloak, and on his head a Phrygian cap: he is sacrificing a bull: a scorpion is stinging it, and a dog attacks and holds it by the neck, while a serpent crawls above, and seems to threaten the poor animal. At the top, on the left, is the radiant sun on the right, the moon, in its increase; and in the distance, are some rocks, and at the bottom, the following inscription was once legible:

DS INVI MITHRAE MAX  
MANNI F VIS MON ET  
T MIRSIVS MEM D. S. PP.

Which is, To the God Sun, invincible Mithras Maximus, son of Mannus, commanded by a vision and T. Mursius Meminus, have erected this monument at their own expense.

St. Andréol, the martyr, after whom this place is named, is said to have suffered here, in the early ages of Christianity, under Septimius Severus. The relics of this Saint are still preserved in the principal church. His supposed tomb, consisting of a sarcophagus, is now in the body of the church. It has a covering formed as a roof: the front presents a tablet supported by two winged figures, placed horizontally, and which seem to be flying. Above the seat of each of these figures is a dove with the wings spread. On each side of the tablet is a rabbit, and near the bottom a bow and quiver of an



ows. The smaller sides of this sarcophagus are ornamented with wreaths of flowers. These arms and figures are not at all suitable to the tomb of a holy martyr, and the following inscription sufficiently proves that this is the tomb of a heathen.

D. M.

TIB. IVLI. VALERIAN

Q. ANN. V. M. VII. D. VI.

IVLIVS. CRANTOR ET

TERENTA VALERIA

FILIO DVLCISSIMO.

It is therefore evident that this monument was made by Julius Crantor and Terentia Valeria, for Tib. Julius Valerianus, their son, who died, aged five years seven months and six days. The environs of St. Andéol are pleasant, although the town is not much more handsome or lively than that of Viviers.

Leaving Pierrelatte, we next see the little town of St. Paul-trois-Châteaux, which still offers some vestiges of antiquity, and a handsome convent of Dominicans. After Palud, we enter the department of *Vaucluse*, and pass the stone bridge over the Douzon. The peasants on the two banks of the river here are quite different in their manners, and sworn enemies to each other. The mountaineers of Ardeche are rough, brutal, and deceitful. The people of the Drome, or lower Dauphiny, more polished and more vicious, are not less brutal. After leaving Valence, the Provençal character begins to show itself. The mountains here on the right bank are much higher than those on the left. We now pursue our route to *Orange*; but before we describe

this place, we shall notice *St. Esprit*, which will be visited by those who make the excursion in a boat.

The town of *Saint-Esprit* was first called *St. Saturnin-du-Port*; it only took its new name after the building of the bridge, which occasioned its celebrity. It was begun in 1265. A bull of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, informs us, that it was built by a shepherd, who was so commanded by an angel. But it is evident that the holy father here made a mistake, and has applied to the bridge of *St. Esprit* what was related of the bridge at Avignon, which was built by a shepherd named *St. Benezet*. The truth is, that the inhabitants of *Saint-Saturnin*, alarmed at the frequent wrecks which happened in the passage of the river, built this bridge, which they called *Pont-de-St.-Esprit*, because they attributed this happy idea to divine inspiration. They collected contributions from every part and gathered together the materials. The prior of the monastery of *St. Saturnin*, began then to oppose the undertaking, which he looked upon as an infringement on the rights of his monastery, but he was at length convinced of the necessity and utility of the work, and laid the first stone himself.

This bridge is a very fine piece of architecture, 3,000 feet in length, and the longest bridge in Europe. It has twenty-six arches, nineteen large and seven small ones; each pile has an opening which is arched, and is of fine architecture. It is easy to conceive how valuable this bridge must be in the estimation of the inhabitants of the town, and the neighbouring departments: if by any event it should be destroyed, it would cost an incalculable sum to rebuild it, every care and precaution is

erefore taken for its prevention. Carriages of any certain weight are suffered to pass over it, and the smallest damage is immediately repaired; thus it has no appearance that denotes its antiquity. It is extremely narrow, so that two carriages can hardly pass abreast; but it must be observed, that when it was rebuilt, coaches and other carriages of the kind were not known. Gentlemen and ladies ride on horses, and merchandise and other things are generally conveyed on the backs of mules. The town is neater and better built than either Viers or St. Andréol. The citadel, which was constructed in 1622, yet remains in good condition. Population 4,500.

In the neighbourhood of *Orange* we may see the people busied in gathering the leaves of the mulberry trees, to feed the silk worms. The fields where these trees grow have a singular appearance; some of the trees are stripped entirely bare, and under the rays of a scorching sun, present the aspect of winter in the middle of summer, while others invite the traveller to repose, under the shade of their verdant and luxuriant foliage.

An inhabitant of northern climes will here behold the face of the country totally different from what he had been accustomed to see. Corn fields, vineyards, and numberless mulberry trees, diversify the enchanting prospect; here are also to be seen some olive and pomegranate trees.

We are now on truly classic ground, and the farther we proceed, the more numerous and interesting are those monuments of antiquity, which the Romans left in this country. Orange is a corrup-



tion of the word *Arausio*, which was the name of this antient city of the territory of the Cavare. The town is small, and the streets are narrow, dark, dirty, and ill paved: there is not a house of a tolerable appearance. The inhabitants cover the streets almost entirely with coarse canvas, tied with strings, to shade them from the heat of the day. This custom prevails in most of the towns in the south; the canvas, composed of pieces of all of a colour, and mostly dirty, has a disgusting effect; nevertheless, it is a useful expedient to shelter the people from the rays of the scorching sun. Were it not for the remarkable vestiges of antiquity, which are the ornaments of this place, and the cause of its celebrity, every one would be desirous to leave as soon as they enter the town. Much has been said of the *triumphal arch* of Orange, but there is yet no exact representation of it. The following is a description of it, in its present state.

This arch is in a plain, about four hundred paces beyond the city, in the great road from Lyons to Marseilles; and it may be seen for more than a mile, in coming from Montdragon. It is sixty feet high, and sixty in breadth, in the form of a parallelogram, pierced with three arches; that in the middle, designed for carriages to pass, is larger and higher than the others: on each side of the arch are fluted Corinthian pillars; the middle ones, which form the sides of the grand arch, support a triangular pediment, above which is an attic, crown with a beautiful cornice. The north front must be the principal, as it serves as an entrance to the city: it is this side, which is in the best state

preservation ; though of four columns there now remain but three, and the base of the fourth. The bas-relief on the attic, represents a combat between foot and horse soldiers ; but it is impossible to distinguish the place of action, or the subject of the battle. To the left of this bas-relief, are implements of sacrifice. The trophies, which are on the two sides of the pediment, are almost entirely composed of marine subjects, such as the prows of ships, anchors, oars, tridents, &c. Those above the smaller arches consist of defensive and offensive arms, but which have no relation to the sea ; being large oval shields, swords, helmets, trumpets, darts, spears, and arrows, with standards and flags, on which is the figure of a wild boar.

On one of the bucklers in the trophy, on the left, is the word *isvijvs* ; on another, *beve*. On the trophy to the right, is to be seen very plainly, the word *dodvacvs*, and on a fragment, the letters *sre*.

The south front has been much injured by the wind, which blows from the sea. The stone has been corroded by time, and the bas-reliefs are very much defaced ; but they seem to have been very similar to those on the north side. There are scarcely any remains of the trophies on the left ; but those on the right are in tolerable preservation. In some of the bucklers are the following names, *Macrovir*, *Mario*, *Dacvno*, *Vdillvs*, *Av. Ot*. We observe also, on several bucklers, the letters *sre*. In this front, on the right of the large bas-relief, on the attic, is the bust of a woman. Of the four antique columns of this front, there remains only one to the right of the spectator. The two small ones are to the east and west. The eastern front

is still ornamented with four Corinthian fluted columns. Above the frieze, in which is represented the combats of gladiators, is a pediment, on the two sides of which are Nereids. Between the columns are three trophies, representing offensive and defensive arms, with standards bearing the figure of a wild boar. Under each of these trophies are two figures of captives, among whom is an old man; they have their hands tied behind them. On the middle of the pediment, on this side, is the figure of the radiant sun, under an arch, ornamented with horns of plenty, of which there is but a faint representation. On the two bucklers of the middle trophy, are the traces of two names, which unfortunately are effaced.

On the west side there are only the remains of two of the middle columns, and of the designs of the trophies, &c. &c.

The interior of the arches is decorated with designs of garlands of roses, in ornamental squares and the borders of the arcades with branches of the vine and grapes, with flowers and fruits: but these embellishments are not all by the same hand, for some of them are greatly superior in execution to the others.

On the eastern side, the upper part is entirely repaired, and there is this inscription:

DU REGNE  
DE M. MURE,  
ROY

EN  
1706.



Which records, that the corps of cross-bow-men of Orange, contributed, in the year 1706, to the reparation of this triumphal arch. The Sieur Mure was at that time king of the cross-bow-men. The county of Provence, and the Dauphins had, in the thirteenth century, created or allowed, in all the cities on their territory, a corps of these archers, intending by such institutions to form their subjects to war, and to make them dexterous in the use of arms. The cross-bow-men annually elected a chief on one of the Sundays after Easter; the bowman, who on the day appointed, killed a bird placed at a certain distance, was declared king. This bird was a real or artificial parrot, or what was more anciently called a pie; at that time they called the parrot *pape gay*, that is to say, *père gai*, or *bavard*, (a chatterer). The king was likewise colonel of the corps: he presided at the exercises, and led them to the procession of the host; and, on the eve of St. John, marched at the head to kindle the bonfire at the solemn ceremony. This king of the cross-bow-men also enjoyed certain privileges on the duties levied on merchandise, and he was exempted from finding lodging for any of the soldiers; he had the distinction of laced clothes, and a plume of feathers on his hat or cap. The marching of these cross-bow-men was called the *bravade*. The king of the *bravade*, or of the cross-bow-men, enjoyed his dignity only a year. There is yet in existence, a regulation given by Charles the First of Anjou, to the company of cross-bow-men of Aix. These companies continued in some cities till the revolution. That of Aix paraded lately only on

the eve of St. John: their chief was called the King of the Bravade, or of St. John. Until the sixteenth century, this company was armed with bow and pikes, and afterwards with muskets.

There was formerly a high tower on the triumphal arch, and the whole monument was called at that time the tower of the arch: this arch was once inclosed in an edifice, which contained several rooms. This wretched piece of architecture was demolished in 1721, by the orders of a Prince of Conti, who was at that time proprietor of the principality of Orange.

The above building has since been repaired at different times. A mason of Orange rebuilt one of the columns, which support the pediment on the south side. This clumsy column is without any ornament. The most general opinion is, that the arch was dedicated to Marius, though it is not very well supported; and there are many other conjectures on the subject, which are equally plausible.

A painful recollection embitters the pleasure which we have in examining this beautiful piece of ancient architecture; the place where it stands has been the theatre of many horrible scenes; it was here, that the blood of the French flowed under the axe of the executioner; it was here, that in the year 1793, many unfortunate people were brought from the prisons of the neighbouring towns to suffer death. The arch of Orange was certainly erected to preserve the recollection of battles which cost the lives of thousands, but they were mowed down with the scythe of war; they died fighting for their country, and their memory ex-

cites sentiments which soften those of regret: the inhabitants of Avignon, on the contrary, were dragged under the same triumphal arch to be massacred without pity, and without the means or power to defend themselves against their murderers.

The most remarkable monument of this city, next to the triumphal arch, is that which is improperly called the *Circus*. It is on the declivity of a mountain. This pretended Circus is in reality a theatre; and it is the more valuable, as it is the only one of this kind in France, and the most perfect of those which have been preserved; the circular part, in which were the seats for the spectators, remains cut in the mountain: the two extremities of the semi-circle were joined by the stage. The wall, which intersects this semi-circle, and which formed the extremity of the stage, still remains entire, and has a fine effect. This wall, which is an hundred and eight feet high, and three hundred in length, is built with beautiful square stones, of an equal size, joined with the greatest exactness, and is ornamented with two ranges of arcades, and an attic.

It is impossible to view this grand and simple wall, so well built, and so well preserved, without admiration. In the middle is a large door, which must have been the entrance for the actors and others in the service of the theatre.

At the top of the exterior front, there are two ranges of stones, which jut out from the wall; they are a considerable distance one from the other; those of the first range have a hole pierced vertically through them, which were probably for the



purpose of receiving a mast, to the extremities of which were fastened the canvas or sail-cloth, that covered the theatre, and sheltered the spectators from the weather, and the heat of the sun.

It is mortifying to see a part of this beautiful theatre turned into a prison; it is still more so to notice the disgusting heaps of rubbish accumulated in the place, which was formerly the front of the stage, and the scene where the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the tragedies of Seneca, were represented. On the summit of this mountain, are the ruins of an ancient castle, which appears to have been strongly built with large stones. From this spot is a most delightful prospect of great extent. There are at Orange the ruins of some other edifices, an amphitheatre, baths, and an aqueduct, of which there remain only some arcades, inclosed in the walls of the houses. Orange contains so many monuments of antiquity, that they may be found in almost every part of the city.

The *trade* of this place was considerable in the days of the sovereigns: at present there is not much appearance of industry. They collect in the neighbourhood large quantities of silk of very good quality, and have an abundant harvest of saffron, figs and oil; these are the sources of the riches of the country, and the concourse of travellers, who pass through in their way to Marseilles or Lyons, is the main spring which keeps the city in motion. The inhabitants would detain travellers a much longer time among them, if they would attach more importance to their monuments, and take better care of them. Population 7,200.

From Orange to *Avignon*, either by land or water, the route does not present any object worthy of particular remark. The approach to AVIGNON from the water is very fine; its long fortress—like battlements, and picturesque ruined bridge, have a grand and imposing effect. The walls are built with small smooth stones, joined with the greatest exactness; the battlements on the top are very regular, and the whole is flanked with square towers, placed at equal distances. Time has given to these walls a brownish tinge, which adds to the effect of the tout-ensemble. No other town, of the middle age, has so beautiful an inclosure; but these ramparts would be but a weak defence in the time of danger. One may say of the walls, so beautiful, and so regular,

Qu'ils servent de parade, et non pas de defence.

Nevertheless they were built by Pope Innocent the sixth, in the year 1358, to protect Avignon from the attacks of the banditti who laid the various towns in its neighbourhood under contribution. At the manner of making war in those days was very different from that of our time. Above the walls are seen the steeples of many religious edifices, which this town formerly contained; most of them at present are used for other purposes. These beautiful walls have seven gates: the principal one was built under the pontificate of Pius the Sixth. The style of architecture is tolerably good, but the tower is too heavy and too high for the size of the gateway.

The interior of the town does not answer to the beauty of the ramparts and environs ; most of the streets being narrow and crooked. There are, however, several handsome houses built in the Italian taste ; among others, *l'Hotel de Crillon*, and *l'Hotel de Cambis*. The streets are generally covered with awnings of canvas in the summer, a custom which prevails in all the towns of Provence.

Pliny only informs us that *Avenio* was a Latin town ; but Ptolemy, who corrected several of the errors of Pliny, relative to the cities of Narbonne Gaul, makes it a colony. It was situated on the banks of the Rhone, between the *Sorgue* and the *Durance*. The Franks and the Saracens took possession of it successively : in 1206 it formed a republic, under the government of a kind of elective magistrate ; and at length became subject to the Counts of Provence. The Countess Jane, Queen of Naples—(the guilty and unfortunate princess whom love caused to commit a crime, which nevertheless has not obliterated the remembrance of her accomplishments, and the noble virtues which she practised during the rest of her life) having been recalled to the throne of Naples, and wanting money for the journey, she sold Avignon, its suburbs and lands, to Pope Clement the Sixth, for 80,000 florins of gold. The subtle Pontiff gave his absolution into the bargain, for the punishment she had incurred for the murder of her first consort. It has been said, that the money was never paid ; however, it was on this sale that the rights of the Pope were founded. These rights, which have been



the subject of several curious discussions, it is not now worth while to examine. However, the kings of France willingly acknowledged them, until the time when Louis the Fourteenth seized the city, in 1662 and in 1668, to punish Alexander the Seventh, and Innocent the Eleventh, for their conduct towards his ambassadors. Louis the Fifteenth followed this example in 1768, to avenge the injury which Clement the Thirteenth had done the Duke of Parma. But these acts of violence had always been followed by a prompt restitution. At length the re-union of Avignon to France was irrevocably proclaimed in 1790, by the constituent assembly. The kings of France could easily have possessed themselves of this fine country; the thunder of the papal anathema had long lost its effect, nor was there any power to prevent them; but the cabinet of Versailles found it more politic to keep the popes in dependence, by menacing them on every slight occasion of discontent, with the loss of this demesne, on which the holy see set so much value, although no revenue was derived from it. The money produced by the taxes imposed, was expended in the country, in repairing the public buildings and highways, and in paying the troops, &c<sup>r</sup>.

The cruel and terrible effects of the Revolution are every where visible in Avignon; the monasteries, the chapels and churches, built with more

<sup>1</sup> Hence the ridiculous name given by the French to Avignon *la Derriere du Pape*, from their continually chastising the pope in the extremity of his dominions. Avignon was also formerly the Gretna Green of France. Duels were also fought there.

magnificence than taste in the fourteenth century have been destroyed, with the monuments which they inclosed. We seek in vain for the tombs of the popes, and for that of Alain Chartier, surnamed the Father of Eloquence. The recollection of the tender Petrarch could not preserve the tomb of his beloved Laura, and the valour of the brave Crillon had not power to defend his mausoleum: these monuments, raised to the memory of piety, beauty and valour, are all destroyed! The paintings also which were in the churches, have been carried away.

To form a good idea of Avignon, we should ascend the *Rocher de Don*, situated to the north-west of the town. From this spot also there is a very extensive view, which has been well described by Mr. Pinkney: "The Rhone is here seen rolling as an animated stream through meadows covered with olive trees, and at the foot of hills invested with vineyards. The ruined arches of the old bridge carry the imagination back into the ancient history of the town. On the opposite side of the town are the sunny plains of Languedoc, which, when refreshed by the wind, breathe odours and perfume from a thousand wild herbs and flowers. Mont Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiny, closes the prospect to the north: its high summit covered with snow, while its sides are robed in all the charms of vegetable nature. On the east, are the abrupt rocks and precipices of *Vaucluse*, distant about twelve miles, and which complete, as it were, the garden wall around Avignon and its territory." Near the cathedral, it is supposed, there formerly existed

temple, dedicated to Diana, and that the church itself was once a temple dedicated to Hercules, a statue of that hero having been found there, on the base of which was the following inscription :

HERCULI AVENNICO  
DEO POTENTI PROTECTORI  
C. TUSCILIUS  
PRO CIVIUM VENNIIORUM  
SUCCEPTO VOTO  
T. M. D. D.

Descending from this eminence, before we arrive at the square of the *Palais*, we see the ci-devant cathedral, or metropolitan church of *Notre-Dame-Don*. Before the Revolution, it contained many remarkable tombs and sculptured bas-reliefs; there still a chapel worthy of notice, and the mausoleum of John XXII. The columns which form the perystery of the church are evidently antique. There are four churches where religious service is performed: St. Agricola, St. Pierre, St. Didier, and the Church *des Carmes*; but neither of these contain any thing remarkable. The *Palace*, separated by a wall from the cathedral by some ruins, presents a labyrinth of dilapidated apartments, great and small, with walls of immense thickness. Here were formerly the most splendid rooms occupied by the legates; nothing, however, but the prisons, on the opposite side, have been preserved: we may walk all over the top of the palace, on a sort of terrace. This mass of irregular buildings, was the work of several popes, who resided here. The



antient *episcopal* residence was at the end of the palace, and contained some noble apartments. The palace is surrounded with high walls, flanked with towers, and otherways fortified: it has a very picturesque appearance, but it is more like a fortress than the residence of the head of the church, and representative of the God of peace. The *min* now occupied by the gendarmerie is opposite the principal entrance of the palace. In front of the bishop's residence is the *Maison Lapalun*, a handsome modern edifice, the proprietor of which has a fine gallery of pictures, containing some real *bijoux*, and also plaster casts of the Apollo Belvedere, Venus di Medici, the Antinous, &c. The staircase which leads to the gallery, is the theme of universal admiration.

Avignon is not without hospitals and benevolent institutions. The *Grand Hospital* at the N. E. extremity of the town is remarkable for the size and distribution of its apartments, the attention paid to the sick, its large courts, and the gardens which surround it. The *sœurs de la charité*, (religious women) here give their unceasing and gratuitous assistance to the invalid. There are also an *Orphan Hospital*, and a *Maison de Bienfaisance*; the latter has the Rumford Stoves, and distributes soup to the poor. In the Chapel of the *Hospice des Insensés* or asylum for the insane, is an ivory Christ, of most exquisite workmanship; there is also a *Succursale* or retreat for invalided soldiers, managed with the greatest propriety. Added to this, ladies of the first rank, as well as those in middle life, form themselves into societies, and seek out the sick and

*stressed* at their own habitations, and thus become the ministering angels of consolation and relief to hundreds, who would otherwise sink under their accumulated sufferings. But this is not peculiar to Avignon; there is not a town in France, in which anything of this kind does not exist; Paris itself, the very temple of voluptuousness, abounds with charities at the shrine of real benevolence; not of ostentatious charity, such as too often figures in the columns of a London newspaper.

Among the *Literary* and *Scientific Societies* are the Academy of Vaucluse, having a library and some pictures; the Medical Society; the Museum, containing some good pictures, a library, and collections in natural history; a College for the education of youth; Drawing-school, &c. &c. M. Calvet, has a fine collection of statues, medals, and precious gems; he is also rich in objects of natural history, and has a noble library. Here are many folio volumes in MS., full of curious and useful observations, papers, &c. written by M. Calvet. At the rooms of a Society called the *Cercle* may be had the newspapers and periodical works; balls are so given here. A stranger must be presented by a member.

The *climate* of Avignon, and of the department in which it is situated, is generally fine, very little rain falling in the course of the year. During the summer season, even two, three, or four months pass without a drop of rain. The only drawback is the extremely cold and piercing N W. wind (*mistral*), which prevails to a certain degree, every season, and roars violently down the valley of the Rhone. Its duration is various: sometimes

it lasts four, seven, and even nine days; and at other times, only four and twenty hours. This wind, however, cools the atmosphere in the parching heat of summer, and dries up the humidity of the autumn. The S.E., S. and S.W. winds, called *marins*, are also vehement, but with different gradations.

*Natural Productions.*—The principal articles of growth here, are rye, barley, wheat, oats, oil, vines, pasturage, vegetables, madder, saffron, hemp, and flax. Among these wheat and saffron are the most precarious, and the vines the worst, from a bad method of managing them; madder, the most prolific and general; hemp, flax, and oil, the most considerable. The breeding of cattle is neglected, that of the silk-worm is on the decline; and the cultivation of fruit is extremely limited. This department is rich in botanical varieties, both of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. Among the numerous birds of passage here, the *bustard* is the most remarkable; trout and eels from the Sorgue and sturgeons and shad from the Rhone are entitled to particular notice: the entomologist also will find abundance of employment.

*Commerce, Trade, &c.*—The *imports* of Avignon consist of raw hides, fine cloths, oil, soap, linen, wheat, horned cattle and sheep, and provisions of all kinds; its *exports* are the produce of the department just enumerated, and the different manufactures of the town, as taffety, cotton, copper-plates, verdigrease, aquafortis, lavender, &c., in which the balance is in favour of the town. Before the revolution, Avignon was famous for its numerous piracies of popular works, and printing was carried on to :



great extent here. This abuse is still carried on in secret: and it is in vain, that the booksellers of Paris send agents, from time to time, to make discoveries. Population 23,000.

*Character, Manners, &c.*—The Avignonais are, in general, well disposed and polite to strangers. The society here is divided into four classes; that of the noblesse, who have their balls and parties, to which but very few of any other rank are admitted; the second consists of men of property, advocates, physicians, and all those who have received a good education; the third of merchants, manufacturers, and artisans; and the last of farmers and labourers. There are a number of handsome women at Avignon, in every class, particularly in the third rank; their costume, which is not devoid of elegance, holding a middle place between that of the common people and women of fashion. The Avignonaises are not tall: but they have a beautiful, clear complexion, a full bosom, fine black eyes, and a physiognomy full of expression. The Jewish women here are remarkably handsome<sup>1</sup>. Not long since, we were present at a ball given in the *Hotel de Ville*, for which more than 3,000 tickets were issued, and we must confess we never saw so much beauty and elegance assembled together before, in the same place. Among the many exquisite faces which passed before us, there were several that might have sat for a portrait of the celebrated *Laura*.

<sup>1</sup> Before the revolution, the Jews inhabited a separate and enclosed quarter of the town, the gates of which were shut every evening at eight o'clock; but these severities are now totally abolished. Both men and women were obliged to wear a particular dress.

The young females at Avignon are, in general, well educated, and the Italian language is as familiar to them, as French is to us; their society is particularly fascinating. Some of our most pleasant recollections are of the hospitable, the agreeable, the polished inhabitants of Avignon.

The names of *Petrarch* and *Laura*, are so interwoven with the history of Avignon, that no traveller of taste or sentiment will quit this place without calling to mind some particulars of the poet, and his romantic passion for the beautiful *Laura*; a passion which destroyed the peace and tranquillity of his mind, and tormented him for more than twenty years, notwithstanding the rigour with which he was treated by the object of it, who was a married woman; but a passion which gave birth to those beautiful effusions of his pen, his *Sonnets*, that have formed a wreath for the brow of the poet, of fresh and unfading flowers, whose beauty and elegance will live till the end of time.

PETRARCH, who was born in the year 1304, had received from nature a very dangerous present; his figure was so distinguished, as to attract universal admiration. He appears in his portraits, with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy which shone forth in his works. In the flower of his youth, the beauties of his person were so very striking, that he was the object of universal attention. He possessed an understanding active and penetrating, a brilliant wit, and a fine imagination. His heart was candid and benevolent, susceptible of the most lively affections, and inspired with the noblest sentiments of liberality.

His first sight of the beautiful Laura is thus described by his biographer<sup>1</sup>; "On Sunday, in the July-week, (the 6th April 1327) at six in the morning, the time of Matins, Petrarch going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire, saw a young lady, whose charms instantly fixed his attention. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her hair, her stature, was something more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eye-brows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than snow, and ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth she perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gravity and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered as to inspire every beholder with sentiments of virtue. For she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn."

Laura was the daughter of Andibert de Noves, a cavalier, and her mother's name was Ermessenda. The house of Noves held the first rank at Noves, a town of Provence, two leagues from *Avignon*, and Laura had a house in that city, where she passed a part of the year. Her father left her a handsome dowry, on her marriage, which was made by her mother, when she was very young,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*, vol. I. p. 26.



with Hugues de Sade; whose family was originally of Avignon, and who held the first office there.

In the suburbs of the Cordeliers there was a little house, built in the gothic style, with one window to the south and another to the north, and a stone seat before the door, which was called the house of Madame Laura. She used sometimes to sit here alone with a pensive air, musing and talking to herself. In the heat of summer it was a custom antiently at Avignon, (now not entirely discontinued,) for the greatest people to sit out at their houses, for the benefit of the fresh air. She sometimes appeared at the window at sun-rise. What a felicity for Petrarch when he happened to pass that spot! "I rise," says he, "at break of day, to salute Aurora, the sun that follows her, and above all, that other sun, which has dazzled me, from my tender youth, and has every day the same bright effect on my heart. Other lovers desire the shades of evening, and hate Aurora, but it is quite the contrary with me, my pleasures are suspended till night folds up her shade." It appears that Sennucio, the friend of Petrarch, lived in the neighbourhood of Laura, and that Petrarch desired he would inform him when Laura appeared at the window, which she often did at sun-rise.

The amiable Laura fell a sacrifice to the plague on the 6th April, 1348, and was buried in the church of the Cordeliers. The tomb was opened in the year 1533, by order of Francis I., and the body of Laura was found there, with an Italian sonnet of Petrarch's. The following is

part of the epitaph made on this occasion, by Francis I.

O gentill' ame, estant tant estimee,  
Qui te pourra louer, qu'en se taisant ?  
Car la parolle est toujours reprimee,  
Quand le subject surmonte le disant.

The *site* of Laura's tomb, distinguished only by a melancholy cypress, is situated amid the ruins of the celebrated church of the Cordeliers, now inclosed in the grounds of a gardener. The proprietor's name is M. Cerriers; a very convenient house, together with the grounds and ruins of the Cordeliers, were lately to be disposed of; whoever the purchaser may be, we fervently hope that he will place a simple marble slab over the tomb of Petrarch's mistress, and inscribe upon it the name of LAURA.

The fountain of *Vaucluse*, a morning's ride from Avignon will claim the notice of every one who has heard the name of PETRARCH. While a school-boy at Carpentras, Petrarch went with his father and mother to see the fountain of Vaucluse. Enraptured with the charms of this solitude, he cried out; "Here is a situation which suits me marvellously! were I master of this place, I should refer it to the finest cities." These lively impressions determined the subsequent residence of Petrarch at this place, were afterwards transfused through many of his works, and have immortalized the beauties of Vaucluse. The most pleasant route to Vaucluse, is by the villages of Moriènes and Chateauneuf de Gadagne; but this is only practicable in fine weather: the road is narrow,

rough, and stony, but the traveller will be amply compensated for the *shaking* he will receive, by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. There is another route, which keeps the high road to Marseilles, as far as *Bonpas*, and then proceeds by Cavaillon (noticed towards the end of this chapter,) to Vaucluse. The traveller should stop at l'Isle, at the *Hotel de Petrarque et Laure*, a little without the village; and here should order his dinner to be ready on his return from the fountain. It will consist entirely of the most delicious *fish*, as trout, eels, the ombre and craw-fish from the Sorgue; a most excellent dish of the latter is made here, called the *bisque*. The frogs of the plain of l'Isle are very fine; and a fricassee of them will be a great treat to the gourmand. Those who have partaken of this dish at Paris will know how to appreciate its excellencies.

Before we enter the valley of Vaucluse we should endeavour to forget every thing that has been said about it; at least every description of it, even the picture of it drawn by Petrarch himself, or we shall feel greatly disappointed. It is beautifully observed by Mr. Gray, "that the memory sees more than the eye in Italy," and this is particularly the case with Vaucluse. The fountain, and the rocks around it, hallowed to the imagination by the recollection of the poet's residence near them, and immortalized by his descriptions, are the chief attractions of this romantic spot. The valley of Vaucluse is little more than a winding passage among the stupendous rocks which coast the northern side of the Durance. The small intervening space between the river and the road is cultivated with a little



rn, a few mulberry-trees, and here and there a small spot of meadow-ground, which does not wear any appearance of verdure in the summer. In Pearch's time also, the rocks which border this valley were *clothed with wood*; but a few scattered trees, with some olive and fig-trees, are all that now prevent their being perfectly naked; yet these noble rocks exhibit a wonderful phenomenon of rude and savage nature, highly gratifying to the lovers of romantic scenery.

Continuing to wind for some way among the rocks, the road terminates at the little village of Vaucluse. Hence to the *fountain* is a distance of about a quarter of a mile, along a stony path, upon the declivity of the rocks, the valley being here entirely occupied by the channel of the river. The termination of this valley is an immense perpendicular rock, six hundred feet in height. Within this rock is the cavern in which rises the fountain that supplies the river *Sorgue* so abundantly: the entrance to the cavern is 60 feet in height. Before it rises a mole of rock, so much above the entrance of the cavern, that till you have arrived upon this mole, nothing of the cavern, or of the fountain within it, is to be seen. The water, though clearer than crystal, appears *green*, as it runs from the depth of its channel<sup>1</sup>. This fountain is, in fact, a considerable river, arising from an unfathomable rocky basin, of a circular form, at the foot of the stupendous perpendicular, or rather impending rock before-mentioned. A few yards from its

<sup>1</sup> The water is not fit to drink, but is very serviceable to the tanner and dyer.

source, the stream falls in the most majestic and picturesque manner, over fragments of rock, covered with a dark green moss<sup>1</sup>, and then forms a rapid river, winding through the vale, whose sides for some distance, rise suddenly to an immense height, from its bank, and then gradually expand into an open plain. But this is generally in the spring, after the melting of the snows; a circumstance alluded to by Sir William Jones, who speaking of the Naiad that inhabits this grot, says,

When the waking flowers of April blow,  
And warmer sunbeams melt the gathered snow,  
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,  
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains.

In the summer or autumn, after a long drought the water only filters through the mole, and gushes out at its base, in innumerable little streams; but then the traveller can examine the interior of the cavern, an advantage denied to him when there is a fall of water. We saw it when the water was low, and had an opportunity of entering the cavern. On the declivity of a rock, between the village and the fountain are the ruins of a building shewn as the *Chateau de Petrarque*, or residence of Petrarch, but in fact only part of a castle which once belonged to the Bishop of Cavaillon.

To Vaucluse Petrarch retired, to banish his

<sup>1</sup> Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,  
Des près toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,  
Une source orgueilleuse et pure,  
Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers  
D'une mousse verte couverts,  
S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure.

sion for Laura, and indulge his taste for letters; having a little cottage, with a field adjoining, and having no other companions than his books: but still the torments of love still pursued him; rocks and woods, the wildest and most solitary situations afforded nothing, and all his efforts to get rid of his passion were vain and fruitless. In this solitude, it was that he composed some of his most beautiful poems, and among others the celebrated address to the "Fountain of Vaucluse," beginning *Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, of which the English reader may form a very imperfect idea, from the parastrophic version of Sir William Jones, and from a few other attempts. The following translation, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend, possesses the rare merit of *fidelity*; and is, in our opinion, the most successful transcript of the beautiful original, that has yet appeared.

Sweet, fresh, and limpid waters,  
Where she alone who seems  
Woman to me, of all earth's daughters,  
Hath bath'd her beauteous limbs;—  
Green, graceful boughs, where it doth please  
Her lovely side to rest;—  
(Sighs fill my breast  
While I but think of it—) to these,  
And to the turf and flowers I call,  
'That love to lie her flowing vest beneath;  
And to this air,—most sacred and serene;  
Where love at her bright eyes kindled my heart—  
My heart that's breaking now—E'er I depart  
For ever, listen one and all,  
To the last grieving words my lips shall breathe.

When death shall end my woes;—  
For it must be—  
'Tis Fate and Heaven's decree  
That by Love's hand my weeping eyelids close;—



Could my poor dust be laid  
 Within your sacred shade,  
 That hope would cheer and bless my dying hour.  
     When to its native skies  
     My naked spirit flies,  
 And all its earth-born fears and wishes cease;  
 Where else but in this bower,  
 Could my tired flesh, and troubled bones find Peace?

    Perhaps, e'er I'm forgot,  
     To this accustomed spot,  
 That barbarous beauty may return again;  
     But there, where on that day,  
     Low at her feet I lay,  
 Her asking eyes will search for me in vain.  
     When—O, the piteous sight!  
     Turning her looks of light,  
     Should they behold, among the stones  
 Scatter'd about, my poor neglected bones,  
 Surely she'll breathe some mercy-pleading sighs:  
     Which Heav'n itself will not have pow'r to slight,  
 As with her veil she wipes her weeping eyes.

    From beauteous branches falling—  
     (What bliss, that sight recalling!)—  
 Into her lap the blossoms came in showers;  
     And there she sat before me,  
     Humble in all that glory,  
 Cover'd all over with a cloud of flowers.  
     Some on her vest descended;—  
     Some with her fair hair blended,  
     So that, for once, the curls  
     Seem'd deck'd with gold and pearls;  
 Some on the earth—some on the water fell—  
 While some came sporting in fantastic twirls,  
 Seeming to say, “Here Love doth reign and dwell!”

    Then to myself I said,—  
     Delight half lost in dread—  
 “Surely in Paradise this being dwells!”  
     For o'er my troubled mind,  
     Her air, and look refined,  
 Her voice, and her sweet smile, had wrought such spell

That Truth quitted her throne,  
And Fancy reign'd alone;  
And, looking round me then,  
Sighing, I ask'd, "How came I here, and when?"  
Thinking myself in Heaven, not on earth.  
And from that hour to this,  
I find my only bliss,  
Here, in this bower, where first my love had birth.

P. ———.

Of the manner in which Petrarch lived at Vaucluse, he gives the following account in one of his letters: "Here," says he, "I make war upon my senses, and treat them as my enemies. My eyes, which have drawn me into a thousand difficulties, are no longer either gold or precious stones, or sapphire or purple; they behold nothing, save the firmament, the water, and the rocks. The only female who comes within their sight is a swarthy old woman, dry and parched as the Lybian deserts. My ears are no longer courted by those harmonies of instruments or voices which have often transported my soul; they hear nothing but the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds; and the murmurs of the stream.

"I keep silence from morn to night. There is none to converse with: for people constantly employed, either in spreading their nets, or taking care of their vines and orchards, have no knowledge of the intercourse of the world, or the conversation of society. I often contented myself with the brown bread of my old fisherman, and even ate it with pleasure; and when I am served with white, I almost always return it. This old fisherman, who is as hard as iron, earnestly remonstrates against my manner of life; says it is too hardy, and assures me

I cannot long hold out. I am, on the contrary, convinced that it is more easy to accustom one's self to a plain diet, than to the luxuries of a feast. Figs, raisins, nuts, and almonds, these are my delicacies. I am fond of the fish with which this river abounds; it is an entertainment to see them caught and I sometimes employ myself in spreading the nets. As to my dress, here is an entire change you would take me for a labourer or a shepherd. My mansion resembles that of Cato or Fabricius; my whole household consists of a dog and my old fisherman. His cottage is contiguous to mine. When I want him, I call; when I no longer stand in need of him, he returns to his cottage. I have made myself two gardens which please me marvelously; I do not think they are to be equalled in the world. And must I confess to you a more than female weakness with which I am haunted? I am positively angry that there is any thing so beautiful out of Italy. They are my Transalpine Parnassus."

In another letter he observes:—"Here is no tyrant to intimidate, no proud citizen to insult, no wicked tongue to calumniate. Neither quarrels, clamours, lawsuits, nor the din of war. We are strangers to avarice, ambition, and envy, and have no great lords to whom court must be paid. Everything breathes joy, freedom, and simplicity. Our lot is neither poverty nor riches; but a sweet, modest, and sober rusticity. The inhabitants are innocent, tractable, and unacquainted with arms. Our chief, good, affable, and a lover of honest folks. The air healthy, the winds soft, the country open, the springs pure, and the river full of fish. We



ve shady woods, cool grottos, green lawns, ena-  
 elled pastures, and hills sacred to Bacchus and  
 inerva."—See Mrs. Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*,  
 vol. I. p. 111, 113.

Other excursions may be made in the environs  
 of Avignon to Carpentras, Cavaillon, &c. *Carpenter-*  
*as*, the second town in the department of Vau-  
 use, is agreeably situated, commands a fine plain,  
 planted with olive trees, and is surrounded with  
 walls. This is a commercial town, and has a popu-  
 lation of 12,000 persons; it is a grand dépôt of  
 adder, and manufactures spirits of wine and aqua-  
 rtis. A market is held here every Friday, which  
 equal to a fair, in point of number of people,  
 and abundance of commodities. The objects of  
 curiosity are a noble aqueduct, built after the an-  
 que, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery;  
 the remains of a triumphal arch, in the lodge of the  
 prison; the episcopal palace, the front of the  
 cathedral, the grand hospital, of which the fa-  
 ade and principal staircase are very fine; and  
 the public library. Besides many rare and valuable  
 books, the library possesses a collection of Roman  
 medals, 6000 in number, many of them very cu-  
 ious, and a series of original drawings. Among  
 the MSS. are the two folio volumes of the genuine  
 troubadour Poems. *Petrarch* came to settle at  
 Carpentras in the year 1314, and three years after-  
 wards Clement IV. visited this place, with a great  
 number of cardinals. But when this train had left  
 , Petrarch gave himself up to study, and learned  
 in five years as much grammar, rhetoric, and logic,  
 as can be taught in schools to those of his age.

The *Hotel du Midi*, kept by M. St. Ange, is one

of the most agreeable in this part of the country and is remarkable for civil treatment and moderate charges. Here particularly, and in many a French Inn, have we felt all the force of the following lines

Whoe'er would turn their wand'ring feet,  
 Assured the *kindest smiles* to meet;  
 Whoe'er would go and not depart  
 But with *kind wishes* from the heart;  
 O let them quit the world's loud din,  
 And seek the comforts of an INN:  
 And, as the Doric Shenstone sung,  
 With plaintive music on his tongue—  
 " Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,  
 " Where'er his changeful tour has been,  
 " Will sigh to think how oft he found  
 " His warmest welcome at an INN."

SYNTAX.

Another delightful excursion may be made to Cavaillon, a small town about twelve miles distant. Here the traveller will conceive himself transported into the most beautiful garden, justly entitled to the appellation of the *Eden of Provence*. Finer vegetables, more lovely clusters of trees, richer vineyards and olive hills, are no where to be found. Artichokes, peaches, and winter melons, sent as far as Paris, are the most in request from Cavaillon; and the inhabitants have the reputation of being the best gardeners in Provence. Not far from this place is *l'Isle*, one of the most beautiful countries that can be imagined, round which the waters of the Sorgue gently ripple: in fact, the whole country between Cavaillon and Avignon, by its excellent system of irrigation, its charming plantations of trees, its luxuriant vegetation, completely captivates the observer.

Cavaillon is situated on the right bank of the Rhône, and is remarkable for some antiquities, of which the principal is a triumphal arch, in the buildings of the bishop's palace. The Hotel de Ville is the only fine modern building. The Hermitage, at the top of some lofty rocks, deserves a visit. Population 4,500. Of Cavaillon, Petrarch says, "it is spoken of as an ancient city in some authentic memoirs about fifty years before Christ, at the time that Julius Cæsar conquered Britain. It was formerly built on the mountain, and was a Roman colony, as appears from the medals of Lepidus. My friend, Socrates, said pleasantly enough, that it was like the little town, which, according to some writers, king Agbanes offered to Jesus Christ. The bishopric resembles its possessor; it is equal to the greatest in dignity, and enjoys the freedom of the least."

An excursion to *Beaumes* and *Malaucènes* will introduce the traveller to two small, but healthy towns, very agreeably situated, and celebrated for their pleasant temperature. *Beaumes* is completely sheltered from the *mистраou*, and therefore extremely mild: *Malaucènes*, on the contrary, is much exposed to the *bise*, and therefore cool even in summer. If, therefore, the invalid inhabit *Beaumes* in the winter, and *Malaucènes* in the summer, he will enjoy a constant spring temperature; and this is quite practicable, as the two towns are not more than seven or eight miles distant from each other.



## CHAPTER III.

*Route from Avignon to Nice,—Description of Aix, Marseilles and Toulon.—Excursion to Hyeres.—Description of Nice.—Return to Brignolles.—Excursion to Digne.—Return to Aix.*

THE following is the high road to Nice, from Avignon, passing through Aix, but omitting Marseilles and Toulon; those who deviate for the sake of visiting these two great cities, will find the distances expressed in a note to the Itinerary.

No. 9. From AVIGNON to NICE  $35\frac{3}{4}$  posts, about 197 English miles.

| FROM                      | POSTS.          | FROM                       | POSTS.          |
|---------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| AVIGNON to St. Andiol.... | 2               | Brignolles to Flassans.... | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Orgon .....               | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Luc .....                  | 1               |
| Pont-Royal.....           | 2               | Vidauban .....             | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| St. Cannat .....          | 2               | May .....                  | 1               |
| Aix * (1).....            | 2               | Frejus .....               | 2               |
| La Galiniere .....        | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Lestrelles .....           | 2               |
| Grande Pugère .....       | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Cannes .....               | 3               |
| Tourves .....             | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Antibes .....              | 2               |
| Brignolles .....          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | NICE (2) foreign post .... | 4               |

\* From Aix to *Marseilles*, four posts (22 miles); from *Marseilles* to *Toulon*  $7\frac{1}{2}$  posts, more than 41 miles; from *Toulon* to *Luc*, where we again join the high road to Nice,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  posts, or about 36 miles.

<sup>1</sup> INNS.—L'Hotel du Cours, des Princes, the White Mule.

<sup>2</sup> Hotel d'York, des Etrangers.

All the way from Avignon, as far as the plain which reaches the Durance, is bordered with poplars and willows: the fields are well cultivated with rye and wheat, and there is an abundance of beautiful mulberry trees. After crossing the Durance over a handsome wooden bridge, we enter the department of the Bouches-du-Rhone, and go along the bank to the left, where there is a canal, which has been made to give free passage to the waters of the river at the time of the inundations, and to preserve the surrounding fields from their ravages. The prospect extends to the north over a pleasant plain, near four leagues, terminated by the chalky rocks, out of which issues the spring of Vaucluse. From Noves, the place which gave birth to Laura, the road crosses a country tolerably well cultivated, which produces corn and wine; the sides are bordered with rivulets and shaded by willows, poplars, and fig-trees; the grounds resemble gardens; but little labour is used in the cultivation of the soil; they turn up the earth with a large spade, and harrow it with a heavy rake. There are no trees, except in a small park which belongs to an individual: the houses stand in the middle of the fields without any shade. After passing St. Andiol, two miles from Orgon, the earth becomes sandy and unfruitful. To the south-east there is a chain of barren rocks, which extends as far as the Durance: it is on these heights that the small town of Orgon is situated.

A short distance from Orgon is the Pierre-percée, or perforated rock: it is a mountain through which they have conducted the canal. This opening is twenty-five feet wide: the vault or arch is supported by hewn stones, and on the two sides are foot-paths

for the men and animals which draw the boats. At *Lambesc*, the country has a delightful appearance; between the vineyards and corn-fields are a number of olive trees; and this place produces abundantly that valuable oil which is called oil of Aix. The town is handsome, and in the principal street are many well-built houses; the church is in good preservation, and the two fountains are worthy of attention. This town was formerly the chief place of a principality, which belonged to the house of Lorraine. The states of Provence here held their assemblies. A quarry in the neighbourhood produces a red, yellow, and black marble, which is in great esteem.

It was customary formerly, in several towns, to make the clocks tell the hour by means of one or more statues, who strike the bell with hammers: a similar custom prevails in Italy; and it is the case in the little town of *Lambesc*; there is on the top of a tower a man who strikes the hours in this manner, at the same instant a woman appears, and makes him a low curtesy; she then walks once round him. The people of the country call these figures *Giacomar*, and *Giacomarda*.

The environs of *Lambesc* are extremely pleasant; the fields produce corn and wine, and are planted with a great number of olive trees. We here see some specimens of the singular manner of culture which is observed in a great part of Provence: each ground is divided into several beds or squares, of about twelve feet each way; these are planted alternately with vines or sown with corn, and the whole is surrounded with olive trees. The various colours of the vine, the corn, and the fruit



the olive tree, in the different degrees of maturity, give the country the appearance of a beautifully diversified carpet.

Between this and *St. Cannat*, and in some other parts, flocks of sheep are seen, and some of them with a singular ornament, consisting of one, two, and as far as twelve, tufts of wool, which are not cut off in the shearing; a mark which is left only in the favourite sheep.

In the years 1799, 1800, and 1803, the road between Avignon and Aix was much infested with robbers. About the latter period they became so daring, that scarcely a week passed in which they did not make several attacks. In vain the diligences were attended by gendarmes; in vain were several soldiers placed on the tops of the coaches; the banditti appeared in numbers, which always secured them the victory; nor, as it is said, was it in the power of the government to stop their depredations without coming to a compromise with them, or employing large detachments of cavalry incessantly on patrol. At first they only took the public money, and gave not the least offence to strangers, unless they opposed them, or were suspicious persons; they were, on the contrary, uncommonly polite, and apologized to the females for having given them the trouble of alighting.

When, however, the diligences carried no more public money, these robbers began to plunder the passengers, not only of money, but of whatever valuables they might possess; after which they always returned to each person seven livres for the expenses of the day, and carefully observed the route

each took. This was certainly a generosity and consideration worthy of notice.

From the number of anecdotes which this period afforded, we shall relate the following.

Once, having stopped the diligence in which were several gentlemen and one lady, they, as usual, robbed the gentlemen: when the turn came to the lady, "Comment, Messieurs," said she with a confidential tone and an admirable presence of mind, "Des Français insulteroient-ils une femme?"—"Surely not," was the answer; "Nous ne voulons que vous embrasser."—They kept their word, and the lady was not robbed.

Another time, when the diligence was robbed there happened to be a Swede in it, who said, with much sang-froid, to the robbers, when they applied to him—"Je suis étranger, Messieurs! Je voyage sous la sauvegarde de la loyauté Française." They demanded his pass; and having found it accurate, said to him, with much easy politeness, "Montez, Monsieur! vous ne payez rien."

On another occasion, a merchant from Toulouse was travelling in the diligence, who had four thousand livres of gold about him. When he was to have alighted, he held a small purse of counterfeit coin to the robbers, saying, "Had you but carried a quarter of an hour sooner there were a thousand louis d'ors in it." The "bedi garde d'uré," (petit quart d'heure) together with the cheat put on the robbers, made the whole company laugh, and the thieves retired satisfied. One more characteristic of the nation we must yet mention. An Italian had sewed his money under his arms; but had kept in his pocket a purse apparently full of louis d'ors

When the carriage was stopped, he gave his purse to the robbers, begging only to retain as much as could bear his expences to Nizza. "By all means," was the answer; "but you will have the goodness to take it in silver." By this method, the Italian obtained from the robbers twenty-four crowns in silver, instead of a purse full of whist-markers, at most not worth above ten or twelve livres.

Not less judicious were the conceptions of many other travellers on the same occasion. One, for example, dropped his money in the window frame; another hung it on a hook near the door; one hid his louis d'ors in an apple, and another in a loaf; some bound them round the bodies of their dogs, and others concealed them in the heads of their mules.

Aix, the ci-devant capital of Provence, is situated in an extensive plain, near the river *Arc*. Aix, or *Aquæ Sextiæ*, though it was the first settlement and town which the Romans had in Gaul, exhibits but few remains of antiquity. After the various and repeated devastations which it suffered, it became the capital of Provence, a noble city, in which were erected a palace and courts of justice, a cathedral with all its attendant edifices and mansions; convents and monasteries, and the houses of the nobles, and numerous dwellings for mechanics and tradesmen; most of them constructed of the ruins of antient edifices. The Revolution, which devastated so many fine towns, did not spare Aix and the few monuments which it possessed.

This city has always been celebrated in the history of Provence. The nobility early felt the charm of study: the zeal that the Berengiers evinced for



poesy; the patronage they accorded to the Troubadours; the noble institutions that resulted from it; the residence of the Popes at Avignon; that of the Counts of Provence at Aix; the conquest of Naples, which produced frequent communication with Italy; the patronage of the good King René all contributed to inspire them with a taste for letters. The establishment of the parliament and the university, tended still further to improve and confirm it. Several members of the parliament at Aix were distinguished by their learning and erudition. At their head was the great *Peiresc*, a character worthy of imitation. Their condition in life allowed them to pay great attention to the education of their children; and this noble example being very generally followed, learning was, by this means, disseminated throughout all classes of the citizenry. In Aix there are still several valuable cabinets, well-stored libraries, and rich collections; the collections have been transmitted from father to son with the lands that he had cultivated, the castle in which he had been born, and the portraits of his ancestors, with which its walls were decorated. No other city, with an equal population, can boast of possessing more curiosities of nature and art, or of having given birth to a greater number of enlightened men. It was the birth-place of Tournefort, of the celebrated Canonist Gilbert, the Marquis d'Argens, Adanson, &c.

At present, though not a large, Aix is an extremely handsome and very populous city; most of the houses are built of a yellowish stone, while the fronts of some of them are covered with plaster of Paris of the same colour. It is surrounded by

all, and has eight gates. The streets are regular and well paved.

In the centre of the town is the Course, or *Orbitelle*. This is the principal street and is 1,500 feet in length, planted with four rows of fine elms, which, with the houses on each side form five avenues. The middle and widest avenue is for carriages, those on each side are for pedestrians, and those between the outer rows of trees and the houses are paved ways, for carts and carriages. It is divided from the country by a handsome iron gate and palisade. Most of the houses are handsome buildings, and include a number of hotels and coffee-houses; the whole resembling the Boulevards of Paris and Bordeaux. In the centre are three fountains; the middle one is hot, and saves the inhabitants the trouble of heating water for domestic purposes. The rich, and families of distinction generally reside in the Course; here also the greatest concourse of strangers is to be found; the doors of the coffee-houses are surrounded by idlers; and, in the evening almost every one comes to breathe the fresh air, under the beautiful trees of this pleasant promenade. This is the principal entrance to the town from Paris, Lyons, and Avignon, and from Languedoc.

After the course, the best situation is the *Place des Precheurs*, planted with elms, and with a handsome fountain in the centre. There are also two other fine fountains; one in the place of the Hotel Ville, and the other in the Rue d'Orbitelle. The last unites the waters of the warm and cold springs; the cold issuing from the two sides, and the hot from the other two. In the Faubourg of

Observatory; the Medical Society, the Academy of the Sciences and the Fine Arts, &c. &c. The charitable and benevolent establishments consist of the great hospital, which also serves for the reception of foundlings, the hospice de la veillesse, and l'Adolescence, a work and orphan-house; the hospice des Insensées, a madhouse, which receives also other sick persons; a bureau de bienfaisance, for the relief of the poor at their own houses; and other benevolent societies for the distribution of food, clothing, &c. to the poor. So extensive is the town, that the *petite poste*, for the distribution of letters within the walls, has fifty-four receiving houses. Population, 111,150. Marseilles has given birth to Durfé, author of the *Astrea*; father Plumier, the celebrated botanist; the famous Puget (like Michael Angelo,) both architect, sculptor, and painter, by whom several houses in the Cours were built; to D'Arvicux, the traveller; Mascarou and numerous other great men.

Marseilles abounds with amusements of every kind, particularly *theatres*, balls, &c. At the *grand theatre*, which may vie with any at Paris, the most celebrated pieces are performed alternately, with operas and ballets. The performers are good, the scenery fine, and the costume, particularly the *Oriental*, correct and splendid. It is open every evening. There is much variety at the theatre Thubareau, where little intriguing pieces, farces &c. are performed as on the Boulevards at Paris. There are three or four other theatres of this description, where, if we wish to study low life and manners, we shall be richly entertained with broad comic farces displaying all the eccentricities of the



Provençal character. Public balls, concerts, &c. are given in winter almost daily, and all is southern mirth and festivity, in a city where the higher classes are remarkable for a refinement in manners, and a character of sociability materially induced by the great influx of strangers from all quarters of the globe.

There are several *clubs*, chiefly composed of merchants, which are very agreeable; reading, conversation, social games, and occasionally a festive entertainment, are their principal objects; they have good libraries, and the principal papers: a recommendation from a respectable house is the only necessary introduction for a stranger. Besides these, there are numerous reading rooms, and circulating libraries, the best of which are situated in the Course.

There is a great *fair* held annually at Marseilles, called the fair of *St. Lazare*, beginning on the 2d of September, and lasting a fortnight. It is held in the Course, and much attended.

*Promenades and Public Walks.*—The principal promenade is the *Course*, which from its populousness, and the number of its shops, forms, at all times a pleasant lounge. At its lower extremity, towards the Rue de Rome, is the *Flower and Fruit Market*, which offers every morning, a most enchanting spectacle. The women who attend it are distinguished from the rest of the lower class by a softer dialect, more gentle manners, and superior forms; they sit in two rows with their flowers set on large tables, which being rather cheap even in winter, almost every female appears on a Sunday with a natural bouquet. A large bunch of violets and narcissuses costs two or three sous; one of pinks

four; of orange blossoms five or six. In addition to the flowers growing in Marseilles, many are brought in small vessels from Toulon, Grasse, Nice, and San Remo; together with pinks for planting, rose-bushes, small lemon and orange trees, &c. from which a sort of botanical luxury is collected.

Other promenades are afforded by the quays, which, inclose the haven like a horse-shoe, and which receive their names from the forts at the extremities: St. Jean on the right hand, and St. Nicolas on the left.

The former presents a scene of the most varied mercantile and maritime industry: while one side is crowded with cellars, booths, and shops one above another; the opposite side is thronged with large and small vessels. Here are rope-makers, and watch-makers, goldsmiths and map-sellers, perfumers and pedlars, fruit-women and fish-women, dealers in parrots and monkeys, hawkers of pictures, &c. &c. indiscriminately jumbled together into one chequered mass. Here the ships arrive from Genoa with apples and chesnuts; from Toulon and Frejus with oranges and sardels, barks with flowers, onions, and flax; feluccas from Nice, Leghorn, and Bastia; vessels laden with wood from Hyeres, and Porto Ferrajo; and, finally the great trading vessels in West India produce to and from the Levant, &c. Not without some difficulty a passage is forced through these busy crowd to ascend the place St. Jean upon the Tourette, or old rampart, which is a large terrace extending along the gulph from St. Jean's to the old cathedral church. Were it but planted with trees, and less exposed to the full rage of the mistral, it might

from its pure air and enchanting prospects, become one of the pleasantest walks in Marseilles; at present it is little frequented.

The miserable fishing-huts which inclose one side, afford a historical curiosity worthy of remark. Their inhabitants are distinguished by their dress, language, and manners, from all the people of Marseilles and the other provinces, on which account they have been justly regarded as the descendants of the ancient Phenicians. It is highly probable that they were the first inhabitants of Marseilles; and that this spot was its original scite, but it is supposed that the hills extended much farther into the gulph and the old town, from its extremity down to the ocean.

Descending again from the Tourette, to pass by the Consigne across the haven, you land on the quay of *St. Nicolas*; which is not without its peculiarities. Although the number of shops, and the variety of mercantile and maritime occupations is here much less than on the opposite quay, still the loss is replaced by the greater number of magazines, dock-yards, public-houses full of sailors, corn-ships, colliers, and many other northern scenes by no means uninteresting to the stranger. At the end of the fort of *St. Nicolas* lies, on the right-hand and on the left, the path to the newly planned walk behind it, which being only a bare terrace, smoothed in the rock, deserves no particular attention for any thing but for the fine prospect which it commands. Towards the side, a steep open path leads up to the fort de *Notre Dame de la Garde*, whose height is computed at eighty-five toises: what from the terrace could be imperfectly seen,



namely, the town, the haven, the double chain of mountains, the gulph, surrounding country, islands and the elevated ocean, here breaks upon the sight like one grand amphitheatre, and may be clearly and distinctly seen. The fort itself is insignificant not having a single cannon; but as it commands the whole town, every ship entering the gulph is announced there to the town.

*Les Allées de Meilhan* afford the third promenade. This is, properly speaking, the only one where fresh air is united with something of rural tranquillity; on its left side lies the Course. The walks are broad, and the trees kept in good order, the houses have a neat appearance, and do not impede the free circulation of air.

There are some pleasant walks without the walls of the town, but these are not numerous. Immediately at the close of the *Allées de Meilhan* lie the promenade de la Magdelaine, and the fine Carthusian, both encompassed with charming scenery. On one side, towards Aubagne, lies a little valley watered by the Vraune, and enriched with fine meadows and trees of the freshest green. On the other side you have only to pass the first garden walls, and you are encompassed by flowering shrubs and fruitful vineyards. Still it must be allowed that these walks are to be preferred in the winter, the great want of shade rendering them almost insupportable in the summer: neither can it be denied, that, for the most part, the country is either bare and waste, or covered with "Bastides."

A common *bastide*, and nine-tenths are so, contains nothing more than a saloon, some small adjoining rooms, and two, yet smaller, on the upper

tory. A few vegetables, vines, olive, almond, and fig-trees, constitute the requisites for a garden. A varied vegetation, shade, cool springs, and the harmony of birds are here dispensed with. Bastides, such as are met with in the romantic scenery of Switzerland; bastides truly fitted for rural retirement, with comfortable convenient apartments, gardens filled with flowers, cooling springs, and trees affording shade, are, alas! rarely to be found in Marseilles. The finest, however, are to be seen, aux Eygalades, and on the way to Toulon, lying along the coast, embosomed in ever-blooming freshness, and possessing every advantage which a southern climate can bestow.

A common one costs from 8 to 10,000 livres, a superior one from 12 to 15,000 livres; and one of the best from 24 to 30,000 livres: the produce is trifling, and the expence frequently considerable; but as the possession of one forms an appendage of fashionable life, the value is subject to little variation. Many are used only a few days in the week, and others only a few weeks in the year. In this particular, even artisans ape their superiors, and at least hire lodgings at the house of a peasant; in such cases "ma bastide" sounds rather laughable.

Those who are disposed to take an excursion of a few leagues, will find themselves recompensed by numerous interesting objects: the Grotte de Roland, for example, situated at the side of the mountain, known by the name of Marseilles Boyré; the Chateau Borelli, Gemenos, St. Pons, Bellombre, Albertas, Notre Dame des Anges, la St. Baume, &c. a description of which has been given by Papon, although they are much changed during the last

twenty years, and have suffered much from the revolution. The mountain, however, deserves particular notice, by reason of its height, and its being used in war-time as a beacon ; on which account a small guard-house is placed on the summit. In the day a flag, and at night, a lantern serve as signals. A red flag, with a flaming light, hastily covered denotes danger ; a white flag and steady light security. The mountain is discernible, from the eastern and western coasts, at the distance of three leagues. It is almost superfluous to add, that the naturalist will find ample scope for observation, and collect numerous shells, fine plants, beautiful dendrites, &c. &c.

*Climate.*—Warmth and aridity, united with pure and salubrious air, are the chief characteristics of the climate of Marseilles. The spring with the exception of the equinoctial season and a few rainy days, is inexpressibly pleasant. The mild and lovely autumn extends far into November, and even sometimes into December. The three weeks subsequent to the winter solstice are rather cold and rainy ; but at the end of January, the whole winter is properly ended. Nothing in the climate can be really called unpleasant, but the cold mistral or north-west wind. When at its greatest height, it lasts generally from three to six, nine, or fourteen days ; but very rarely three weeks. From the commencement of November to the end of March, the north-west wind, and the west-north-west, blow the most frequently. In April, these winds give place to the south-east and south-west ; which are reigning winds from June to the end of October. The north-west, and the west-north-west, always bring fine clear weather ; the



South-south-east, and the west-south-west bring, in the winter months always rain. Among the warm winds the south-west, and amongst the cold ones, the north-west, are both equally unpleasant; the one producing an enervating warmth, and the other cutting and penetrating cold. The climate of Marseilles is, generally speaking, conducive to health. Nothing is to be seen but tall fine athletic forms, and a continually increasing population. Notwithstanding the frequent excesses of the people, the middle age is reckoned at thirty, and persons frequently attain sixty or seventy. But whoever visits Marseilles for the restoration of his health, must not forget that the climate is alone beneficial for—*Nervous* diseases; and on account of its invaluable sharpness, always—dangerous for Pectoral ones!

When the *mistrou*, or cold wind, blows for any time, all Marseilles is in consternation. *Ah mon Dieu, quel froid; fa un fresch depastellat*, resound on all sides. Men and women are enveloped like Greenlanders, and every street is filled with mules, carrying fire wood. It is astonishing what a dread the people have of being wet. The instant it begins to rain, *pluego, pluego*, they cry, and every person appears with an umbrella, not excepting porters and mule drivers, fruit-women, and shoe blacks; half naked, they must still have an umbrella.

Those who like to sleep late in the morning, or have irritable nerves, will be badly off at Marseilles. As soon as the day dawns, a cannon is fired: it is the signal for opening the haven, which is closed every evening by a chain. Scarcely have you again unmoored after the second firing, which announces

its opening, than you are roused by the lamentable tones of *Pere cuezzo ! Pere cuezzo ! Tutte caude*. They announce, perhaps, the departure of some great personage?—By no means—they are only crying *Hot baked pears* ; the usual breakfast of the labouring manufacturers. In the evening they eat baked turnips, and then every street rings with *Betterave ; Betterave ! Tutte caude ! Tutte caude !*

*Expense of living at Marseilles.*—This city was once considered a cheap residence; these times however, are long since past: it is now, one of the dearest in France. Lodging, firing, and apparel may be reckoned among the most expensive articles: a small floor cannot be obtained for less than £30 or £35 a year; a cwt. of oak timber costs 4s. and the same of fir, about half the price. Clothes are as dear as in England. The bread is good, but dear: the water is, in some places, bad; the best flowing springs are in the upper parts of the old town. Milk is scarce and dear for those who cannot use goats' milk. The meat is very good particularly the mutton and lamb; which is distinguished by delicacy and tenderness. The pork is much praised. The provincial hams and saucisson are extolled by every French epicure. Beef about 6d. a pound, mutton 7d., pork 9d., lamb 8d., and veal 1s. The most esteemed fish is the shad, and a kind of perch; the best costs about 1s. the pound, the tunny 4s. a pound. Vegetables are plentiful throughout the year, but proportionably expensive from the great consumption and difficulty of conveyance; a small bundle of cauliflowers costs 8d. a handful of spinage 3d. &c. &c. Fruit is abundant; as figs, almonds, plums, grapes, &c.; the best

the latter about 6d. a pound. Oranges and pomegranates (two of either for three halfpence) are imported from Spain. From Italy, they receive chestnuts, apples, raisins, &c. and from the Levant, dates and pistachio-nuts. The common provincial wine, two years old may be had for 3d. a bottle; five years old, refined and improved, 6d.; better wines, as Cassis, &c. from 2s. to 3s. Frontignac, Mondrieux, Hermitage, Burgundy, &c. &c. from 2s. 6s. the bottle. The best Spanish, Italian, and Sicilian wines may be had here unadulterated, but generally cost from 5s. to half-a-guinea the bottle; *le de jasmin*, a most delicious liqueur, 3s.; beer, which is very good, 6d. the bottle or quart.

*Manufactures, trade, &c.*—The principal manufacture is that of *soap*, with which article Marseilles supplies a great part of France; it has also manufactures of snuff, calicoes, hats, and woollen caps, glass, porcelain, earthen-ware, Spanish leather, vitrol, alum, sulphuric acid, aqua fortis, spirits of wine, sugar refineries, wax and coral manufactories, distillery, distillers of brandy, liqueurs, &c. &c. Marseilles can export to the Levant, shawls, dyeing-wood, sugar, coffee, indigo, cochineal, spices, iron, fruits, liqueurs, tartar, cinnabar, woollen and cotton caps, silks, gold and silver laces, gilt work, jewellery, hardware, grocery, stuffs, piasters, rix-dollars, and verdigrease. From the Levant it can import wool, cotton, silk, gums, madder, gall-nuts, gum, camel's and goat's hair raw and spun, talcum, copper, scammony, coffee, soda, hides, frankincense, saffron, myrrh, rice, ammoniac, tamarinds, ginseng, natrom, skins, coarse cottons, wheat, barley, shell-fruits, ostrich feathers, and wax.



To the West Indies, &c. it can export oil, wine, soap, almonds, candles, brandy, hats, shoes, hair powder, fruits, cheese, earthen-ware, bricks, ham, nails, hoops, millinery, silk, thread, and cotton stockings, parasols, and other small articles. In return for which it imports colonial produce, sugar, coffee, indigo, cocoa, cochineal, &c. nearly as large quantities as Bordeaux itself.

Its exports to Italy, Naples, and the Sicilies, are sugar, coffee, treacle, shawls, stuffs, grocery, hats, and other articles of luxury; to Sardinia, colonial produce, stock-fish, wine, hides, shawls, fishing nets, and soap; to Genoa, coffee, sugar, cocoa, anatto, treacle, wines, liqueurs, hardware, and hides; to Tuscany, sugar, coffee, indigo, and all sorts of West India products; to Rome and Venice, sugar, coffee, stuffs, spices, and shawls. It imports from Italy, Naples, and the Sicilies, oil, wheat, shell fruits, silk, hemp, wool, liquorice-roots, manna, Spanish flies, shumac, tartar, almonds, brimstone, starch, figs, and raisins; from Sardinia, oil, wheat, chesnuts, pickled tunny-fish, lemons, oranges, and other fruits; from Genoa, coal, oil, quills, apples, chesnuts, and other fruits; from Tuscany, wheat, and shell fruits; from Rome and Venice, corn, rye, wool, hemp, and alum.

It exports to Spain, corn, rye, barley, maize, stock-fish, shawls, caps, stuffs, sugar and rice; in return for which, it imports oil, indigo, soda, cochineal, saffron, esparto, pilchards, southern fruit, piasters, and wine.

To the North, it exports the produce of the Levant, and articles of its own manufacturing; for which it receives northern produce; particularly flax, hemp, wheat, wood for ship-building, tar, ta-

, iron, and sail-cloth; to Switzerland, wares from the Levant and West Indies; for which it imports a little, the same articles being sent to the neighbouring and inner provinces of France, and oil, wine, shell-fruits, &c. imported in return.

*Provençal character, manners, customs, &c.*—The character of the Provençal appears to have three striking imperfections, though mixed with many good qualities, roughness, violence, and inconstancy. But this is in some measure counterpoised by their freedom from duplicity and cunning. They are passionate, violent, and tenacious; but show, at the same time, much good-nature, and often even generosity. They catch at every thing from the impulse of the moment; and their friendship and love, their zeal and activity, their courage and bravery, are all equally transient. The attentive observer discovers every where, both morally and physically, a peculiar mixture of the Grecian and Oriental, as well as of the French and Italian. Their persons and manners, language and habits, vices and virtues, all remind us of the historical vicissitudes, or mercantile connections of this province. The men of the lower classes are in general distinguished by a coarse and low stature, bristly hair, strong and passionate features, and, above all, by the wild blaze of their eyes. But the fishermen, porters, and country people possess some peculiarities which must be spoken of distinctly.

The *fishermen* form a distinct and separate class, in which all the energy of the ancient character, all the simplicity of the ancient language, and all the originality of ancient manners, are preserved and concentrated. Their songs, their dress, their mode

of living, every thing informs us that they are the undegenerate descendants of the Phœnician. These provincial fishermen have, for whatever concerns the fishery, a proper court of justice in Marseilles, known by the name of "Jurisdiction des Prud'hommes Pêcheurs," which has existed since the tenth century; but in its present form only since 1431. It consists of four seniors, called "Prud'hommes," who are changed every year, and possess, during their administration, unlimited powers. The court is usually held on Sunday afternoon; the complaints are made verbally, and the cause is decided either by the opinion of the judge, or a majority of voices. "*Il ley vous coundano*;" the law condemns you, excludes all appeal, and finishes the affair. The "Prud'hommes" are dressed in black, and receive a fee of two sous from each party. Besides this, these fishermen have archives full of important records concerning their trade laws, &c. which have been preserved inviolate, even during the revolution.

Their gymnastic exercises deserve attention; they consist of mast-running and single combat, called *Bigno* and *la Taguo*. For the first, a mast is rubbed with grease, and the skill is displayed in running from one end of it to the other, barefoot. The second is conducted as follows:—From twelve to sixteen light boats are provided in the front with boards four foot long and ten inches broad. Here the combatants take their places, armed with shields and lances, the boats being rowed each by six strong men. They then divide to a proper distance, and, upon a given signal, suddenly row towards each other. Whoever plunges his opponent



he most frequently into the water, bears away the prize.

We shall next notice the *porters*, who are distinguished by the deep redness of their faces; the prominence of their eyes; the compression of their necks; and the breadth of their shoulders. Beware of him when he is loaded, for then he is blind and deaf, and would knock you down ten times without being himself once aware of it. These men form another society. They have their apprenticeships, prize-pieces, seniors, brokers, money-gatherers, &c. united into one common body, each must be answerable for the other. From their very moderate way of living, they possess an extraordinary degree of corporeal strength. "Four hundred weight," say they, "is a trifle; six constitute a proper load;" and from eight to nine commands uncommon respect. The famous Marquetos at Toulon brought to ten, and his fame is commemorated by a colossal figure under the balcony of the senate-house.

The *peasantry* form the third interesting class, under which are understood the inhabitants of the higher and lower mountains, and those of the flat country. The former are remarkable for their open, bold, and free dispositions; their honesty, industry, and good-nature, are highly praised through the whole province: although they do not regularly emigrate, yet great numbers go to the large towns in the southern provinces, and are eagerly hired as waiters, cooks, and other menial servants. The "*Gavouets de Barcelonette*" are famous for their mercantile talents. The inhabitants of the lower mountains appear to be much worse, which may be attributed to their regular excursions into the south-

ern provinces. Here, with their wives and children, they seek support through the winter. The men hire themselves as carters, helpers, labourers, manufacturers, &c. the women wash and sell fish and the boys clean shoes, sell chesnuts, or lead about marmots with organs. The girls either go out to mend old cloaths, or commence a little trade with figs and cheese; in short, each member of a family must have some occupation for his support, and from which he can save something for the summer. The love of gain seems to be the ruling passion of these mountaineers. The peasants of the level country are almost universally decried as malicious, but perhaps unjustly; their greatest faults are, roughness and impetuosity. One of these peasants will shoot a handful of small shot at you for taking a single fig from his tree; but for a friendly word he will give you a hat-full. The reapers form a still more interesting class of these country people.

The province, considered according to its ancient boundaries, presents three large divisions, rendered by the climate very different from each other. They are the lower, middle, and upper parts, where the harvest naturally falls in three different months. Thus in Napoule, the most southern point, they commence reaping at the end of May; in Aix, at the end of June; and at Barcelonette, at the end of August. Hence it is easy to conceive that reapers travel for employment through the whole country. Accompanied by their wives and children, they proceed in caravans of from eighty to a hundred, from place to place, and always towards the north. Each caravan has its superior and subordinate reaper

and its common stock, which is never divided until the labour is finished. All their necessities are carried with them by asses; they travel only during the night, and pass the whole harvest-time in the open air. Their manners are patriarchal, constituting but one family; and forming close connections of pleasure, without the sanction of either law or gospel. The women of the lower class are a truly amazonian race. They have little beauty, but much corporeal strength. It is impossible to imagine any beings more rough, hard, or violent; but their rectitude demands the highest encomium. The wives of the fishermen, porters, &c. have their peculiarities from their different modes of life; but they all agree in their endeavours to vie with the men in hard labour, and in keeping them in perfect abjection.

Whoever wishes to study female government, we recommend to go to Sourribes; where he will find a complete *female republic*, and the men only regarded as *slaves*. The unmarried women of this class have, notwithstanding the many freedoms they use, much self-government. A young man must first be their acquaintance, their friend, their betrothed, before they will permit him the slightest indulgence. Thus they secure their future power; and they are careful never to let their tenderness influence their conduct. The least contraction, the slightest neglect, procures his instantaneous dismissal. When a lover is become insupportable to his mistress, she uses no verbal declaration to make her will known; but when he next comes, places a log of wood before the fire-place: nothing more is requisite to inform him he must



never appear there again. The physical and moral organization of the men is tolerably French; yet the noisy provincial frankness is evident on all occasions. The women are lovely, and almost irresistibly alluring; but the greatest egotists in the world. They change their lovers as they would their dresses; they love but for a moment. Dilettanti consider it as a matter of course, and would find Marseilles a paradise full of luxurious hours.

Numerous are the *festivals*, *public games*, and *processions*, still observed in Provence, and particularly at Marseilles; but we have room only to notice the principal festivals. When *Christmas* draws near, every family, in easy circumstances, sends for a cask of wine, and lays in a stock of southern fruits, which, as they arrive, may be seen on the quay in large quantities. In the flower-market, orange-branches, with fruit or blossoms, in elegant tubs, rose-trees, in beautiful pots, &c. are set out for sale; as also all kinds of toys for children, and laurel-trees, hung with various kinds of southern fruits. Among the toys monks are again to be seen. The Christmas evening is devoted to universal joy and festivity. Every booth, cellar, coffee-house, &c. is illuminated, and the table of the poor chesnut-roaster has an additional lamp. The theatres give grand ballets; the gaming-houses balls and soupers; and the streets are crowded through the whole night with people and bands of music. That which we most admired, and no provincial person ever forgets, even when at the greatest distance from his country, is a sort of sacred entertainment, at which the whole family is present. The relations which have been absent from each other perhaps durin

he whole year, are to meet on this evening; those who have been the greatest enemies, pardon each other at Christmas; marriages are fixed; married pairs who have been separated, are at this time again united; the shyest lover becomes eloquent, and the most coy fair-one becomes kind—every heart dilates with good-will, love, and tenderness, on Christmas evening! It is well known, that at a true provincial entertainment, “Noya” (cake made of honey and almonds), the “Kalignau,” (a fire of fir-wood dipt in oil and wine), the Turkey-cock, the Muscadel, and the Noes, (appropriate songs), are things absolutely indispensable. In the country, where the national character is in all games the most easily to be discovered, the old provincial customs are preserved in still greater purity. Here are prize-races, combats, songs, cock-fighting, climbing, &c. at which, naturally, the flowing bowl is never wanting.

One particularly pretty custom we must not forget to mention, which was much in use in the former lower provinces, particularly in the vicinity of Frejus and Antibes. About four weeks previous to Christmas, the youths of the village serenade all the young women, usually on the Saturday evening, in return for which honour each is obliged to present to the oldest of the youths, called *Aba*, a cake at Christmas, marked with her name. As no one ever neglects to fulfil the obligation, the second day of Christmas brings a splendid collection of the whole village, and the cakes are sold by auction in the following manner:—The *Aba* having mounted a small stage, on which the cakes are placed in baskets, elegantly decorated, he com-

mences, "A fine, light, sweet, delicious, charming plum-cake, number one, Maria Coutelon." The orator, then taking the cake in his hand, proceeds to expatiate on the beauty, notability, and other perfections of the maker. The bidding then commences, and the cake is finally consigned to the richest or most persevering among the bidders. In the same manner one number follows another, until all the cakes are sold; and the money thus produced is applied to a dancing fund.

The ceremonies of *New Year's Day*, are thus described by Miss Plumtree<sup>1</sup>. "As early in the morning as people can possibly dress themselves in proper visiting attire, they set out on a round of visits to relations and friends, to wish them a happy new year, and to present them with *bonbons*. The relations are first visited, beginning with those nearest in affinity, then those that are further removed and lastly come the friends and acquaintance. It is a contest of politeness on this occasion which shall start first, and anticipate the call of a relation or friend.

"The shops of the confectioners are dressed up on the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and bunches of ribbands or flowers. The counters are covered over with a nice table-cloth, and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and bonbons, made up into pyramids, castles, columns, or any form which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening they are illuminated for the reception of company who come to buy their bonbons for the next day. Endless are the devices for things in

<sup>1</sup> Residence in France, Vol. II. p. 161.



which they are to be inclosed; there are little boxes baskets made of satin ornamented with gold, silver or foil;—balloons,—books,—fruit, such as apples, pears, oranges,—or vegetables, such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, an onion; any thing in short, which can be made with a hollow within to hold the bonbons; but the most prevailing device is that is called a *cornet*, that is a little cone ornamented in different ways with a bag to draw over the large end and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one livre to fifty, the bonbons are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them, and by those who do not they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but bonbons some way or other must be presented. In these visits to friends, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New-year's day is passed; dinner is given by some member of the family to the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas-day with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred.

“The decorations of the confectioners' shops remain till Twelfth-day; when there is a ceremony of drawing twelfth-cake, though somewhat varied from the mode in England. The cake is very plain in its composition, being not better than what we should call a bun, only large, so as to cut into slices. In one part a bean is introduced; and the person who draws the slice that has the bean in it is king or queen, according to the sex of the person by whom it is drawn. Every one then drinks to the health of the new sovereign, who receives the homage of the company for the evening. The

rest of the company have no name or title of distinction."

The most magnificent *procession* at Marseilles is that of *St. Ferreol*. The houses are decorated with streamers to the very tops; and the public way is crossed by cords, on which are suspended numberless flags of various colours. The ships are always ornamented with flags and streamers. The procession passes under several arches, hung with boughs, before it stops at the altars or resting-places, which are covered with flowers: every thing concurs to give to this solemnity an air of cheerfulness. The eye dwells with pleasure on the garlands of beautiful flowers, the green boughs, and the emblem of the Divinity, contained in the flags of the procession. The attendants are extremely numerous; every gardener carries his wax taper, ornamented with the most rare and beautiful flowers; he has also the vegetables and fruits with which heaven had blessed his labour, and sometimes he bears some nests of birds.

The *butchers* also make a part of this procession clothed in long tunics, and with a hat à la *Henri IV* armed with a hatchet or cleaver; they lead a fat ox dressed with garlands and ribbands and with gilded horns, like the ox at the carnival: his back is covered with a carpet, on which sits a pretty child dressed as *St. John the Baptist*. During the whole week, which precedes the festival, the butchers lead about this animal: they first take him to the police, where they pay a duty, and then their collection begins, which is very productive: every one wishes to have the animal in his house; and it is a prevailing superstition among the people, that the

will have good luck throughout the year if this last leave any trace of his visit, however dirty it may be. The ox is killed on the day after the festival. The child generally lives but a short time; exhausted by the fatigue which he has suffered, and the caresses which he has received, and sickened by the sweetmeats with which he has been crammed, he languishes, and often falls a victim.

A number of young girls, clothed in white, their heads covered with veils, adorned with flowers, and decorated with ribbands of a uniform colour, are next in the procession. Children, habited in different manners, recall the ancient "Mysteries." Several young women are dressed as nuns; these are St. Ursula, St. Rosalia, St. Agnes, St. Teresa, &c. The handsomest are clothed as Magdalens; with their hair dishevelled on their lovely faces, they look with an air of contrition on a crucifix which they hold in the hand: others appear in the habit of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, whose whole time is devoted to the service of the sick. Young boys fill other parts; such as angels, abbots, monks: among whom may be distinguished St. Francis, St. Bruno, St. Anthony, &c. In the midst of the shepherds marches the little St. John, but half-covered with a sheep's-skin, like the picture of his precursor; he leads a lamb decked with ribbands, a symbol of the Saviour who offered himself for us, and died for the remission of our sins. The streets are strewed with flowers; numerous choristers carry baskets full of roses and yellow broom, which they throw on a given signal, before the host or holy sacrament: they strew some of these on the ladies who sit in rows to see the procession; these also have baskets of flowers on their knees, which they



offer to the host; they amuse themselves with covering the young virgins and little saints with the flowers. The sweet scents of the roses, the cassia, the jessamine, the orange, and the tuberose, mingled with the odour of the incense, almost overpower the senses. The procession proceeds to the port, and it is there that the ceremony presents a sublime character: the people fill the quays; all the decks are manned with seamen, dressed in their best blue jackets, their heads uncovered, and their red caps in their hands. All bend the knee to the God of the Universe: the seamen stretch out their hands towards the prelate, who, placed under a canopy, gives the benediction: the most profound silence reigns among this immense crowd. The benediction received, every one rises instantaneously; the bells begin to ring, the music plays, and the whole train takes the road to the temple from which they came.

The taste for processions is so universal, that the spectacle lasts the whole day, beginning at half-past seven in the morning. As soon as it is over, the ladies quit their seats, and run to hear some musical entertainment; the men go to the orchestra to chat with the female performers, or to applaud the gambols of some favourite dancer. Similar religious ceremonies take place throughout Provence; they only differ according to the circumstances and riches of the place; but they have every where the same character.

There are many curious popular dances, as the *farandoulo*, morris-dance, and others in imitation of the *volero*, whose only merit is to shew the pliability of the feet, knees, and hips, and is a continuation of licentious attitudes.

Besides these amusements, the stranger will occasionally be interested by some such exhibition as following, in some of the principal squares.



It represents the manner of punishing small faults and petty offences, and is a very proper substitute for the cruel *pillory*, but lately abolished in England. The nature of the crime is written on a board and placed over the head of the individual; the punishment consists in this, and being exposed to the view, but not to the *barbarity*, of a flogging; for the space of an hour or two, according to the magnitude of the offence. The culprits are guarded by *gens-d'armes*, so that not the least insult can be offered to them. This mode of punishment prevails all over France, and is often seen at Paris, in very large cities, as Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, &c. &c.

The *Provençal language*, commonly spoken at Mar-

seilles, is a strange compound of Grecian, Roman, German, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, and modern French words. As a specimen of the language, we give a few of the most striking proverbs. Of a rough austere man, they say, *Es un Arabe* ; he is an Arab. Of a man of gallantry, *L'amourraoharie d'uno gat corriffado* ; he would be enamoured of a cat, if he had but a cap on. Speaking of a paltry inefficient measure, they say, *Es uno garbounado entre doueis violos* ; it is a carbonnade between the flame of two lamps. Of a person violently actuated by anger, *A coulèro tuaria un pan per un fournier* ; he would, in his fury, kill the bread instead of the baker. The qualities of the ass, the countryman's faithful companion, afford a numerous train of similes and proverbs ; one, of these is ; *Se l'a uno bueno ribe es par un murrut ay* ; the laziest ass gets the best morsel.

Of an intolerably stupid person they say, *Es pespes, coumo uno murailho mestrer* ; he is as thick as a foundation-wall. A lover calls his mistress *Madelicado* ; my pet ; or, *Ma bergiero*, my shepherdess ; the feminine gender always terminating in *o*. Of a man who derives great profit from any trifling thing and with little trouble, they say, *L'es sach un madono*, he has converted it into a milch-cow. Numerous and characteristic are the proverbs concerning the female sex : thus it is said, *Après tres jours l'on s'ennuegeo de fremos, d'hostes, et de pluega*. In three days one becomes weary of women, company and rain, &c. Other proverbs on this subject are *D'ausfeono, de chins, d'armo et d'amours, per u plesir mille doulours*. Birds, dogs, arms, and women, bring a thousand pains for every pleasure.



*Amours de courtesan ben de vielan, et fé de femelan  
oun deroun pas passat un an.* The love of a cour-  
ter, the inheritance of a miser, and the fidelity of  
a woman, evaporate in a year. *La fremo et la  
astagno de fouero bello dentro es la magagno.*  
Women and chesnuts are fair without and foul  
within. *Douis bouens jours à l'homé sur terro, quand  
rend monilbe et quand l'enterro.* A married man  
has two good days; that on which he marries,  
and that on which he buries his wife. *Oumbro  
l'homé, vau cen fremo.* The shadow of one man  
is of more worth than a hundred women. *Fremos  
telo, leis foou pas veiné a la candelò.* Women and  
men must not be viewed in the daylight. Another  
remarkable expression is the famous *Ti cali un  
asséour.* I will give you a box on the ear. It is,  
however worthy of remark, that the blow always  
precedes the threat. Other characteristic proverbs  
are the following: *Que a ben dinat, creis leis autreis  
douls.* Those who have eaten heartily, think others  
must be satisfied. *Jour passat jour gagnat.* A day  
passed is a day gained. *Lauso la mar, ten ti en terro.*  
Raise the sea, and stay on the land.

Nothing can be more comical than to hear  
French pronounced with the provincial accent;  
*us haut* is changed into *bissau*; *verser* into *vesser*;  
*potter* into *fretter*; *peu* into *bau*, &c. Still more  
laughable is it when whole words and proverbs  
are intermingled with pure French; as *j'ai vu  
me fess*, instead of *j'ai vu une fois*; or *j'ai  
acheté une trousse cu*, instead of *achetée une port-  
ée*. *Trou* is substituted for *trop*, and *vid* for *vie*.  
The best of all is, *Madame l'a fait sans mettraire*,  
which signifies only, *Madame l'a fait de bonne grace*;

the last being expressed by the provincial sense *mautaire*.

It is inconceivable how much the women of Provence can express with a word of two syllables, *nani*; they have twenty modulations of it at least:—Sharp and quick!—you may rely on it the fair one is really angry!—The first syllable long and the last hardly audible! now again you may hope a little!—Both syllables slowly pronounced! I wish you joy! It is the affirmation of affirmations!

The following is the Lord's Prayer in the Provençal language:

“*Nouastre Païre què sias ou ciele, que vouastre noum siegue sanctificat; què vouastre rouyaoumè nous arribè. Que vouastre voulounta siegue facho su la terro, coumo din lou ciele. Dounas nou encui nouastre pan de cade jou. Pardounas nou nou astrei ooufensos coumo lei pardounan à n'aquelei que nous an ooufensas. E nou lèiszez pa sucumba a la tentation: mai delivra nou doou maou. En sin sie.*”

The first volume of *Sismondi's Literary History of the South of Europe*, contains an interesting sketch of Provençal poetry, with numerous specimens. English translations of the poetry of the Troubadours may be found in Mrs. Dobson's History.

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From *Marseilles*, the traveller may proceed by water to almost any port of Italy; to Leghorn in a very short time, and save much land-carriage; or he may go from Antibes or Nice to Genoa, if it be his design to visit Italy, by the route of Provence,

instead of crossing the Alps. We shall now visit TOULON.

No. 10. From MARSEILLES to TOULON,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  posts, about 41 English miles.

| FROM                  | POSTS.         | FROM              | POSTS. |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------|--------|
| MARSEILLES to Aubagne | 2              | Cujes to Beausset | 2      |
| Cujes                 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | TOULON (1)        | 2      |

The road, for some distance, on quitting Marseilles, is inclosed between walls, but after we pass the village of St. Masrel, it becomes open and beautiful, coasting the Beaune. *Aubagne* is a neat little town, situated on this river, has some antiquities in its neighbourhood, and a commerce in wine and pottery. Population 5,600. Corn, wine, oil, capers, and silk, are produced in great abundance, for the size of the territory; the *vin de Muscat*, both red and white, known by the name of *Calvoisie d'Aubagne*, is deservedly celebrated.

Aubagne was the birth-place of the Abbé Barthelemy, the celebrated author of *Anacharsis's travels*. He had a house in the neighbourhood, which is still in the possession of one of his descendants. While at Aubagne, the traveller of taste will undoubtedly devote a day to the examination of the beautiful valley of *Gemenos*, a continued series of corn, vines, olive, fig, almond and other fruit-trees, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The village stands at one end of the vale, and near it a chateau in a fine situation. This place is immortalized by DE LILLE, who calls it

INNS.—(1) Cross of Malta, Golden Cross.



riant Gemenos, vallon fortuné, and thus apostrophizes it :

Lieu charmant ! trop heureux qui dans ta belle plaine,  
 Ou l'hiver indulgent attiédit son haleine,  
 Au sein d'un doux abri peut, sous ton cièl vermeil,  
 Avec tes orangers partager ton soleil,  
 Respirer leurs parfums, et comme leur verdure,  
 Meme au sen des frimats defier la froideur !

The little valley of St. Pons, close to the village of Gemenos, about two miles in length, is preferred by some persons to the far famed *Vaucluse* : yet we do not think them fair subjects of comparison; one is very beautiful, the other grand and striking. In the middle of the valley are the ruins of a convent of nuns, of the Cistercian order. Returning to *Aubagne*, and proceeding thence on our road to Toulon, the next town is *Cujes*, remarkable for the numerous caper plantations in its neighbourhood. From this place to the valley of Le Beausset, one continued vineyard, the road gradually ascends, and is, in some parts, very beautiful. *Beausset* is a large bourg, and has manufactures of cloth, calicoes, dyers-houses and glass-houses : an abundance of olives in the neighbourhood. A dreary and desolate scene now presents itself, and a rosemary bush is quite a variety ; at length the road becomes narrower, is covered with fragments of rocks, and we enter the sublime mountain-pass of *Ollioules*.

The chalky declivities have not the least appearance of verdure ; the road is very steep, and is continually winding ; the naked rocks, inaccessible even to the wild goat, seem by their hanging positions to threaten the traveller, and often deprive him of the sight of the heavens. The ground is

rewed with fragments of basaltic rocks, which since the existence of ancient volcanoes. Every object concurs to augment the horror of the place, which might well be taken for one of the entrances to the infernal regions. When the traveller comes out of this passage he soon leaves the rocks behind him, and views fields covered with the pine and the olive; and meadows enriched with the almond and the fig-tree; and although the place has still a wild appearance, it seems to be the boundary between Erebus and Elysium.

At the mouth of this valley, and the entrance of the beautiful and fertile plain where Toulon is situated, we first perceive *Ollioules*. The walls are built with fragments of basalt, which gives them a blackish appearance; but the country is beautiful. There we see many of the villas or country houses of the inhabitants of Toulon, which are in proportion as numerous as those of the Marseillois; while charming gardens meet the sight in every direction, and the most delightful scents perfume the air. Orange, lemon, citron, and date-trees, attain the greatest perfection in the open ground; the olive flourishes in abundance; and it is to the culture of these trees that the place owes its name. The oils which they produce are not of a very good quality; but they are very useful for the soap manufactories, of which there are several at *Ollioules*. The dried figs of this place are in much esteem.

In leaving the town the road is very stony, and fatiguing to travellers; but we are soon compensated for this by the cheerfulness of the landscape with which we are surrounded. We presently come to a hill, whence we have a fine prospect of

fields covered with caper-trees, the open sea, the roadstead of Toulon, with the city and its forts.

TOULON, situated on the Mediterranean, has one of the largest and best ports in Europe, for men of war, consisting of the old and new ports connected by a canal, and covered towards the north by lofty mountains, and defended by castles and batteries. Louis XII. constructed the new port, to which there is a magnificent arsenal, containing every thing requisite for the equipment of ships. The streets of the upper or old town are narrow and disagreeable, while those of the lower, or new town, are airy and well built, and are refreshed and kept clean by numerous fountains, supplied with water from the neighbouring mountains.

The *climate* of Toulon is milder and more healthy than that of Marseilles; it is true, the summers are hot, but there is always a salubrious sea-breeze. The winters are four and six degrees milder, the town being almost entirely protected from the cold winds. Every thing ripens three or four weeks earlier; indeed, a great part of the southern vegetation, as date-trees, stand the winter in the open air. For a residence, it is almost as dear as Marseilles.

The principal objects worthy of attention at Toulon are the marine arsenal, the timber-yards, forges, *corderie*, where the rope is made, built of stone, and 1000 feet in length; the *depôt* for masts and sails, the magazine of arms, partly destroyed by the English when they evacuated Toulon, in 1793, but now rebuilt; and the celebrated *dock*, constructed by M. Grogard. It is a deep basin, inclosed in brick-work, of the form of a line of



little ship, its length is 300, and its breadth 100 French feet. In the front is a sluice-gate, or lock, capable of being opened and shut at pleasure, and at the back a building with 84 large pumps; by means of the former, the basin is filled with water for bringing the ships in, and by the latter it is emptied for repairing them.

The exercising ground, called the *Champ de bataille*, where the soldiers perform their evolutions is a handsome square, surrounded with a double row of poplars and aspen-trees. We should also visit the fort Joubert; the *maison commune*, on the quay Marchand; the two colossal caricatures of the consuls, which support the balcony, are the work of the celebrated Puget, who, having been offended by the two consuls, cut their likeness so well in stone, that the whole town immediately acknowledged the strong resemblance which they bore to the originals. Other objects of curiosity are a military arsenal, the lazaretto, the *ci-devant* cathedral, from the tower of which there is a beautiful view of the coast, the roads, ports, dock-yards, &c.; the *ci-devant* seminary, a fine building, and the *galerie*, a receptacle for the galley-slaves or convicts, who are now sent to Marseilles. Toulon has a maritime prefect, a school of navigation, and a tribunal of commerce. Population about 20,000. The trade consists in wine, brandy, oil, capers, figs, raisins, almonds, oranges, jujubes, and other excellent fruits; manufactures of soap, common cloth, and taffeteis.

Toulon is, upon the whole, an extremely agreeable residence. The promontories, the sea-shore, the neighbouring hills, and indeed the whole of the

environs afford the most charming walks. The naturalist may here find important objects of contemplation in the fish, the shells, the insects, and in the curious fossils which abound in the calcareous mountains; while the botanist may enrich his herbarium with various interesting indigenous plants, as well as with many elegant and curious exotics. A great number of these foreign specimens are successfully cultivated in private gardens, but chiefly in the public botanical garden, just without the town, near the gate of Paris.

A very pleasant aquatic excursion may be made to the peninsula of St. Mandrie. "This peninsula," says an accurate observer, "is about two thousand paces wide, and about a league in length; it is divided from cape Sepet, and the fort, by an arm of the sea flowing majestically along, like a fine stream. The house at which I resided, situated on the declivity of a hill, between the roads and the town, must not be passed over without a more minute description.

"You land on a fine green lawn, encompassed with gravel to resist the waves; by a gentle acclivity you are led through vines and olives to the garden-door; from whence you discover the house embosomed in jasmine, olives, and pomegranates; here, seated on a shady terrace, you may copiously inhale an accumulation of odours, borne to you on the breezes of the sea; beyond this is a hollow filled with tuberose, Arabian jasmines, *Heliotropium*, *Mignonette*, &c. and shaded by palm, pistachio, and cordia trees: farther on you meet with a walk formed by a double row of orange and pomegranate trees, leading to a cool grove of *Pinus maritima*, aspen, and poplar trees.

‘ At the back of the house you ascend a fine eminence, at whose extremity rises hill above hill, clothed with vineyards and fig-trees; these are succeeded by an odoriferous vegetation of rosemary, myrtle, broom, &c. till having attained the summit, you rest under the friendly shade of firs and larches.

‘ Should you feel disposed to climb another mountain, you will have gained the highest point of the peninsula, where, from the hermitage you command an unbounded view, including the vale of Toulon, the roads, and part of the ocean, as far as the islands of Hyeres.”

*Valette*, about four miles from Toulon, is a pretty rural retreat; and *Hyeres*, distant twelve miles, is one of the most eligible residences in the south of France, in point of climate. The road to Hyeres is very indifferent, but we are amply repaid by the beauty of the country, the surrounding landscape, being every where ornamented with olive and fig-trees. We cross a beautiful valley, watered by a ruisseau, which forms a great many falls from the points of the rocks over which it runs, and which is clothed with some species of laurel, *Laurus nobilis*; and *Nerion oleander*; on the left is an eminence, termed by the peasants the *Colline noire*, and a small but uncommonly fertile valley, appropriately named *le Paradis*.

The plain of Hyeres next appears in sight, covered with palm-trees; the road which runs through it is very agreeable, and shaded by olive and fig-trees, while several rivulets fertilize the adjoining fields. The palm-trees, which we perceive at a distance, point out to us the site of the town of



*Hyeres*, which is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a mountain, that defends the whole plain, which stretches to the sea from the influence of the north wind. The summit of the mountain is bare, and cleft in several places so as to give it the appearance, when viewed from a distance, of a fort intended to protect the city which, on the whole, has rather a disagreeable aspect, owing to the streets being straight, gloomy and steep. There were formerly a great number of convents in the city.

Towards the base of the mountain are situated the most modern houses, the principal street, the squares, and the inns where those strangers stop who are attracted to Hyeres by the mildness of the climate; and in this direction there are also several celebrated gardens. Except in this lower part they have ceased to build, and the ancient town is now almost deserted. From thence, as far as the plain which borders the sea, the declivity of the hill though gentle, is yet sufficient to shelter the orange trees from the influence of the north wind, and to facilitate the frequent irrigation necessary for the growth and support.

The *climate* of Hyeres is delicious, and infinitely more favourable to consumptive habits (from November to April) than any other part of Languedoc or Provence, the whole of which is subject, more or less, to the *mistrou*, vent de bize, or N. W. wind and to a considerable portion of severe weather. The snow is frequently three or four feet deep at Montpellier. Although the *mistrou* may be considered as the *flaming sword*, which forbids the invalid from venturing into this Southern Paradise.

it is not found *at every corner*. There are many tiny towns greatly protected from this wind between Avignon and Marseilles; and if the winter pent at Hyeres or Nice, and the summer, and of the autumn, at Montpellier, or almost any other place, the effects of wind and cold will be added altogether.

From the eminence on which the town is built, a gradual slope extends nearly three miles to the sea, all this space is one luxuriant wood of oranges. The vale is nearly circular, and the surrounding mountains are partly covered with fertile plantations of fruit-trees, evergreen-oaks, &c. Provisions are here of the best kind. The water is pure and light; the bread fine, and of a good flavour; there is an abundance of fish, venison and poultry, the mutton is particularly excellent. The strawberries, oranges, and pomegranates, as also the vegetables, particularly artichokes, are remarkably good.

Cow's milk and butter also may be easily procured. Wine, or whatever else a stranger may desire, is easily procured from *Toulon*, to which a conveyance goes daily. The walks, both in the land and round the mountains, are various and picturesque, abounding in romantic spots, in extensive and grand prospects of land and sea, depicted in the most brilliant colours. The *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs* is the best inn. The population is about 10,000. There are commonly a few English families who winter in the environs of Hyeres, for the sake of the climate. There cannot be a more delightful retirement for those who stand in need of repose, and a mild salubrious air.

Là *jamais* les plus grand hivers  
 N'ont pu leur declarer la guerre:  
*Cet heureux coin de l'Univers*  
 Les a toujours beaux, toujours verds,  
 Toujours fleuris en pleine terre.

The chief exports from Hyeres, are oil, wine, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, which are sent almost exclusively to Marseilles and Toulon. It has also some salt works. Oranges alone are so productive that two guineas will purchase a thousand. The Hyeresians are distinguished for refinement and gentleness of manners; they understand the management of the sick, even to the most trifling minutiae, but much as they depend upon strangers, they always regard them as sacred. The three islands of Hyeres, called Porquerolles, Porticros, and du Levant, which are seen from the town, will offer much amusement and information, particularly to the botanist<sup>1</sup>, agriculturist, and mineralogist. Near the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Consolation, on a hill, a fine view of the sea and surrounding country worthy the pencil of the first masters. Hyeres has been the birth place of many illustrious characters, among whom we may rank *P. Raynard*, who rejected a bishoprick; and the celebrated *Massillon*.

A recent traveller, in his "Recollections of Hyeres," has afforded us an interesting picture of this agreeable spot. "The environs of Hyeres form a singular mixture of cultivated country and waste of land and sea, islands and promontories, hills

<sup>1</sup> They produce a number of rare plants; among others, *Teucrium marum* ( *Teucrium marum* ) the most powerful of all the European aromatics.



ad plains. Here you enjoy the rare advantage of being able to stroll wherever you please, because the gardens only are inclosed with hedges. When I left my residence, I said to myself: I will ascend a mountain"—and in a few hours I was on its summit. In my solitary rambles I consulted the winds as though I were going upon the water. I sought places sheltered from storms, and contrived to find spring in the midst of winter. Near the town the periwinkle, *vinca pervinca*, L. adorned the small streams bordering the roads. In January the pale colour of this flower was the only token of the inclement season. As the spring approached, its blue became deeper. If I rambled on the side towards the islands, I had to pass through rectilinear plantations of olive-trees, between long stripes of wheat of the most beautiful verdure, which alternated with the brown leafless vine-stocks. The pale green of the olive trees, their light shade, and above all, the gentle motion of their branches, which, yielding to every wind, waved without noise to and fro, gave me some idea of the fields of Elysium. Before I was aware of it, I reached the uncultivated waste. Numerous foot-paths led in all directions over the hills through woods of shrubs, which elsewhere we should be glad to find in gardens. I kept gradually rising above the plain without perceiving that I was ascending. The sea-pine soon began to spread its green over my head. I wandered from path to path through groups of luxuriant rosemary, cistus, bell-flowers, and more than all, of myrtles, growing in the shifting shade of young pines; I enjoyed at the same time the fineness of the day and the

warmth of the sun. On reaching the summit of the hill I beheld at my feet the sea, the islands, with all the little bays and promontories which indent the coast and I heard the roaring of the waves and the rustling of the wind among the pines of the wilderness.

“ Reclined or seated upon the ground, I took delight, in the midst of winter, in listening to the hum of the bees, and in watching the evolutions of the flies. It seemed as if these creatures, though of so different a nature, were paying their homage to the sun as well myself. The sea coast is an absolute solitude. Nothing is to be seen but some scattered villas which have been forsaken on account of the war. The sea too is deserted; not a ship glides across it. The rocks and the outlines of the shores are marked by the white foam of its billows. The islands, are uninhabited, and bare of trees. Upon the nearest island only are to be seen the ruins of a modern castle, and some towers which formerly served as retreats from pirates and Corsairs. The other three islands were deserted at an earlier period.

“ One of the highest hills of the coast is covered with small prickly oaks, which, the nearer you approach the top appear more and more like shrubs. I was astonished to find that I could walk upon an oak wood as well as upon the green turf. The acorns of these dwarf trees were of the usual size and I met with some that were one-sixth as long as the trees that bore them.

“ These views of a nature so rich in itself are perpetually changing. When you are over the summit of a hill and have turned your back on the

at, a new country opens upon you: mountains meet your eye instead of the ocean plain. The most prominent object in the fore-ground of the landscape is the rock whereon is seated the town of Hyères, which with its modern ruins and the ruins of the ancient castle that crown it, has a tolerably picturesque appearance. This white town, rising on a gray, and somewhat pyramidal rock, seems to be a large place. At a distance you would scarcely believe the smallness of the population and the poverty that prevails here. The finest buildings are now mere ruins. The good houses are all without the walls, as is the case with most of the towns in the south of France, which are surrounded with handsome villas, gardens, and walks, while the places themselves are relinquished to indigence and filth. The delicious climate is all that there is to enjoy. The rich valley of Hyères also seems more populous than it is. Half of the town itself is abandoned and lies in ruins. Many of the country-houses are in the same state, but still figure in the landscape.

There were formerly at Hyères, two date palms, upwards of 100 years old. The one perished by the severity of the winter in 1789. The other survived a frost which killed the orange trees. The dates produced by these trees were so ripe, that there are at present a great number of palm trees sprung from them at Hyères, which proves that its climate is much warmer than that of Greece, where, according to Theophrastus, the fruit of the palm is always sterile. The *yam* thrives at Hyères, and will perhaps become an object of cultivation."—See



Mr. Bonstetten's Recollections of Hyeres, in the New Monthly Magazine for June and July, 1817.

In passing through this fine country, however it behoves the traveller to remember that the Provençal peasants are in general little worthy of trust; those in the vicinity of Toulon are particularly crafty and deceitful. If you enquire the way to any place, they will either not answer, or endeavour to mislead you. If in travelling you stand in need of any assistance, they will laugh; if you are in danger, they will continue their route. If a traveller parched by thirst, should pull a grape, he may esteem himself fortunate if this slight indiscretion does not draw on him a cudgelling, or induce the proprietor to fire upon him. Their cries resemble those of a tiger; their vivacity is rage. Their quarrels are often productive of serious consequences; for they frequently retaliate upon each other by giving a blow with a stick, a stone, or thrust with a knife; which often proves fatal. He who committed the crime, on becoming calm, reflects not on the atrocity of the action, but on the consequences to be apprehended from it. He abandons his victim, whom he might have assisted, and often dispatches him, in order to avoid detection. His resolution is soon taken; he flies, and posted in some secret hiding place, darts upon the unwary traveller, whom he plunders, and frequently even assassinates. Such is the conduct of the banditti, who sometimes infest the roads of Provence.

From Hyeres, we may proceed direct to *Frejus* and thence to Nice; but as the route is very bad and mountainous, and the greater part of it can

ly be performed on horseback, we recommend the traveller to return to TOULON, and thence to join the high road to *Nice* at *Luc*, described in our Itinerary, No. 9.

p. 11. From TOULON to LUC,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  posts ; about 36 English miles.

| FROM                    | POSTS.         |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| TOULON to Solliés ..... | 2              |
| Pignans .....           | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Luc .....               | 2              |

The village of *Solliés* has a paper and soap manufactory; and the Bourg of Pignans has also paper-mills and flatting-mills. At *Luc* there are several tanners, and silver and lead mines in the neighbourhood; the village of *Muy* has oil-mills, tanners, &c. Between *Luc* and *Frejus*, a new feature in the landscape presents itself; the great American aloe (*agave Americana*) growing in immense tufts on the rocks, as the house-leek does with us.

*Frejus*, remarkable for the abundance of its fruits, the fertility of its soil, and the insalubrity of its climate, possesses some remains of Roman grandeur; the ruins of an arch, an aqueduct, a temple, and an amphitheatre. On the walls of the last is found in abundance the *lichen roccella* (orchall) so valuable for dying red and purple. Cæsar aggrandised and embellished this city, the antient capital of the *tribii*: on which account it is called *Forum Julii*, whence its modern name of *Frejuls*, now pronounced *Frejus*. Augustus finished the port that Cæsar had begun; and he placed in this a colony of soldiers of the eighth legion, which procured it

the surname of *Colonia Octavianorum*. This port must have been of great extent, since Augustus sent to it three hundred vessels that he had taken from Anthony at the battle of Actium. The fleet which the emperor kept here, served to defend the whole Mediterranean coast as far as Marseilles. That city likewise served them for an arsenal. Amethysts, crystals, and the red and white jasper, are seen in its neighbourhood. It is equally celebrated in modern times, for being the place from which, in 1814, that sport of fortune, NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE embarked to take possession of his new dominions in Elba.

In the year 1799 also, *Frejus* was the port at which he entered France, after his signal discomfiture in Egypt, and escaping many dangers in his passage. The commerce of *Frejus* consists in cork, leather, soap, canes, and reeds. There are also some extensive potteries and distilleries, and the anchovy fishery in the gulph is very productive. This commences towards the latter end of spring, or at the beginning of summer. The fishers carry with them chafing dishes, in which they kindle clear fires with the chips of resinous wood. On the anchovies approaching they extinguish them, and beat the water, upon which the fish, wishing to escape, immediately retire, and are caught in the nets, with which they are surrounded. The anchovies are eaten fresh; but the greater part are salted. For this purpose, after removing the head and entrails, they salt the fish, and put them into barrels, with alternate layers of salt and fennel. Population 2,200. *Frejus* gave birth to JULIUS AGRICOLA,



ose virtue and moderation are justly eulogized by friend and relation, TACITUS.

Nothing can be more varied or picturesque than the passage across the mountains to Antibes; the road is every where lined with jessamines, myrtles, bougainvilles, and the most curious plants. The mountains and forest of the Esterelle, are highly interesting. Cannes, though fertile, is yet more unhealthy than Frejus. Its insalubrity is indeed so great, that according to a popular saying, *even the chickens take the fever*. The people employed in the distillery are obliged to be changed every six months; and the inspector lives at St. Tropez, whence he proceeds in a bark, when his presence is necessary. Oranges are here cultivated *for the sake of the flowers*, which are sold to the perfumers of Grasse and Nice, in great quantities. This coast is almost wholly covered with a very curious marine production, *zostera marina*, which grows in great abundance every where along the shores of the Mediterranean. Eaten with salt, it affords an excellent salad.

At Cannes, it was, that Napoleon landed on his return to France, in 1815. "The troops were disembarked by five in the evening, on the beach at Cannes; the emperor was the last to leave the brig. Napoleon took some refreshment and repose in a pavilion, which was prepared for him in a meadow surrounded by olive trees, near the shore, where a tall column was raised to commemorate the event, and where they used to show the table on which he was served. The emperor previously calling Berthier, asked him if he knew what cavalry regiments had been embarked at Elba? the colonel

told him, he knew nothing of the matter, and that he himself had not brought one. "Well," replied Napoleon, "I have brought four horses; let us divide them. I fear I must have one: as you command my cavalry, you must have another. Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambrone must settle about the other two as well as they can." The horses had been landed some way farther down, so that the bivouac being broken up, Napoleon and his staff proceeded to the spot on foot. The emperor walked alone, interrogating some peasants whom he met. Termanouski and the generals followed, carrying their own saddles. When they found the horses, Bertrand, the grand marshal, refused to take one; he said he would walk. Drouot followed his example. Cambrone and Molat were the other two mounted officers. The emperor then gave Colonel Termanouski a handful of Napoleons, and ordered him to procure some horses for immediate use. The colonel bought fifteen, giving any thing the peasants asked. These were harnessed to three pieces of cannon which were brought from Elba and to a coach<sup>1</sup>, given to her brother by the Princess Pauline. News came of the failure at Antibes. "We have made a bad beginning," said the emperor; "but we have nothing to do but to march as fast as we can, and get to the passes before the news of our arrival." The moon rose, and Napoleon, with his invading army, moved forward at eleven o'clock. They marched all night: the peasants of the villages through which they passed said nothing—they stared, shrugged up their shoulders,

<sup>1</sup> Lately exhibited at the London Museum.

ers, and shook their heads, when they were told the emperor was returned. At Grasse, a town of 6000 inhabitants, where there was a report that pirates had landed, every thing was in a state of alarm. Shops and windows were shut, and the crowds in the streets, notwithstanding the national cockade, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, suffered the troops to march without a word or sign either of disapprobation or approval. They halted an hour on a hill above the town, and the soldiers began to look at each other with an air of doubt and dissatisfaction; when on a sudden a body of the towns people were seen coming towards them with provisions, and crying *Vive l'Empereur!* From this moment the people of the country seemed satisfied that the Emperor had landed, and his march was rather a triumph than an invasion."

From Cannes may be visited the *Isle of Marguerite*, whence the traveller may embark for *Antibes*, where he prefers a short excursion by water. The fort *Marguerite*, which answers the purpose of a state prison, has been celebrated in history, from the *king in the iron mask* having been some time confined within its walls: the chamber in which he was confined has only one casement, guarded with strong bars, and is still shown. *Marguerite* may be visited also from *Antibes*.

*Antibes*, called *Antiboul*, by the Provençals from *Antipolis*, is a small and ill-built city, but its port has a very elegant appearance; it recalls to our recollection that of *Ostia*, the figure of which has been preserved on the medals of Nero, which was surrounded by porticoes. It is of a round form, provided with a quay, and a range of circular ar-



cares. An extensive prospect may be had from the rampart. This city had formerly two aqueducts, that which brought the waters of Biot still exists. The heights above Antibes afford a most magnificent prospect. The eye wanders over the city, the port, the fortifications, constructed by Vauban, the gulph and the coast, which is prolonged in the form of a semicircle; we perceive hills, covered with houses in the midst of which stands the city of Nice; and in the back-ground rise the vast mountains of the *Maritime Alps*, capped with snow, during great part of the year.

The fish caught on the shores of Antibes is highly esteemed. The Sardinias (*clupea sprattus* L.) are reckoned delicious. This fish, which takes its name from the island of Sardinia, is eaten, either fresh, smoked, dried, or preserved, in the manner of anchovies. There is also found on this coast the red mullet (*mullus ruber* Lacép.) so highly valued by the Romans, that they bartered them for their weight in gold, as well as another species of mullet, for which the Greek and Roman epicures displayed an equal avidity. These fishes are sometimes taken in the ocean, but they are neither so abundant nor so delicate as those in the Mediterranean, and especially on the coast of Provence, which also teems with a great variety of other excellent fish.

The females at Antibes wear a singular kind of head-dress, or straw hat, in the form of a truncated cone, resembling a Chinese bonnet, which equally protects them from the sun and the rain.

There are some charming rides along the beach at Antibes, which is smooth and firm. The corn is in ear before the end of April: the cherries are al-

not ripe at this time, and the figs begin to blacken.  
Population 4,200.

The most curious monument at Antibes is that of the young Septentrio. The inscription is singular; it is set into the wall, at the corner of the street which leads to the church; and runs thus—

D. M.

PVERI SEPTENTRI  
ONIS ANNOR XII QVI  
ANTIPOLI IN THEATRO  
BIDVO SALTAVIT ET PLA  
CVIT

That is, “To the memory of the infant Septentrio, aged twelve, who danced twice at the theatre of Antibes, with the greatest applause.”

It is probable, that this youth, perhaps fatigued by the exertions he had made to merit the suffrages of the Antipolitans, during these two days, had died in their city, and that the inhabitants intended by this epitaph to record the regret they experienced at his loss, and the approbation with which they beheld his talents.

On leaving Antibes, the road continues along the coast; on the left are Biot, les Mausettes, and Villeuve, till we arrive at *Cagnes*. Many rivers are passed, and at *St. Laurent-du-bar*, we cross the *Var*, over a long wooden bridge: this river may be forded, but the current is sometimes so rapid as to endanger the safety of carriages and horses. We now leave France, and enter *PIEDMONT*, the territory of the king of *SARDINIA*, and soon arrive at *N.E.*

Heureux séjour, montagnes renommées,  
 De lavande, de thyme, de citron parfumées ;  
 Que de fois sous tes plants d'oliviers toujours verts,  
 Dont la paleur s'unit au sombre azur des mers,  
 J'égarai mes regards sur ce theatre immense !  
 Combien je jouissais !

DE LILLE.

NICE is situated in a small plain, bounded on the west by the river Var, which divides it from Provence; on the south by the Mediterranean sea, which comes up to the walls; on the north by the Maritime Alps, rising by degrees into lofty mountains, forming an amphitheatre, and ending at Monte Albano, which projects into the sea, and overhangs the town to the east. The river Paglion, which is supplied by the rains or melting of the snows, washes the walls of the city, and falls into the sea on the west. Nice is about a mile and a half in length and a mile in breadth; yet it is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The antient splendour of Nice has suffered much from its various sieges, and particularly from the Revolution. Nice has two squares, a university, hospital, botanical garden, theatre and public library. There is also a handsome terrace near the sea.

House rent is dear in Nice, particularly in the *Croix de Marbre*, the usual resort of the English. A tolerable house in the suburbs, furnished, and large enough to hold twelve or fifteen persons, could not be hired, for five or six months, for less than £150; with these, are delightful gardens, abounding in orange, lemon, almond, and peach-trees, but the oranges never belong to the person who hires the house. Provisions have increased greatly in price, particularly butcher's meat, since the Re-



olution. In the year 1790 and 1791, meat was sold for three-halfpence and two-pence a pound of 12 ounces: and a hare, fowl, or brace of partridges, cost fifteen-pence. The prices now fluctuate, according to the number of strangers in the town. Woodcocks are abundant and extremely delicious. There are also red-legged partridges, the Moor-cock, pheasant, and hare. The stag and roe-deer are sometimes met with. Pigeons are dear, rabbits rare, and geese scarcely to be seen. All winter they have green peas, asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, beans, kidney beans, endive, cabbage, mushrooms, lettuce, &c. &c.: potatoes from the mountains, mushrooms, and the finest truffles in the world. The winter fruits are olives, oranges, lemons, citrons<sup>1</sup>, dried figs, grapes, apples, pears, almonds, chesnuts, walnuts, filberts, medlars, pomegranates, azarole, and the berries of the laurel. There are caper-bushes wild in the neighbourhood, and some palm-trees, but the dates do not ripen well, probably from want of impregnation. In *May* there are wood strawberries, in the beginning of *June* the cherries, and these are succeeded by apricots and peaches. The grapes are large and luscious. Basket-lemons are very cheap, and they have water-melons from Antibes and Sardinia.

Wine is very good and cheap: both red and white may be had of the peasants, genuine, for sixpence a quart, when taken in quantity. The wine of Tavelle, in Languedoc, very nearly as good as burgundy, may be had for eight-pence a

<sup>1</sup> A thousand of either citrons or lemons may be had for a guinea.

bottle. The sweet wine of St. Laurent about a shilling, and pretty good Malaga for half the money. Wood for firing is about eight-pence a quintal, consisting of one hundred and fifty Nice pounds.

There is an endless variety of *insects* distributed over the plains and mountains of Nice; these are rather troublesome, even in winter, but the species met with on a walk on the mountains, afford to the naturalist a never failing source of amusement. The *tarantula* is found not only at Nice, but in some other places of Provence: it is now well known that the terrible effects attributed to this animal, are altogether imaginary.

The *Nissards* are in general mild, humane, peaceable, and complaisant. They are gay, lively, and pleasant in company; in a word, their manner upon the whole, are interesting, and congenial with the mildness of their climate. The men are well made, but thin; the women are not remarkable for their beauty. Balls are frequent in the winter, but the Carnival, which is scrupulously observed here is the gayest time of the year. Scenes of festive mirth are very general among the better classes of society and prove a source of pleasure and entertainment to the stranger. The diversions of all classes consist chiefly in dancing, singing, and music.

The dress of the females consists of a close jacket, ornamented, on gala-days, with ribands or bouquets; the petticoat is long, but, like the apron is without any ornament. The common people of both sexes, except at festivals, wear their hair bound with a green fillet. Towards Monaco, Ventimille, and the eastern and southern part of the

partment, the women sometimes fasten it at the back of their head with a gold or silver bodkin. The dress of the men is very becoming. They wear a small waistcoat which reaches to their girdle; above it a short habit of the same stuff, with short sleeves; the skirts of this coat are only four inches in length; a girdle of blue or red cloth encircles their waist; their breeches are of the same colour as their coat; and their stockings are of blue or brown woollen.

The climate of NICE is particularly favourable to valetudinarians *during the winter*, which is in general remarkably mild. The spring is subject to piercing winds, and the autumn is usually wet; the summer is hot, but not insupportably so. Verdure prevails even in the winter; the trees are loaded with flowers and fruit, and butterflies are everywhere seen fluttering. The highways even, in some parts, are bordered with a hedge of American aloes (*Aloe Americana*). If frost sometimes occurs, which only happens during the coldest days, it is but slight, and is soon dissipated by the influence of the sun. No climate possesses a more genial atmosphere, no soil a more smiling vegetation. The blossoms of the orange, the vine, and the laurel-rose, the infinite variety of flowers, plants, and shrubs, at all seasons of the year, lead us to exclaim—

VERTUMNE, POMONE, et ZEPHYRE,  
Avec FLORE y règnent toujours;  
C'est l'asyle de leurs amours,  
Et le trône de leur empire.

Such a temperature as this, has powerful attractions to the natives of northern regions—a sky ever clear,



serene, and bespangled during the night with innumerable stars, is peculiarly welcome to the Russian, the German, and the *Englishman*. From the time of Smollet, who first made known to our countrymen, the mildness of this delightful climate, it became the fashion to resort to Nice during the winter. But this hybernation was put an end to by the Revolution, and by the long and tedious wars which succeeded it.

The *language* of Nice, and that part of the department contiguous to the Var, is the dialect of *Provence*, mixed with a number of words derived from the Italian. The patois is not unintelligible to the inhabitants of Marseilles, though that of Monaco, only twelve miles from Nice, is entirely so. We have already given some specimens of the Provençal language at p. 204.

The *environs* of Nice are truly enchanting. The irregularity of seasons so detrimental to vegetation in other parts of the world, is here exchanged for a progress so uniform and imperceptible, that the tenderest plant appears to feel the change, and acquire new vigour by it. Every day brings forth another flower, every month its fruits, and every year a copious harvest. The light tinges of the spring yield to the brighter hues of summer; and autumn boasts of the deep crimson and the orange. Unexposed to the bleak influence of the north, the pendent grape soon comes to full maturity; the almond and the peach already tempt the taste; the citron and the orange promise an ample recompence for the toil of the husbandman. In the language of Lady Mary Montague, it may be said:

Here summer reigns with one eternal smile ;  
 Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.  
 Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent heaven,  
 Has every charm of every season given.  
 No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,  
 The springing flowers no coming winter fear ;  
 But as the parent rose decays and dies,  
 The infant buds with brighter colours rise,  
 And with fresh sweets, the mother's scent supplies <sup>1</sup>.

Though Nice is no longer a part of the kingdom France, we have described it at length, because it is the favourite retreat of invalids from England during the winter season, and it resembles Provence nearly in its climate, productions, and inhabitants, that it may still be accounted *geographically*, not politically, a part of this highly-favoured district.

Quitting *Nice* and returning to *Brignolles*, by the way we came, (see Itinerary No. 9) we shall make an excursion to the watering-place of *Digne*, deservedly celebrated for the almost miraculous cures which have been wrought here on *gun-shot wounds*.

12. From BRIGNOLLES to DIGNE,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  posts; about 70 English miles.

|                               | POSTS.         | FROM                     | POSTS.         |
|-------------------------------|----------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Brignolles to Barjols . . . . | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Riez to Begude . . . . . | 2              |
| Barjols to Digne . . . . .    | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Mezée . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Digne to Barjols . . . . .    | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | DIGNE . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |

*Barjols* is a small town with a population of 100 inhabitants, and has manufactures of paper,

To those who mean to reside at Nice during the winter, we recommend the purchase of *Dr. Davis's Account of Nice*, (which we are indebted.)

leather, and brandy. The next town which we see is *Riez* agreeably situated on the Colostre, and celebrated for its antiquities, the most remarkable of which are four superb columns of the Corinthian order, about a pistol shot from the town; not far from this spot, in the midst of the fields is a rotunda, composed of eight columns of the same order. *Riez* has manufactures of leather, and ropes. Population 2,950. Passing the valley of Colostre, we reach a vast plain covered with round stones, and here and there a nut and almond-tree scattered along it. Before we arrive at *Begude*, the road continues to ascend, and for the space of a mile, we traverse a forest of arbutuses, juniper trees, box and broom. Reach *Begude*, afterwards *Mezee*, and at length

*Digne*, which is situated in the midst of meadows, olive plantations, and vineyards, on the left bank of the Bléone. The streets are steep, winding, and narrow, and the houses wretched; but there is a fine public walk. The mineral waters, so celebrated for the cure of gun-shot wounds, are situated about two miles from the town. Near this place is the crater of an extinct volcano. *Digne* has a trade in dried fruits, and very fine plums. Population 3,350. From *Digne* we return to *Aix*, keeping the road to *Brignolles* as far as *Riez*.

No. 13. From *RIEZ* to *Aix*, 7 posts;  $38\frac{1}{2}$  English miles.

| FROM                               | POSTS.         | FROM                                     | POSTS.         |
|------------------------------------|----------------|------------------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>RIEZ</i> to <i>Greoux</i> ..... | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | <i>St. Paul</i> to <i>Peyrolles</i> .... | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| <i>St. Paul</i> .....              | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | <i>Aix</i> .....                         | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |



*Greoux* is a little bourg, possessing mineral waters, and a population of 1,200 inhabitants. *Peylles* is a small village near the Durance; here is a curious grotto, and a very pretty chateau. Descending a mountain, and traversing a wood, in a short time we arrive again at *Aix*.

## CHAPTER IV.

*From Aix to Montpellier.—Tarascon.—Excursion to Arles.—Description of Nîmes and Montpellier.—From Montpellier to Toulouse.—Béziers.—Narbonne.—Carcassonne.—Description of Toulouse.*

No. 14. From AIX to MONTPELLIER,  $20\frac{1}{4}$  posts; about 112 English miles.

| FROM                   | POSTS. | FROM                       | POSTS.         |
|------------------------|--------|----------------------------|----------------|
| Aix to St. Cannat..... | 2      | Carbussot to NISMES (¹) .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pont-Royal .....       | 2      | Uchau .....                | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Orgon .....            | 2      | Lunel .....                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| St. Remy.....          | 2      | Colombières.....           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Tarascon .....         | 2      | MONTPELLIER (²) .....      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Carbussot .....        | 2      |                            |                |

THE route from Aix to Orgon, we have already traversed, and described in a former page (see p. 162). Quitting Orgon, we leave the road to Avignon on our right, and that to Marseilles on our left; passing over a plain bounded on the left by mountains, which form a fine contrast with the verdant meadows, vineyards and gardens, of the territory of St. Remy, on our left. *St. Remy* is a small town agreeably situated, and has a population of 3,000 inhabitants. About half a mile from the town is the scite of *Glanum Livii*, a town which

INNS.—(¹) The Louvre, the Luxembourg, in the best situation. (²) White Horse, Hotel du Midi, Petit-Paris, Luxembourg.

ists only in name, where are two Roman monuments of great beauty, which have survived the fury of the Revolution; there is a good road to them. The one is a *mausoleum*, the other is a *triumphal arch*; they stand a few yards distant from each other; but it does not appear, that there ever was any connexion between them. They were, probably, built at very different periods of the art, the sculpture and architecture of the arch being much more chaste and perfect than those of the mausoleum; the latter is composed of a pedestal, ornamented in basso relievo with combats of cavalry and infantry, over which hangs a net full of fishes, and borne up by genii and masks; at each angle is placed an Ionic pilaster; this pedestal sustains a square mass, pierced through with an arch on each front, flanked by Corinthian columns; the architrave is charged with this inscription:

SEXLMIVLIEICFPARENTIBVSSVIS.

That is, "Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, sons of Julius Julieius, *erected this* to their parents."

The frieze is adorned with snakes and winged dragons; above, is a circular pedestal and colonnade of twelve fluted Corinthian pillars, short and thick in their proportions; the entablature is covered with a conical dome: under it appears a *togated* and *astolated* figure of very different stature, without hands, probably the effigies of the persons to whose memory this tomb was consecrated. The whole building is light and pleasing to the eye, but upon a close examination of its separate members, will be found faulty in many of its proportions; the columns are too short for their diameter, the roof is



too heavy ; perhaps, as was frequently the custom of the ancient masters, the architect sacrificed all consideration for the minuter parts to the general effect ; and calculated the proportions so as to produce a proper sensation on the beholder at some certain point of distance, where the situation of the ground, or the projection of adjacent buildings obliged him to take his stand to view it.

The *arch* has suffered severely by time and dilapidations ; all the upper part is destroyed, and only the gateway and a portion of the side-walls subsist. In both fronts the impost, from which the arch springs, rest upon pilasters, and on each side of them are fluted columns of the Corinthian order with their pedestals, which supported the general entablature, but scarce a third of the shafts remains. Between each pair of columns stands the figure of a slave, one male, the other female, and in the triangle above the arch are the fragments of two winged victories : the ceiling of the gateway is delicately wrought in hexagon compartments. All that is yet left of this venerable pile bespeaks the pure style of architecture, that flourishes under the first Roman emperors ; the science was then simple and correct, not yet sophisticated by that surcharge of ornament which debased and disfigured it in the following ages.

Saint Remy has given birth to two celebrated men, the astrologer Nostradamus, and the abbot Expilly, geographer. The following quaint distich has been made upon John and Michael Nostradamus :

Nostradamus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est  
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.

*Tarascon* is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Rhone, directly opposite to Beaucaire, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats, the river being too wide and rapid, to admit of any other description of bridge being built over it; even some of the boats are frequently carried away when the N.W. wind blows very strong: as there is no parapet to protect the traveller, it is not safe to pass over in a carriage if the weather be boisterous. Beaucaire is remarkable for its chateau, the antient residence of the Counts of Provence, and commonly called King René's castle. It is in very good preservation, and although used as a prison, is the principal ornament of the town. It is built of free-stone, in the Gothic style, and at the top, there is a platform, commanding a fine view of the Rhone. In St. Martin's church is a fine marble monument of that saint, and a curious grotesque figure called the Tarasque. The trade of Tarascon consists in corn, wine, brandy, silk, &c. Manufactures of silk, brandy, serge, cooperage. In a house called the *Adoubs*, there are more than two hundred persons constantly employed in making boats for the transport of salt in Provence, the Lyonnais, &c. Population 12,000. The air of the environs is temperate and healthy. The ground is more deficient in wood, than in verdure or grain, and is so light that a plough with one horse, or even an ass suffices for tillage. The women work much in the fields, and not a few of them without stockings or shoes, or even covering upon the head to screen them from the sun.

While at Tarascon, the traveller should not forget to pay a visit to the town of *Arles*, about eight

miles distant, remarkable for its antiquities, and remains of old manners and customs. Passing over a rich and fertile plain, we reach *Arles*, which at first sight presents nothing but an assemblage of narrow and deserted streets, and ugly houses; an appearance widely different from what it was, when Constantine the Great, and after him his sons honoured it with their presence. Then, theatres, palaces, and amphitheatres were raised on every side to receive and entertain these mighty guests, and *Arles* became the centre of government, and the rival of Marseilles in the trade of Italy: thither the inhabitants of the northern districts came to purchase the gaudy superfluities of luxury, and from thence carried back into their forests, new wants and the vices of more refined nations. The urbanity which a splendid court is wont to diffuse around the place of its residence, polished the manners of the *Arlesians* to a degree above the citizens of other towns; and if we may credit the report of travellers, who have remained here long enough to form acquaintances, this softness of manners, and ease of behaviour are still perceptible in the best societies; holding a pleasing medium betwixt the formality of the long robe, that once led the fashion at Aix, and the familiarity, which at Marseilles is acquired by habits of traffick.

The glory of *Arles* faded with that of Rome, and from the day that Honorius submitted to the dictates of the barbarian powers, this city became involved in continual disquietudes and distresses besieged, plundered, depopulated, by every passing swarm of conquerors, it fell to ruin; commerce fled from its deserted wharfs to seek prosperity in



mer ports; the canals that were wont to bestow fertility upon its sun-burnt plains, and to convey their rich productions to a ready sale, were left without repairs or support, and soon choked up with sand, formed heads to numberless torpid pools, the nests of infection and disease'. Arles now became, successively, the property of various masters, and was at last vested in the Counts of Provence, who were supplanted in later times by the Kings of France, who remedied many of the physical evils belonging to the climate and situation of this place.

In traversing the streets of Arles and its environs, we meet at every step, numberless proofs of its former magnificence. The church of St. Honorat, the Hotel de Ville, the archbishop's palace, convent of the Misericorde, and many private mansions contain a vast quantity of inscriptions, relievos, fragments, columns, &c. The principal antiquities are, (1.) The *amphitheatre*, smaller than that at Nîmes, and much disfigured by the miserable dwellings of the poor: it never was finished, the work having probably been interrupted by the prohibition issued against gladiatorial shows soon after Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars. Through a strong attachment to those sanguinary entertainments transmitted from father to son since Provence belonged to the Romans, or at least, since it was subject to the kings of Aragon, the people of Arles retained the taste for bull-feasts

Since the French monarchs possessed Provence, these evils were in some measure remedied; but there are yet many parts of the environs of Arles that are exceedingly fetid and unwholesome in summer.

down to the present age; wild bulls were frequently driven from the Camargue<sup>1</sup>, and combats exhibited in the antient amphitheatre before a vast concourse of spectators, who were agitated by the same fierce emotions, and expressed them with the same frantic acclamations, that resounded in the shews of antient Rome, and are still to be heard in the bull-feasts of Spain. The frequent loss of human lives induced government to abolish these savage sports at Arles. (2.) In the garden of the Misericorde, the remains of a theatre of which two columns only, and five arches exist; there are but two of the latter entire. (3.) In the abbey of St. Suaire, fragments of columns and cornices, and a fine mosaic pavement. (4.) In private houses on the banks of the Rhone, near St. John, columns of granite and white marble, fragments, &c. (5.) A fine granite obelisk which ornaments the place of the Hotel de Ville, the only *antient obelisk* of the kind in France, in one piece: this was broken in its fall, and is sixty feet in height.

The *Hotel de Ville* which forms one side of this square, is a fine modern building designed by Mansard, and contains a number of curious antiquities; here are a torso, and a plaster cast of the *Venus of Arles*, the original of which is now in the Louvre. The *cathedral* is a Gothic edifice, principally remarkable for the multitude of statues and sculptures with which the front of it is decorated. In the

<sup>1</sup> The Camargue is an island eighteen miles in length, formed by two branches of the Rhone. It is extremely fertile, and feeds an incredible number of horses and cattle which are almost wild. The horses are active and hardy, but unruly and ugly.

Champs Elysees, without the town, there is a great number of tombs, sarcophagi and inscriptions.

From its marshes, bogs, and the channels which overflow the fields and meadows, Arles is one of the most unhealthy towns in France. The climate, indeed, extremely mild, but the perpetual damps, the badness of the water, and the low situation of the town, render the inhabitants much subject toagues and malignant fevers.

The inhabitants of Arles are thus characterized by a recent traveller. "To me," says he, "they appear a sort of Provençal Dutch. They are phlegmatic, quiet, and good-natured, though not without a certain mixture of southern vivacity and tranquillity. They are lustier than those of other provinces; their features are, nevertheless, strongly marked, and they possess countenances peculiar to the inhabitants of the south. To describe them in a few words, *ce sont des Hollandois au vin.*" The women, it is confessed by all, are very beautiful, and are equally remarkable for their graceful carriage, and taste in dress; no place abounds more with lovely children, particularly of the female sex. The costume of the peasant women, whom we see at the markets, and about the town, reminds one of the airy garments upon the dancing nymphs of Herculaneum. These peasant girls wear light, open mantles, loosely flowing to their knees, over a short petticoat, that discovers their slender legs and silk stockings; bracelets of gold adorn their wrists; a silk handkerchief conceals part of their jet black locks, without concealing their sparkling eyes and animated countenances.



This dress suits admirably with the elegance of their form and the suppleness of their limbs.

The *trade* of Arles consists in corn, wine, oil, manna, and all sorts of fruit. Its *saucissons* are particularly famous. The quay of the Rhone forms a sort of sea-port, whence small vessels and coasters take shelter. Population 18,000.

To have a view of the singular country round Arles, we should ascend the tower of the Hotel de Ville, whence are seen the two fork-like branches of the Rhone, which encompass and fertilize the celebrated *delta* or triangular isle of the *Camargue*, containing thousands of wild horses, sheep, and oxen; every animal being stamped with a particular mark to designate its respective owner. This gives birth to a sort of Arcadian festival known by the name of *ferrades*, which is thus conducted. The *ferrades* are usually set on foot by several proprietors at the same time; and are attended by many thousands both of invited and uninvited guests, from a distance of ten miles round. To this end a sort of circus is formed with carts, upon a large and newly-mown meadow, where the operation can be performed with safety to the operator. Each cart is adorned with flags, streamers, and ribands; and provided with a scaffold for the accommodation of the spectators. On one side of the circus a large fire is lighted for heating the marking-iron. On the opposite side is an opening through which the cattle may be driven, which are in the mean time confined near at hand. The marking of the bulls being attended with the greatest difficulty, we shall describe it more at length.

As soon as the usual signal is given by three pistol-shots, the guards on horseback, armed with three-pronged goads, proceed to the inclosure, let it from twelve to fifteen bulls, and drive them at full gallop into the circus, and directly up to the fence; which they hardly reach before five or six guards spring on each, bring them to the ground, and hold them motionless till the principal shepherd has pressed the red-hot iron on their legs.

The instant this is done they are let loose, to be seen foaming, raging, and roaring, round the circus. The guards on horseback seek the open place; those on foot save themselves in the carts, which are often overthrown by the bulls; and the whole presents a truly tragi-comic scene. The bulls at length becoming weary, stand still; and quietly allow the cows to the meadow, which are brought to the circus for that end. The former scene then recommences with another number, and thus not less than a hundred are marked daily.

A pretty wooden bridge, with a foot-path and gates, joins Arles to the faubourg *Trinquetaille*, formed by a point of the island of Camargue.

The view from the tower presents, at the same moment, the most striking contrast of abundance and sterility; the one in the territory of the town, and on the banks of the Rhone; the other in the famous plain of *Crau*, about two miles distant. Nothing presents itself to the eye, but an immeasurable expanse of stones piled upon stones, from three to four, and in many places to *fifty feet* deep, resting upon a boggy mass, composed of clay, sand, and gravel, held together by a sort of glutinous chalk. Although this desert appears to be

nothing but a barren and stony plain, yet it affords excellent pasturage for sheep, as a number of the finest aromatic plants grow between the stones; hence the mutton acquires a very fine flavour. Some part, however, of the plain, has, within these few years, been gained for the purposes of agriculture in consequence of the soil deposited by the river Durance, and the irrigating canals with which it has been overflowed; and great hopes are entertained that the whole may, some day, be restored, and rendered fit for the produce of grain, an article in which this part of France is very deficient. The valley of Stones, in the North of Devon, may be said to resemble the plain of *Crau*. Returning to Tarascon, we proceed on our journey to Nismes.

Crossing the Rhone, on the bridge of boats, and arriving at *Beaucaire*, we now bid adieu to Provence, and enter into the large and fruitful province of *Languedoc*, (department of the Gard,) justly famed for the diversity of its soil and produce, and its genial skies. *Beaucaire*, from the low Latin, *belloquadra*, signifying the square castle on the summit of a rock, still respectable in its ruins, is chiefly celebrated for the large fair held here on the 22d of July, and which finishes on the 28th, at midnight. This fair attracts merchants and traders from various countries, even from Persia and Armenia, and the amount of purchases and sales is generally more than two millions sterling. As the town is inadequate to the accommodation of all the strangers, many of them pass the night in tents. At the fair time, boats go to Lyons every day; and three times a week, the rest of the year. Population 8,000,



In the distance between Beaucaire and Nismes, about 15 or 16 miles, we perceive a material alteration in the face of the country. Instead of a parched barren ground, as in Provence, we here tread on the most fruitful and luxuriant soil, and every meadows and lovely fields, watered by fresh streams, are finely contrasted with the dark hills of olive and other fruit-trees; every where pretty villages encompassed with gardens, orchards, and mulberry plantations. The people are no less changed than the soil. The roughness of the Provençal is here changed into an insinuating manner; violent gesticulation, into a solemn and measured deportment; and shrill voices, into soft and mellow tones. The ruddy complexion, fierce eyes, and curly hair, are here every where supplied by pale faces, blue eyes, and light hair; even the black and brown garments, give place to light blue or white. As we approach Nismes, a row of hills extends on each side, skirted with villages and plantations, while on the opposite side of the vale, the *Tour Magne*, grandly closes the perspective, with its venerable ruins.

NISMES, the chief town of the department of the Gard, is situated in a delightful plain: and was, as early as Marseilles, probably founded by the Phœnicians from Ionia. The inscriptions found in the ruins of the antient buildings, prove that it was once a Roman colony, and that it was governed by consuls and decemvirs; it had also, equally with Rome, a senate, decurions, and a quæstor. Nismes is a large city, built within a semicircular range of rocky hills: violent north-east winds blow for many weeks after the equinox, without intermission.

and dispel the unwholesome vapours, which have been collected in this confined atmosphere during the summer : all is open to the south, as far as the Mediterranean, which is thought by some philosophers to have washed the foot of the rocks of Nismes in antient times ; but this retreat of the waters must have taken place long before the Romans had extended their conquests to Gaul, as is evident from the observations of Pliny : that sagacious people would undoubtedly have availed themselves of such an advantage as a harbour, had there existed one at or near a place which they treated with distinguished marks of predilection. A colony was settled here by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus : succeeding emperors took a delight in embellishing Nismes with both sacred and civil edifices ; no place on this side of the Alps retains so many, or such perfect monuments of ancient taste and magnificence, besides innumerable fragments which have been made use of in building walls and gates in ages of barbarism.

The *Amphitheatre* is one of the best preserved works of the kind now extant ; its form is, as usual, elliptical, and it measures in the longest diameter 440 English feet ; and in the shortest 320 : its circumference is nearly 1100 feet, and its height 70 feet. It stands detached from all other buildings ; so that its perfect form is seen. On the outside are two orders, Tuscan and Doric, each of sixty arcades divided in the first gallery by pilasters, in the second by columns ; above all is a battlement or parapet that either formed the pedestal of a third order, or crowned the second ; perhaps the building was never raised higher, for there appear at this height, which

fty-eight feet from the ground, projecting stones, ed through to receive the poles from which the ing was suspended over the spectators. Four es gave admittance into the area. The seats and itoria are still entire as are also the masks and so-relievos that adorned the key-stones of the es. The amphitheatre has suffered less from the r of time than from fire, for Charles Martel is re- ted to have filled it with faggots, which he caused e lighted, in hopes of destroying this solid build- which being turned into a fortress by the Sara- s, had long resisted his assaults, and cost him bers of his bravest soldiers; but the blocks of e were so massive, and the work so firmly put ether, that the flames had scarcely any effect n it, except that of blackening the surface.

The *temple*, usually ascribed to the worship of na, subsists with half its stone roof yet remain-

It is of the composite order, but in a heavy e of architecture: the situation is picturesque, he brink of a large spring issuing out of the x into a semi-circular basin fifty feet deep; the ers are conveyed from hence through a public alen, in various channels, adorned with balus- es, vases, and statues: this labyrinth of streams uid to be laid down as nearly as possible upon an ancient Roman plan. Numberless fragments of ramental architecture have been found in clean- n the old canals, and copies of them employed in decorating the modern parapets. The stylobate, hich probably served as a common pedestal to a n of columns, has been imitated, and is much uired for the elegance of its running pattern.

On the summit of the craggy hill, that overhangs



the city, stands the *Tour Magne*, a pyramidal tower of several stories, to each of which a winding stair-case afforded access. The building contained below one large vaulted room of an irregular shape with a conical roof; above it are six small cells, round at the bottom like a kettle, with apertures only at the top, and not communicating with each other. Antiquaries differ as to the use made of this tower while some call it a public treasury, others a granary, a third pronounces it to have been a light house, and others a mausoleum. The view from hence is delightful, comprehending the whole city its almost boundless plains, the sea, the mountains of Dauphiné, and the still more distant heights of Provence.

The glory of Nismes is the *Maison Cuarrée*, a barbarous appellation for one of the most perfect examples of an antient temple, that the fury of barbarous conquerors, or still more savage zealots has spared. It is a temple of the Corinthian order with six columns in each front, and nine on the flanks, the whole raised upon a basement story five feet six inches from the ground. The columns on the sides, and those in the south front, adhere to the wall; those in the north front form a pronao or portico, extending under the roof as far back as the fourth column; here is the entrance of the temple, ornamented with pilasters; the door was formerly the only opening through which light was admitted, but windows have since been broken in the side walls. The length of the whole basement story is 117 English feet, and the breadth 37.

For those persons who are not conversant with the rules of architecture, it will suffice to say, that the

gance of proportion, the exquisite taste displayed in every ornament, the lightness of the whole building, and the harmony with which all the parts are connected, stand unrivalled by any work of the most refined art, north of the Alps; but we do not think it is entitled to rank before every edifice that still perpetuates the glory of ancient architects in Italy, Greece, and Asia. It is apparent from the holes by which the brazen letters were fastened to the stone, that there was once an inscription on the frieze, torn down for the sake of the metal. The words of this inscription had remained a mystery, never satisfactorily explained by any antiquary, when Monsieur Seguier, of this city, thought of tracing the form of the letters by means of the relations which the holes bear to each other: the following lines were the result of this ingenious process:

C. Cæsari Augusti. F. Cos. L. Cæsari Augusti:  
F. Cos. Designato. Principibus Juventutis.

Hence it appears that this temple was dedicated to the two sons of Augustus, Caius and Lucius. The inside of this elegant structure has been repaired in a bad taste, in order to accommodate it to the purposes of Christian worship; but this adoption has fortunately preserved so valuable a relic of antiquity from the ruin which has overwhelmed so many magnificent edifices.

The town of Nismes offers nothing but a labyrinth of streets, intersecting each other in innumerable directions, and extremely close and unhealthy. The suburbs, however, are more airy, containing broad and straight streets, gardens, avenues, squares, and

abundance of handsome houses. Nismes possesses some fine modern buildings, a lyceum, public library, cabinet of natural history and antiquities, cour royale, an exchange, an academy, fine walks and a theatre. It has establishments for dyeing and printing cottons; silk manufactures of handkerchiefs and stockings, leather, &c. Trade in silks, cotton cloths, muslins, wine, brandy, drugs and spices. Population 40,000.

The *climate* of Nismes is extremely variable. The spring, though sometimes mild and rainy, is much oftener rough and stormy, and not seldom changes into a sultry summer. The autumn has many charming days, though these are interrupted by frequent rains, and sometimes hoar-frost and snow appear; lastly, the winter fluctuates between cold bleak, north, or damp, relaxing South winds; and only now and then a truly fine day reminds one of southern spring, in the so much valued and famous climate of Nismes; consequently it is very unfit for pectoral and hypochondriacal complaints.

*Natural Productions, Agriculture, &c.*—Of these the most useful to the inhabitants, are the *olive* and *mulberry* tree. An olive tree that has retained its lower branches, and is twenty feet high, and thirteen or fourteen toises in circumference, will, in good years, yield about two cubic feet and a half of fruit, from which seventeen or eighteen pounds of oil may be obtained, worth about ten pence a pound. The *mulberry* tree is regarded as the main source of industry in this place. Round Nismes and throughout Languedoc, it is usual to raise the black and white mulberry (*Morus alba* and *Morus nigra*), the former for its leaves, and the latter for



fruit. The first is distinguished again by the names of the *murier sauvageon*, the grand species, which is not abundant; and the *murier greffé*, which is obtained from the former by artificial means, and admits of innumerable modifications. The leaves of the *murier sauvageon* have the best taste and afford most nutriment; those of the *murier greffé* are distinguished by their size, thickness, and number. The latter tree has, therefore, for ninety years maintained the preference.

The mulberry-trees here are extraordinarily beautiful, and afford in the spring, before they are loaded of their leaves, a very charming sight along the rich green fields. They are most productive in the twentieth year, and then last fifty or sixty years at least. A mulberry-tree of thirteen toises in circumference, and five in height, will yield three hundred and fifty pounds of leaves yearly, a hundred weight of which fetches from twenty-five to thirty-five sous.

The vegetables of this place are excellent, from the seeds that form so considerable a branch of trade in Nismes. All kitchen gardens or fields are watered by means of the Persian wheel, as it is called, from the *Vistre*; and have, therefore, even in the hottest summers, a very fresh and luxuriant vegetation. The principal vegetables, some of which attain an extraordinary size and thickness, are the branched celery, which grows above thirty inches high; cauliflowers of many different species, which are kept through winter in the open air; the African gourd (*courge barbaresque*) which often two hundred pounds weight; melons,

particularly the water-melon (*melon de Malthe*), which is extremely soft, and yet is kept till Easter; the artichoke, which may be had the whole year, without being transplanted into beds; beans, peas, &c. cannot be cultivated to any considerable extent on account of the dry climate; and potatoes are also considered as a garden rarity.

Thrashing is perfectly unknown here, as in all the southern parts of Europe. Instead of this practice the corn is immediately after cutting trodden out on the field by horses or mules, trained peculiarly for the purpose; which is performed with great expedition, even in violent heats, and perpetual North winds. Thirty-two horses or mules, twenty-four of which are always at work, may thus tread out thirty-two thousand pounds of grain, from which four per cent. must be deducted for labourers' wages, reckoning, however, no more than two men as necessary. The grain is besides winnowed merely against the wind without fanning, and then passed several times through a sieve in the usual manner.

In addition to wheat are also cultivated rye, barley, and oats. The rye is used as winter fodder for the sheep; the barley is employed as green fodder for the horses; and the oats are cultivated for this purpose, and kept also for the winter.

*Environs of Nismes.*—The two most remarkable objects in the environs of this city, are the *Fountain*, and the *Pont-du-Gard*. This fountain issues from a rock, which wants only variety of colours to give it the appearance of marble, and is surrounded with vegetation. Sometimes, even during a long drought, the water in the fountain increases very

such all at once, though not a drop of rain has fallen in the town; and after great rains, it becomes in a few hours, a large torrent, which carries everything before it.

The *Pont-du-Gard*, or Roman aqueduct, a short distance from Nismes, is situated in a solitary spot, far from any high road, between two rocky hills, over the river *Gardon*, whose steep banks are clothed with wild fig trees, olives, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, in the most romantic manner. This noble work, winding for a course of twenty-six miles, conveyed water from two fountains near Usez, into the heart of Nismes. Under whatever point of view we consider this aqueduct, too much admiration cannot be bestowed upon it; whether, with regard to the stupendous nature of the design for which it is constructed; to the beauty, the solidity, and durability of the work; or as being one of the most perfect monuments in existence of Roman grandeur.

“It consists (says an accurate traveller,) of three tiers of arches, making in all a height of nearly two hundred feet above the river. The length at the top is eight hundred feet; but this length constantly diminishes as it slopes down to the river, according to the form of the rocks that rise on the river's banks; and at last it becomes so contracted, that in the narrowest part, the proper channel of the river, it is reduced only to two arches. It is to be observed, however, that these two are only part of six, of which the lower tier of arches consists, but the other four are of a diminished height, being half occupied by the rocks instead of coming down to the water. The middle or principal tier of arches consists of eleven, the height of which in the



centre is eighty feet ; the upper tier, which supports the channel through which the water passed, consists of thirty-five arches, which are only twenty feet in height. The bridge annexed to this structure was originally only for foot-passengers, but has since been widened to admit of carriages going over it : but the modern work is so inferior to the ancient, that a very slight observation distinguishes the one from the other. The blocks of stone of which the Roman work is constructed, are of such an enormous size, that it is difficult to conceive how they were raised : it seems as if the extraordinary people by whom such masses could be arranged, must have been as gigantic in their persons as in their achievements." The date of this building does not appear any where ; but the initials A. Æ. A. have been supposed to signify *Aqueductus Ælii Adriani*.

Leaving Nismes, the only place of consequence that presents itself to our notice, in the road to Montpellier, is *Lunel*. Here are some pretty houses, neat gardens, large magazines, and a small canal on which the wine barges go to the port of *Cette*. This place has several manufactories for spirits of wine and aquafortis ; and is celebrated for its excellent *muscat wine*, and other southern productions. Population 5,000. Beyond Lunel the country becomes very agreeable, but is deficient in shade ; and is rather pretty than picturesque.

" From Nismes to Montpellier, (observes Mr. Birkbeck,) is the finest and best cultivated district we have seen. Every thing bears the marks of prosperity. Fertile fields, well-built villages, a thick and happy population. The quantity of almost impalpable dust accumulated on the lime-stone roads of this

country is beyond conception ; it absolutely splashes with the horses feet like mud. The olives and vines are whitened by it to a considerable distance ; and the soil so completely covered, that you might easily mistake the dark yellow, or reddish loam for chalk. The well-cultivated vineyard, planted with rows of vines, is the chief appropriation of this fine country. Indeed it is so nearly universal, that you wonder how fodder is obtained for the few horses required in its culture. We see, here and there, a little patch of *berne*." *Notes*, p. 51.

At length we reach the gate of Montpellier, and immediately enter into the narrow dirty suburbs. At the road soon improves ; a beautiful row of houses, with terrace gardens, is seen on the right hand ; and on the left, a broad esplanade laid out in avenues of trees.

MONTPELLIER did not exist when Charlemagne destroyed Maguelonne, a city built in the middle of the lakes, the retreat and bulwark of the Saracens. The bishop and his clergy had already taken refuge at Sustantion, a village about a mile from the hill, where Montpellier was gradually formed into a town, by the concourse of people that preferred its lofty situation to the low country, both on account of safety, and of health. From some holy virgins, who either directed their choice, or did actually reside upon the hill, the new settlement took the name of *Mons Puellarum*, the mountain of the maids. Maguelonne was, however, rebuilt in the twelfth century, but again finally abandoned in 1536, and the episcopal see fixed at Montpellier, which had belonged to the crown of France since the year 1340. The people of Montpellier took an active part in

the rebellions that disturbed the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and distinguished themselves by their attachment to the reformed religion. The king besieged them in person, and having forced them to surrender, erected a strong citadel, to curb their refractory spirit, and secure their obedience to his authority. In these fatal religious wars, which so long desolated France, Montpellier suffered greatly; and out of forty-five churches which the town had once contained, twenty-two only were left standing, which the revolution reduced to a much smaller number.

The town is inclosed with walls, and has seven gates; that leading to Peyrou is modern, and very handsome. It stands on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which are two small streams, the *Lez* and the *Merdanson*, the latter of which passes through some of the lower parts of the town in subterraneous channels. The walks and other embellishments give the exterior parts of this city the appearance of a metropolis, but nothing within corresponds with this idea; for the streets are narrow, crooked, and steep; the houses, though solidly built, are plain, and without any striking ornaments of architecture.

*Public Buildings, Squares, &c.*—The most remarkable objects of curiosity at Montpellier, are St. Peter's Church, the exchange, citadel, school of medicine, and ci-devant palace of the Archbishop; the hall of anatomy, and the anatomical wax figures of Fontana; the government house, the theatre and concert-room; the place du Peyrou, its fine gate, and the aqueduct. The *place du Peyrou*, whence may be seen, in clear weather, on the



light, the Mediterranean, and on the left, the mountains of Roussillon, and the Pyrenees, is one of the grandest squares in Europe. It is ornamented with a water temple, or rotunda, which serves to receive the waters brought from afar, along a noble aqueduct of two ranges of arches, and is here mentioned with praise as the part of a beautiful picture. Nothing we find among the ruins of Roman grandeur can have a more sublime effect, than this vast line of arcades striding over the hills and dales. The Peyrou commands a view of sea and land, that even draws the attention from its decorations; the lake of Magredonne is seen divided from the Mediterranean by a long isthmus, through the middle of which the royal canal is continued eastward from Agde; the boats upon it seem to be sailing in the open sea; villages are scattered along the edges of the lake, and the mountain of Cette towers beyond, like an island separated from the continent by a narrow channel. This esplanade, lying between the town and the fortress, and being planted with many rows of lofty, shady trees, is completely protected from the North wind, and is the proper winter promenade of Montpellier.

Among the *literary* and useful establishments may be reckoned the *College of Medicine*, always particularly celebrated; and the Lyceum, Observatory, Academy, Museum, and Botanic Garden, the first of the kind established in Europe. Botany may be studied here with peculiar convenience, as the waste lands about the city afford samples of a greater number and variety of plants than can be found assembled in the same compass on any other soil in Europe. The king's botanical garden was first

planned by Dulaurem, physician to Henry IV; it is well taken care of, and students are accommodated with every facility for acquiring the knowledge of botany. The gardener makes an annual visit to the Pyrenean mountains, with a band of pupils, to examine the rare plants that grow in those elevated regions, and which are not produced in the plains and hills of Languedoc.

*Climate.*—Montpellier was formerly much resorted to by consumptive patients, and persons of delicate health, on account of the supposed uniform mildness and salubrity of the atmosphere. But fashion which gives the sway in these cases, has greatly overrated its merits. The climate is certainly mild; and the autumn is fine; but the continual variation of temperature renders Montpellier a very unfit residence for *hypochondriac* patients, and persons afflicted with *pectoral* disorders. In autumn and winter, the winds are continual, and very sharp; at the same time the sky is clear, and the rays of the sun powerful; therefore in every place sheltered from the north wind, as the degree of heat is considerable, and perspiration excited by very moderate exercise, the cutting blast, which is felt at every corner, cannot fail of producing pernicious consequences to a body suddenly exposed with all its pores open. In summer, the influence of the marshes must be felt; indeed the faces of the people that inhabit the low grounds along the coast, bear sad testimony to the pernicious qualities of their air and soil. Strangers should take particular care not to change their clothes on a sudden, or to go too thinly clad, as the winds are so very penetrating, that a cold is soon caught, but not so

soon got rid of. The *bise* and the *marin*, the N. E. wind, and that from the sea, affect the nerves very forcibly, and are particularly formidable to invalids; the latter is so moist as to render even the beds and linen very damp! these, therefore, should always be carefully warmed, when this wind prevails. Hyeres, and Nice, are greatly to be preferred for winter residences; and Marseilles for complaints entirely nervous, unaccompanied by any affection of the lungs.

*Expense of Living, Provisions, &c.*—Living is by no means reasonable at Montpellier. At a good inn, our daily expenses will not be less than fourteen or fifteen shillings. Persons desirous of boarding in a family will not be able to do so, for less than five guineas a month; and many are still higher in their charges. A single room will cost twenty-five shillings a month; and dinner at a tavern, about fifteen shillings a week. But if provisions are dear, they are very excellent and plentiful. Fish, fowl, and fruit, even from Spain by Cette, are to be had in abundance. The wine is very good, and the very best sorts may be bought at a moderate rate. The water is, generally speaking, not bad, but it is advisable, however, to keep to the *eau de St. Clement*, as it is termed, which comes from the Fontaine du Meyrou. Among the delicacies peculiar to Montpellier are the *patés de rougets*; the *dragées* and *pastilles à la rose* and *à la vanille*; the *crème de Moka* and *huile de rose (liqueurs)*; and, finally, the delicious *marmelade* of grapes, an excellent solvent.

As to clothing, the well-known Languedoc cloths, and other manufactures, may be procured at tolerably



reasonable prices. Woollen manufactures, such as blankets, flannels, &c. are by no means dear. But firing in Montpellier is a very expensive article; the wood being brought here as far as one or two leagues, and no coals burnt in the fire-places; a last of oak (four hundred pounds), frequently fetched from fifteen to eighteen francs; a last of olive ten or twelve, and other lighter sorts in proportion.

*Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce.*—The brandy of Montpellier, an article of large consumption in the making of *liqueurs*, is of a very mild quality and particularly fit for this purpose. Perfumery, scented waters, and cordials of various sorts are prepared here with great skill; false cochineal, and a medicinal conserve, is made with the kermes, or gall-nut of the holm oak; wax is blanched in considerable quantities; verdigrise is the particular manufacture of this town. It is made by putting some quarts of wine in a large earthen jar; over the liquor are fixed cross sticks to bear a layer of raisins; over these is laid a thin plate of copper; this is repeated till the pot is filled; all air is then excluded for twelve days, by means of a thick straw cover. At the expiration of this term, the copper plates are taken out, dried gradually in the shade and then the verdigrise which has been produced upon them is scraped off. *Oil* and *corn* are sent out of its diocese in great quantities. In December when the *olives* become black and shrivelled, they are beaten down upon clean cloths, and carted to the mill, where they are thrown into a circular trough, in which a perpendicular stone turns. By the weight of this machine the fruit is crushed, and kneaded to

paste, then put into baskets of matting, with a pole at their top; these baskets are piled up under a press, and boiling water is poured upon them; the hot liquid brings out the oil, and carries it away with it into a tub, where the water sinks, and the oil is skimmed off with a ladle. It has also manufactures of woollen stuffs, blankets, fustians, muslins, cottons, aqua-fortis, vitriol, and leather. Population 33,000.

Montpellier *exports* all the above mentioned products of its own industry, and likewise the staple commodities or manufactures of Languedoc, such as corn, wool, oil, wine, silk, and brandy. It *imports* for its own consumption, as well as that of the country around, Northern, Levantic, West India, and even some Spanish productions, as esparto, cork, &c. The course of trade in Montpellier generally proceeds by two routes: all merchandize destined for foreign parts, or the southern French ports, is conveyed by Cette; and for the rest of France, by Agde. In like manner the foreign imports arrive at Cette, and the inland at Agde. Cette keeps up a brisk coasting trade with the neighbouring ports, and a considerable intercourse with Hamburgh, Bremen, Copenhagen, &c. Goods from Agde, at the entrance of the great canal, are sent by Toulouse and Bordeaux through France, and by the same channel are transported to the returns for Montpellier. Besides, the inferior communications of the department are kept up by lumberless carts, mules, &c.

*Society, Character, Manners, &c.*—Montpellier cannot boast of any extraordinary resources in point

of society. The actors at the theatre are not above mediocrity; there are two clubs for reading, balls, concerts, &c., to which a stranger may easily gain admittance, as well as to the public libraries. There is also a good circulating library. The general character of the inhabitants seems to be made up of a singular mixture of the Jewish, Christian, French and English Spirit. In buying and selling they are of the Hebrew tribe; in believing and thinking fanatics: hasty, forward, and restless as the French and yet rude, uncouth, and unsociable as the English. Here you have, summed up in a few words the characteristics of the Montpelliard. Universal report, and many concurrent proverbs, will, at least in some measure, exculpate our remarks from the charge of partiality.

One proverb, for example, says, “ pound seven Jews in a mortar, and the juice that is pressed from them will make a single Montpelliard;” a second to denote his bigotry, “ he turns up his eyes like saint of Montpellier;” a third proverb, speaking of their irritability, declares the men of Montpellier to be like sparrows, and the women like blackbirds. Finally, their egoistic niggardly unsociableness is designated by the saying, “ Whoever does not wish to keep a person to dinner, invites him, as in Montpellier, on the stairs, or at the house-door,” &c.

In regard to these fundamental traits, there are some small modifications, from the difference of rank and sex. Thus, the higher classes are by no means so fanatic and brutal as the common people; the women distinguishing themselves in the former case more by prudery, and in the latter more by boldness; but upon the whole, the same general



tone prevails. That, however, there are at the same time in Montpellier very estimable individuals, and even excellent men, is what no man would venture to deny, who had ever made remarks on variety of character.

Of the many remarkable popular festivals which existed before the Revolution, two only have survived that event, *las Treijas* and *lou Chivalet*. The propensity for dancing is so universal among the lower classes, that there is not a guild which has not every year, its festive-day, celebrated by dancing and music. Thus the stocking-weavers, coopers, gardeners, and other companies, commemorate their anniversaries with dancing through the town. Even the *porters* have such an honorary day, on which they are accustomed to go through the awkward movements peculiar to their guild before the houses of their customers. The *stocking-weavers* carry on a stage, adorned with flowers and ribands, a wooden weaver's chair, on which a boy appears to be working. The gardeners have a tub with a pole in it, from whence, instead of branches, hang a number of flower-garlands. The coopers carry half-hoops, which are also decorated with ribands and wreaths. All learn very pretty dances, and make masterly turns with their ringlets of flowers or hoops, and disengage themselves again with amazing dexterity and order. The vanity of these people, manifests itself on these solemnities under the most varied forms, and occasions a number of ridiculous scenes. Poverty allows only a few of them to put on decent clothing: but with all the indigence

and dirt that are evident from their dress, they all wear white silk stockings, which are quite covered with feathers of all colours, and a threadbare scarf from the wardrobe of the theatre, and some other showy tatters from the rag-shop. The females are commonly worse dressed, and yet have fashionable ladies' hats, which they mostly borrow or beg from the houses where they serve milk or vegetables. These head-dresses form a singular contrast with the brown and coarse faces which they shade. Many a girl appears also, for want of a female head-dress, in a man's hat, on which is stuck a number of shabby feathers. The porters also adorn their hats on these days with ostrich-feathers, and bind a scarf with gold or silver tassels, round their bodies.

The most favourite dress is that of an officer. In all their processions there are some who prance about in a soldier's coat, with a stick, sword, and epaulets; all hired from the theatre. The gold epaulet has above all things so many charms for them, that many a one attaches it to his dirty clothes, who has not the money to pay for its hire. An indispensable article in all these festivals is the flags, of which there are great number of various colours, decorated with inscriptions and paintings. Twelve porters have as many different colours, of which some, to judge by the dirt, might have already served their great-grandfathers.

The other festival is called the DANCE OF THE LITTLE HORSE (*la danse du chevalet*, in the patois *lou chivalet*) which is usually kept in autumn by the youths of the best families, and consequently can be attended with none of the ill consequences accompanying the former festival. Sometimes they

all wear blue silk breeches and white silk stockings; their white shirts bound with ribands on the arms, and round the body with blue silk scarves. On their hats they have white plumes, the favourite ornament of the nation. The leaders are also in officers' uniforms. In this procession the dancers of the chevalet proceed in great numbers two and two through the streets, dancing to Turkish music, in the open places and before the houses of the chief magistrates. One of the youths has a little horse of pasteboard, of the size of a foal, bound to his body, so that he looks like a horseman mounted; a silk cloth covering the legs of the centaur. Another youth carries a tambour de basque, filled with oats, as fodder for the horse, which, when offered to him, he rejects by dancing away from it. In the mean time, the remainder of the company dance with various evolutions round the two chief persons, and appear to give way, by alternate positions, one time to the little horse, and notherto its importunate benefactor; until at length the capricious animal is so inclosed, as to be obliged to stand still before the proffered corn. This dance has something very pleasing in it, and is executed with great dexterity.

*Patois of Languedoc, Literature, &c.*—The dialect of Languedoc is composed of an original national language, and of a mixture of Celtic, Latin, Gothic, Arabic, and French words, accordingly as Gaul was conquered by the Romans, Goths, Arabs, and French. But as the Romans were the most cultivated, and as they ruled these provinces the longest, the Languedoc tongue resembles the Latin most in its construction, and contains nearly three-fifths



of Latin expressions. The Goths had less influence; these barbarous hordes adopted the language of the vanquished. Some vestiges are, however, still remaining, as is manifest from the words, *flegel*, *dreschflegel*, flail; *hosa*, hose, breeches; *ganza*, gans, goose; *lato*, latte, lath; *barro*, sparre, spar &c. The Languedocian language was still less modified by the Arabic, on account of the short duration of the Saracen government. A great part of the botanical, pharmaceutical, and anatomical expressions, however, are borrowed from this language; and even the usual form of asseveration *Vermora*, is to all appearance derived from the Arabic. But the influence of the French must naturally preponderate over all others, as from this language the whole mass of modern mechanic and moral ideas are transferred into that of Languedoc. In fact, this has gradually amalgamated itself with the former to that degree, that the ancient language of the Troubadours is not to be distinguished without difficulty. Besides, the literature of this province was confined simply to some prayer-books and collections of hymns.

*Environs.* — The country round Montpellier abounds with walks, but they are very deficient in shade. One of the prettiest and most shady among them is the road to Castelnau, half an hour's walk from the town, and up the banks of the Lez. Whoever wishes to extend his excursions on horseback will be gratified by visiting the country houses of *Montferrier*, *la Piscine*, *Clos de St. Martial*, *Château d'Eau Bionne*, but particularly *la Verune*. Other excursions may be made to *Perrol* and the *Pont Javénal*, to the mineral waters of *Balanc*

about ten miles south of Montpellier ; to the sea-coast and island of *Maguelonne*, where, in the ruined cathedral, are shown the tombs of Peter of Provence, the beautiful *Maguelone*, and their child ; and also to the Port of *Cette*, about fourteen miles from Montpellier. The road thither is through a very pleasant country, and by *Frontignan*, celebrated for its delicious muscat wine ; not far from the hermitage there is a charming view.

The situation of *Cette* presents to the eye, a most delightful coup-d'œil, and has furnished Vernet with a subject for one of his most celebrated pictures, of which engravings are easily to be found. In the months of January and February, the port is crowded with vessels. We should remark here the principal bridge, the citadel, and should ascend the pilot's tower, whence is a noble sea-view. The sea at *Cette* communicates with the canal du Midi, or of Languedoc, by the *etang* or lake of Thau, into which it falls, and which offers some singular phenomena. In this lake or basin is contained a source or spring of soft and fresh water, which spouts up in large drops. Merchandize is sent by the canal of Languedoc and the Garonne as far as Bordeaux ; and by the Rhone and the Saone, and the canal of Briare, to Paris. Excellent salt is made at *Cette*. Population 8,000. The price of a carriage to *Cette* and back from Montpellier, is twenty-four francs, and six francs to the coachman. There is a *diligence* every day to *Cette* and return, price three francs. *INNS.* Le Grand Galion, la Souche.

*Ganges*, about twenty-five miles from Montpellier, deserves a visit, on account of its fine manufactory of silk-stockings, and the grotto in its neighbour-

hood. This, called *la Baume des Demoiselles*, not quite a mile from the town, is situated near St. Bauzile in a wood, which crowns the rock of Thaurac. The entrance, being covered with trees, plants, and wild vines, is difficult of access.

Another more distant excursion, but highly gratifying to the lover of picturesque scenery, may be made, in the summer, to the *Cevennes*, a considerable chain of mountains, which runs along from east to west through the south of France, connecting the Alps with the Pyrenees, and consisting of ranges of mountains, piled as it were, like so many terraces, one above another. The first of these ranges forms the *Garrigues*, consisting of infertile chalky rocks, on which a little fern, some straggling dwarf-bushes, &c. excepted, not a single trace of vegetation is to be found. This part of the *Cevennes* appears, therefore, but little inhabited, scarcely reckoning three or four villages over the wide extent. Wherever the industrious countryman could find anook of fertile land amidst the rocks, there he has planted a vineyard, the produce of which is of the superior kind; and wherever a spear of grass is seen shooting up, there he lets his flock graze, which constitute his principal sustenance. As we ascend, we reach the second division of the *Cevennes*, consisting of slate-rock. These mountains are much more fertile than the *Garrigues*. The narrow vales exhibit the most beautiful picture of vegetation. Meadows and fields, little woods of chesnut and mulberry trees, with every other sort of fruit, afford a charming variety to the eye. The population is also considerable, occupying a number of villages, and some respectable towns. These mountains yield the chesnut wood for the casks of Montpellier.



and Cette, and supply very excellent cheese which is afterwards sent to the ice-caves of Roquefort for ripening, and from thence conveyed through all France. The chief sustenance of the inhabitants, however, is drawn from cultivating and manufacturing silk. In this region also lies the beautiful and cheerful town of Vigand, which, on account of its healthy air and salutary spring, may serve for a delightful summer abode.

We next attain the highest point of the Cevennes called the *Esperou*, whence a prospect is enjoyed, which is preferred by many to the most extraordinary parts, even of Switzerland itself. This part of the Cevennes is less populous than the former, yet the southern declivities of the mountains are fitted for pasturage, and the lower vales for the culture of fruit. The mountains themselves contain mines of silver, lead, alum, earth, coals, and rotten-stone.

No. 15. From MONTPELLIER to TOULOUSE, 32 posts; about 176 English miles.

| FROM                     | POSTS.          | FROM             | POSTS.          |
|--------------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| MONTPELLIER to Fabrègues | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Moux to Barbeira | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pigeon                   | 1               | CARCASSONE (4)   | 2               |
| Mèze                     | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Alzonne          | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| PEZENAS (1)              | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Villepinte       | 1               |
| Begude-de-Jordy          | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Castlenaudry     | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| BEZIERS (2)              | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Villefranche     | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Nissan                   | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Baziege          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| MARBONNE (3)             | 2               | Castanet         | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Cruscades                | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ | TOULOUSE (5)     | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Moux                     | 2               |                  |                 |

INNS.—(1) Three Pigeons, an excellent Inn; Tapis-Vert, Golden Lion, Red Hat, &c. (2) White Cross, Les Balances, Three Mules, White Horse. (3) Hotel de la Daurade, de France. (4) The Angel, St. John Baptist, Petit Paris. (5) Hotel du Nord, de France, du Grand Soleil, des Ambassadeurs, d'Angleterre.

At Montpellier an agreement may be made with a *voiturier* to take a party the whole way to *Toulouse*; the rate of travelling is about 30 miles a day, and for a carriage with a cabriolet in front, drawn by three fine mules, the expense will not be more than fifteen-pence a mile; supposing the party to have between three and four cwt. of luggage, there will be no separate charge for it. This mode of conveyance is pleasanter than by the diligence, as we are not compelled to travel by night, and can stop when we please. From *Béziers*, those who like water-excursions may proceed all the way to *Toulouse* and *Bordeaux*, by the canal du Midi, and the Garonne.

*Pezenas* is prettily situated in the midst of rich and fertile plains, near the *Herault*, and has some charming walks in its environs; the hills about it are covered with almond-trees, olives and vines, and afford delightful prospects. Here is a good theatre. It has a considerable *trade* in excellent wines, brandy, almonds, olive-oil, red-tartar, dried raisins and figs, capers, alum, woollen and cotton goods, &c. It has an exchange, tribunal of commerce, and *manufactures* of muslin, cotton, silk-stockings, hats, soap, leather and verdegriese. Here was once a strong castle, but it has long been a heap of ruins. Vast numbers of silk-worms are reared in *Pezenas* and the neighbourhood, though no silk is manufactured here; the wool of this country is reckoned very fine. The plant woad, so much used in dyeing, is cultivated here, and with the cods of silk and the raw wool, form some of the principal articles of trade. Population 8,000. *Pezenas* has a number of pretty gardens

und it, though on a small scale; all the fruit trees are in blossom, and green peas are a foot and half high in the middle of March. The ploughs here are very old-fashioned, and seem rather to be constructed for the hand than for the horse, who is yoked between these shaft-looking instruments. Provisions are plentiful at Pezenas, and if the traveller should pass this place in the autumn, he will have for breakfast, (*dejeuner à la fourchette*,) melon,ysters, turbot, lobster, partridges, figs, peaches, pears, &c.

Béziers, (Biterræ) is agreeably situated on the canal du Midi, and near the river Orbe, about nine miles from the sea. The town, seated on a hill, covers a large space of ground, while its narrow, unpaved, and dirty streets, form a most remarkable contrast to the enchanting scenery which surrounds them. The *Belvidere*, or terrace, is the best station for surveying the beautiful valley, or rather amphitheatre, which is watered by the winding Orbe, gaily clothed with the productions of a genial climate, and enlivened by the nine locks of the great canal, forming as many cascades. The delightful situation of Béziers, has long been consecrated in a monkish rhyme:

Si Deus in terris, vellet habitare, Biterris.

*Vaniere* often sings the praises of this his native spot, in his *Prædium Rusticum*, a didactic poem, which appears cold and dull to foreign readers, but has many charms for those persons that are acquainted with this country, and qualified to judge of the truth, with which he has penned his descriptions. Béziers, even in 1802, became a favourite



residence of our countrymen, and was preferred by most of them, as well as by other strangers, to Montpellier, on account of the amenity of its climate. It is also much cheaper, an important consideration to our emigrant economists.

The Romans, who perfectly understood the advantages of situation, sent a colony to Béziers; and at the dismembering of their empire, it fell into the hands of the Goths; the Saracens dispossessed them, and fortified this post with great care. Their obstinate resistance they made here against Charlemagne, incited that general to destroy the place after he had driven them out. Béziers rose from its ashes, and afterwards was governed by a race of independent sovereigns. In 1209 the viscount of Béziers joined his standard to that of the earl of Toulouse in support of the Albigenses; this drew upon him the resentment of the Crusaders, who took his capital by storm, and massacred its inhabitants in great numbers, without distinction of sex or age. The kings of France soon after became possessed of the territory.

The principal objects of curiosity at Béziers are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and numerous fine prospects in the environs of the town. Its productions are corn, wine, almonds, wool, silk, iron, olive-oil, liqueurs, dried fruits, and conserve. Here is a tribunal of commerce, and manufacture of brandy, spirits of wine, cloth, and silk-stocking. It is the native town of *Riquet* the celebrated engineer of the canal of Languedoc, and of his father *Vanier*, the learned Jesuit. Population 14,200.

Holy Thursday was formerly a day of great

stivity in this town, and was celebrated with a variety of little sports. A whimsical procession called the procession of the Camel constituted a part of them. A figure representing that animal, with a man in the inside, was paraded about the town, and by means of some machinery which the man directed, the figure was made to perform many ridiculous tricks, to the great amusement of the spectators. The municipal officers, attended by the companies of the different trades and manufactures, preceded the camel; it was followed by a cart, over which were branches of trees twined into an archway, and filled with as many people as could possibly be crammed into it: the cart was drawn by mules ornamented with bunches of flowers and garlands; a number of people stuck over with flowers and little twigs of trees, who were called the wild men, followed the cart and closed the procession. After parading about the town all day, towards evening the whole company repaired to the chapel of the Blue Penitents, where it was met by the chapter of the cathedral, who had previously gone in procession round the town, and then a large quantity of bread was given away by the chapter among the poor. Hence the day was called in the language of the country, *lou jour de caritach*, the day of charity.

Another part of the ceremonies of the day was, that the peasants from the country for a great way round assembled in the streets with crooks in their hands, and ranging themselves in long files on each side made mock skirmishes with their crooks, aiming blows at each other, in parrying with which great dexterity was shown, and great emulation which

should parry them the best. There were commonly many skirmishes in the course of the day, and each ended with a dance to the music of the fife and tambourin. The inhabitants of the town also carried on among themselves a little warfare in throwing sugar-plums and dried fruits at each other, from their windows, or as they passed the streets.

Finally, the day was concluded by a favourite dance among the young men and women, called *danse des treilles*. Every dancer carries a *cerceau* as it is called, that is a half hoop, twined with vine branches; and ranging themselves in long files on each side of the street, they form different groups, and in the evolutions of the dance make a variety of figures with the *cerceaux*, with wonderful grace and agility. The young men were all dressed in white jackets and trowsers, and the young women in white jackets with short petticoats, and ornaments of flowers and ribands. (See Plumtree's Residence in France, vol. III. p. 28.)

These curious sports were suspended during the Revolution, but since the return of the *ancien régime*, have again contributed to amuse the people.

There is a *coche d'eau*, or boat, which goes every day from Béziers, at 12 o'clock, to Toulouse and the different places *en route*; and thence to Bordeaux by the Garonne, a fatiguing, land journey, of 200 miles. This kind of conveyance is not to be compared with the stately canopied *barques* used in Flanders, of which we have given a cut on the next page, for elegance, neatness, or convenience; but is, in fact, similar to the *coche* which descends the Rhone, noticed in our account of that river, and is not at all unpleasant in its





weather, when we can remain on deck, and enjoy the fresh breeze; but if obliged to stay below in the general repository of live stock, some of the senses may be a little annoyed. Yet, we cannot entirely agree with a traveller in 1814-15, who, writing from Béziers, says, “ We went to see the *coche d'eau*, described as *superbe* and *magnifique*, by our French friends. Their ideas differ from ours. It would be perfectly impossible for an English lady to go in such a conveyance, and few gentlemen, even if alone, with only a portmanteau, would venture. The objections are, there is but one room for all classes of people; they start between three and four each morning, stop at miserable inns, and if you have heavy baggage, it must be shifted at the locks, which is tedious, and costs a great deal,

Adieu to all our airy dreams of gliding through Languedoc in these *Cleopatrian vessels*. They smell, they are exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and they are filled with bugs, fleas, and all kinds of bad company." Notwithstanding this unfavourable picture, we recommend the traveller, if not pressed for time, to go by water to *Bordeaux*; it is much cheaper, more pleasant, and less fatiguing than the route by land; and will afford many more opportunities of seeing and conversing with the *people*, and observing their various costume, manners, and habits. It would not be so agreeable for a delicate English female, but surely no *man* accustomed to travelling would regard the trifling inconveniences just specified.

The celebrated *Canal Royal du Midi*, or Canal of Languedoc, as it was formerly called, was begun in 1666, and finished in 1681, after the plan and under the direction of PAUL RIQUET. The innumerable obstacles to the execution of this astonishing work, which successively presented themselves, were all vanquished by the genius, the skill, and the industry of this great man. It was necessary to cut through mountains, bring earth from a distance to construct hills, divert the course of rivers, and triumph over the wind and the sea. But the munificence of Louis XIV., seconded by skillful engineers and abundance of workmen, surmounted every difficulty.

The Canal du Midi connects the two seas; the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Beginning at the Garonne, above *Toulouse*, whose walls it bathes, it takes a direction from N. to S.E., passes by Montgiscard, enters the department of the Aude, which

it traverses from W. to E., washes Castlenaudry, continues its course in nearly a parallel line with Aude, bathes Tresbes, runs from W. to E. in the department of Herault, passes by *Béziers* and Villeneuve, and is finally lost in the large reservoir or *etang* of Thau, near the Mediterranean, a little above Agde<sup>1</sup>. It is one hundred and fifty English miles in length, and has twenty-six falls. The most considerable fall is that of Fonseranne, near Béziers. This is at the end of a reach near thirty miles in length, the longest reach in the canal, and the fall is so great as to require eight gates. To avoid the delay which would be occasioned by passing all these, the passage-boats are unladen when they arrive at it, and the passengers walk on to the end where another boat is waiting to receive them, and the baggage is carried on men's shoulders or on hand-barrows. The same thing is done at another fall, where there are five gates, and at five falls where there are four gates at each; at the remaining nineteen, where there are only three gates, as the delay is not more considerable than the changing boats would be, the boats pass through them. The original idea was that the canal should be supplied by the waters of the Garonne, but this was found impossible on account of the height to which it must be carried above the level of that river. Two vast reservoirs are therefore formed in the black mountains, at the highest part of the course

<sup>1</sup> Agde is about two miles from the Mediterranean, and 12 from Béziers. It is a flourishing little port, and contains a population of 7,500. Manufactures of brandy and soap, ship-building, fishing, &c.



of the canal, in which are collected the waters from a number of springs in the mountains; and by means of these the canal receives a supply of water, which, in more than a century that has elapsed since it was first opened, has never been known to fail. The basin of St. Ferreol, which is the largest of the two, is nearly an English mile in length, and about half that breadth; it is capable of containing nine hundred and forty thousand cubic toises of water, each toise consisting of six French feet, which is about six feet and a half English. The basin of Lampy is nearly two thirds the size of that of St. Ferreol. Thus, by having two reservoirs, in the case of repairs being wanted by the one, so that it is necessary to lay it dry, a constant supply of water may be had from the other. These reservoirs are two hundred feet above the level of the Garonne, and six hundred above that of the Mediterranean. To this stupendous work an elegant tribute has been paid by Monsieur Delille, in his charming poem of "*L'Homme des Champs.*"

Là, par un art magique, à vos yeux sont offerts  
Des fleuves sur des ponts, des vaisseaux dans les airs;  
Des chemins sous des monts, des rocs changés en vôte,  
Où vingt fleuves, suivant leur ténébreuse route,  
Dans de noirs souterrains conduisent les vaisseaux,  
Qui du noir Achéron semblent fendre les eaux;  
Puis gagnant lentement l'ouverture opposée  
Découvrent tout à coup un riant élysée,  
Des vergers pleins de fruits, et des prés pleins de fleurs,  
Et d'un bel horizon les brillantes couleurs.  
En contemplant du mont la hauteur menaçante,  
La fleuve quelque temps s'arrête d'épouvante;  
Mais, d'espace en espace, en tombant retenus,  
Avec art applanis, avec art soutenus,  
Du mont, dont la hauteur au vallon doit les rendre,  
Les flots de chute en chute apprennent à descendre;

Puis traversant en paix l'émail fleuri des prés  
Conduisent à la mer les vaisseaux rassurés.  
Chef-d'œuvre qui vainquit les monts, les champs, les ondes,  
Et joignit les deux mers, qui joignent les deux mondes.

Near Béziers, a little out of the high road to Narbonne, the royal canal is carried through the mountain of *Malpas*, a subterranean channel, 600 feet in length: the arch through which it runs is vaulted over with stone-work, the whole of the way, and there is a walk by the side of the canal. While the workmen were opening this subterraneous cut, they accidentally struck upon a channel made by the Romans, to drain a lake that once filled a vast hollow on the summit of the mountain. From *Malpas* to the surface of the river *Orbe* there is a fall of sixty-seven feet, which renders ten locks necessary for the raising or lowering the barges.

“The whole district between Montpellier and Narbonne is extremely fertile and well-cultivated; a deep-soiled corn country. Farmers every where treading out their wheat with mules or horses, twelve or fourteen together. After the corn is separated, they continue treading the straw, until it is reduced almost to chaff, to improve the fodder, and forward the maturation of the dung. Families in the towns universally lay in their stock of wheat for the year's consumption, at this season (August). Present price 5s. per bushel, Winchester measure (1814). The wine of this rich country is not good, but extremely abundant. From an acre of 800 toises, about three-quarters of an English acre, they expect 3600 bottles. The labour is nearly the same as on hops; and where quantity rather than quality is the object, about the same proportion of

manure is applied every other year." See Birkbeck's Notes, p. 55.

*Narbonne* is a place of small extent, six miles from the sea, upon a navigable communication from the Aude to the Royal Canal, near a lake called the *etang de la Robine*, once a port. *Narbonne* became a Roman colony 115 years before Christ, and gave its name to a large division of Gaul. The abode of proconsuls and prefects, the masters of the world, or at least their deputies, was sure to receive every embellishment, and mark of distinction, which those proud inhabitants could bestow: the pleasures of Rome were undoubtedly transplanted hither, and sumptuous buildings raised for the sake of enjoying them. The numerous fragments that occur in every part of the town, attest the grandeur and taste of its antient decorations; but time, and the fury of barbarians, have left none of these edifices standing.

The *cathedral* is remarkable for the loftiness of its roof, but the style of architecture is heavy. In the choir is the mausoleum of Philip the Hardy, son of St. Lewis; he died at Perpignan in 1285, while he was employed in despoiling his excommunicated relation, Peter of Arragon, of his dominions.

*Narbonne* was formerly governed by sovereign viscounts, but the kings of France acquired it in the 16th century. Its *trade* chiefly depends upon the exportation of its wheat, which is much esteemed for seed-corn; and, except olives, is the only important production of the diocese: it is sent by a canal to the sea, where it is shipped for those provinces along the coast, that are deficient in that first necessary of life. The salt-pans on the lakes



bring in a considerable revenue. The waste grounds about Narbonne abound in aromatic plants, and from which the bees extract a white and highly perfumed honey; its gentle laxative quality recommending it to the apothecaries in preference to other honey.

The fields in the low grounds are divided by rows of mulberry trees, and mounds overgrown with hickets of tamarisks; the plough used here consists merely of a slender handle, and a coulter, proportioned however to the lightness of the soil. Population 9,000. The poet seems to have been more than usually peevish, when he penned the following lines upon Narbonne:

Digne objet de notre courroux,  
Vieille ville toute de fange,  
Que n'es que ruisseaux et qu'égouts,  
Pourrois tu pretendre de nous  
Le moindre vers à ta louange?

Between this place and Carcassone, the country is very agreeable. We pass by numerous villages, and old chateaux, over gentle eminences swelling amid the most lovely verdure, and tufts of wood, beautiful in the evening, from the tints of the parting sun. There is, however, little shade on this road, and the soil is rocky and gravelly.

The antient town of *Carcassone* is situated between the Aude, and the Canal du Midi. It is divided into two parts by the river: the high town called *la Cité*, contains the antient castle; and the lower town is a regular square, with the streets all straight and intersecting each other at right angles. Carcassone existed as a town under the Romans, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Saracens, under whom it sustained a remarkable siege against

Charlemagne, conducted by a lady called la dame *Carcasse*; hence the name of the place. It sustained another terrible siege in the Albigensian wars; when, on its surrender to the cruel Simon de Montfort, the inhabitants were compelled to quit the city in a body, *in a state of perfect nudity*, without regard to sex or age.

The objects of curiosity at Carcassone are the ancient chateau, two fine squares, the church of the ci-devant Capuchins, the fountain of Neptune, the Hotel-de-Ville, the fine manufacture of worsted thread, the public walks, the halle; and, near the town, a column of coarse grey marble, erected by the Romans, with this inscription, *Principi juventutis M. Numerio Numeriano nobilissimo Cæsari N. M. P. P.*

Very considerable *manufactories* of woollen cloth are carried on at Carcassone; the superfines, which are in great request, are chiefly exported to the Levant. This town is one of the most agreeable, and by far the *cheapest* residence for a foreigner, in the South of France. Population 15,000.

The climate now becomes too cold for the *olive*, and we lose the sight of this tree, after we quit Carcassone. *Castelnaudry* (castrum novum Arrii) is seated on an eminence near the Canal du Midi, in a territory fertile in corn, wine, and silk; which, with manufactories of cloth, form its chief trade. Here the army of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, was defeated in 1632, and the Duke of Montmorency taken prisoner. The passage-boat from Toulouse passes the first night here. From this place goes off the branch of the canal leading to the black mountains, a chain of naked hills, or rather rocks,

which divide Languedoc from the Rouergue, and the seat of the great works by which the canal is supplied with water; particularly of the immense basin or reservoir of *St. Ferreol*, before noticed, which is built entirely of hewn stone, and provided with enormous cocks, which are opened by iron bars: three rivers are constantly emptying themselves into this reservoir. It is not more than 14 miles from Castlenaudry; and, as a work of art, is one of the most astonishing productions in this way, that can be conceived. There is a large dock-yard at Castlenaudry, for the construction of boats, seated on the canal. Population 7,500.

Pass the little town of *Villefranche*, founded by Raymond, Count of Toulouse, in 1091; and thence over a rich, flat country, through the villages of Maziege, Castanet, &c. to TOULOUSE, whose tall spires shooting up under a pure, warm sky, convey, at a little distance, some vague notion of eastern magnificence.

TOULOUSE, the capital of the Volsci Tectosagi, appears to have been one of the most flourishing cities of ancient Gaul<sup>1</sup>; but, like most places that boast of remote antiquity, has its origin and early history obscured with fables. The Romans decorated it with many noble structures, as an amphitheatre, a capitol, &c. but no vestiges of them are left, except the brick arches of the former. It stands in the centre of an extensive plain, which yields large crops of corn and millet; vineyards are scarce in the environs, and the wine they give is not

<sup>1</sup> It has the epithet of Palladia assigned to it by Martial:  
 Marcus Palladiæ non inficianda Tolosæ  
 Gloria, quem genuit pacis amica quies.



of a very good quality. The circumference of the city is about four miles: its streets are broad, and spacious, and the houses well constructed; some of them are grand, but there is a gloominess in the colour of the brick with which they are built, and a want of motion in the streets, that casts a damp upon the spirits, and excites ideas of misery.

Among the public squares, which are generally small and irregularly built, we may distinguish that before the Hotel de Ville; those of St. George, of the prefecture, decorated with a fountain; and that of St. Cyprian, more regular than the others, and ornamented with some uniform buildings. The principal churches are those of St. Stephen and St. Sernin. The most remarkable public building is the *Hotel de Ville*, inferior only to that of Lyons, where the *capitouls*, or eight antient chief magistrates used to assemble. Toulouse suffered considerably in the time of the Revolution; and particularly by a dreadful explosion of a powder magazine, on the 16th of April, 1816, by which almost all the public buildings were much damaged. The traveller should not forget to see the corn mill of *Basacle*. The bridge at Toulouse is one of the finest in Europe.

Toulouse had once a celebrated university, founded in 1229, and many academies, among which was that of the *Floral games*, the most antient literary society in Europe, now about to be re-established. See a full account of this curious institution, and of the *Gay Science* in Miss Plumtree's excellent Travels in France, Vol. III. p. 50—59. Toulouse is an archiepiscopal see, has a court royale, a mint, an academy of arts and sciences, and a Royal College. It has given birth to

any celebrated men, among whom may be named Marcus Antonius Primus, whose character is so fully sketched by Tacitus; Cujas, a name identified with European jurisprudence; Duranti, the ecclesiastical writer; Maignan, a self-taught geome-  
 tician; and, Gui de Faur, Goudelin, Maynard, and Campistron, votaries of the muse. Goudelin, who wrote in the Languedocian dialect, is regarded as another Homer, by the people of this country. The sonnet to Cardinal Richelieu has immortalized Maynard, one of the first poets who gave ease and elegance to his native language; whose social disposition is fondly noticed by his countrymen; and whom Voltaire has judiciously estimated as a writer and a man. Over the door of his study in his country retreat, were inscribed the following lines:

Las d'espérer et de me plaindre  
 Des muses, des grands et du sort;  
 C'est ici que j'attends la mort,  
 Sans la désirer, ni la craindre.

The Toulousans have been always extremely bigoted in religious matters; witness the fatal tragedy of *Calas*, and the other religious persecutions and dissensions, which have so often disgraced this city. Toulouse being a literary, rather than a commercial place, is a cheap and agreeable residence; yet we would not recommend it as proper for the *education* of a young Englishman, as a vicious pronunciation and phraseology pervade the discourse even of the higher ranks.

*Public Walks, &c.*—Few cities in France have more extensive and agreeable promenades than Toulouse; on every side are the most charming walks. The principal are the *esplanade*, consisting of

several long avenues of trees, meeting in a centre and the walks near the canal du Midi, and that of Brienne, which are both lined with trees, and form long allées terminated by bridges, sluices, and view of the river. From the bridge is a noble and extensive prospect of the Pyrenees at the distance of 100 miles; and of the Cevennes, blended with other heights in Auvergne, apparently connecting the chain of Alps.

*Productions, Commerce, Manufactures.*—The productions of Toulouse consist of silk, wool, corn, flour, wine, timber for ship-building, &c. It is also celebrated for its *geese*; the legs of which are preserved in the fat of the animals melted in a manner resembling our potted meats, and sent thence to a great distance. Pies made of the livers of geese, fattened to an enormous size are also esteemed a great delicacy. *Manufactures* of tobacco and snuff, unbleached cloth, broad cloth, dimity, stuffs, printed calicoes, blankets, counterpanes, &c. Population 55,000.

From Toulouse, we may make an excursion to the *Pyrenean mountains*, which will amply repay the lover of picturesque scenery. In this tour (one of the most interesting in France) will be included a visit to the towns of Auch and Tarbes, and the romantic watering-places of *Bagnères* and *Barrège*. Thence the traveller may proceed to *Pau*, *Bayonne*, and *Bordeaux*; or he may return to Toulouse and take the high road to that city described in our next chapter.



## CHAPTER V,

*Route from Toulouse to Bordeaux—Montauban—Agen—  
Description of Bordeaux—Shepherds of the Landes—  
From Bordeaux to Tours by Angoulême and Poitiers—  
To Nantes, by Rochefort and Rochelle.*

THERE are two ways of proceeding to Bordeaux. We may descend the Garonne, a very pleasant trip in fine weather; or we may take the following land route, and visit the different towns mentioned at the head of this chapter.

No. 16. From TOULOUSE to BORDEAUX  $36\frac{1}{4}$  posts; about 200 English miles.

| FROM                               | POSTS.         | FROM                              | POSTS.         |
|------------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| TOULOUSE to St. Jory . . . .       | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | Port St. Maine to Aiguillon       | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Grizolles . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Tonneins . . . . .                | 2              |
| MONTAUBAN <sup>(1)</sup> . . . . . | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Marmande . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Saula . . . . .                    | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | La Motte Landron . . . . .        | 1              |
| Moissac . . . . .                  | 2              | La Reole . . . . .                | 1              |
| Malauze . . . . .                  | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Cauderot . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Magistère . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Langon . . . . .                  | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Croquelardit . . . . .             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Cérons . . . . .                  | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| AGEN <sup>(2)</sup> . . . . .      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Castres . . . . .                 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pont St. Hilaire . . . . .         | 1              | Bouscaut . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Port St. Hilaire . . . . .         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | BORDEAUX <sup>(3)</sup> . . . . . | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Port St. Maine . . . . .           | 1              |                                   |                |

INNS.—<sup>(1)</sup> Le Tapis-Vert, l'Hotel des Ambassadeurs, le Grand-Soleil. <sup>(2)</sup> The Petit St. Jean, Hotel des Ambassadeurs. <sup>(3)</sup> Hotel de Fumel, de Richelieu, Prince of Asturias, Seven Brothers, Providence, Ambassadeurs, Holland, Star, Golden Lion.

Nothing particularly worthy of remark occurs between Toulouse and Montauban. Much of the soil is a poor white sand, cultivated with wheat and fallow alternately: in the better parts, Indian corn is substituted for the fallow. Few flocks are to be seen in this country. *Montauban* is pleasantly situated on the Tarn, which divides it into three parts; and by communicating with the Royal Canal and the Mediterranean, offers great commercial advantages. The town is in general regularly built, well paved, and very neat and clean. Many of the buildings are handsome. The air is very salubrious here, and the environs are thickly spotted with charming country houses and gardens. *Montauban* being seated on the gentle declivity of a hill, has a fine appearance, particularly from the platform between the two principal walks, whence may be seen in clear weather, the Pyrenean mountains, distant more than 100 miles. This town has a theatre, public library, and very agreeable walks; and the bulk of its inhabitants are *Protestants*: under Bonaparte, a college and great privileges were allowed to them. *Manufactures* of woollen stuffs, known by the names of cadis and rattines of *Montauban*, cotton, and silk, silk stockings, calicos, leather, tobacco, soap, earthen ware; *trade* in drapery, brandy, drugs, spices, cutlery, silks, iron, salt, and goose quills. Population 23,436.

*Montauban* takes its name from the quantity of willows that grow in its neighbourhood, and which, in the language of the country, are called *aubes*. This is in the number of those towns which suffered much in the wars with the Albigeois, in those with

England, and in the civil wars. In the latter it was considered as the principal focus of Calvinism.

The town of *Moissac* consists of one long street which runs along the banks of the Tarn, but is not more than a fourth part of its antient size, before it suffered like Montauban in the religious wars: it was of considerable note in the time of the Romans. Clovis founded an abbey here which was capable of containing 1000 monks; and some remains of it still exist. *Moissac* is situated in a very fertile and agreeable country, and has some trade in oil, the finest flour (*minot*), saffron, and wine. Population 9,000.

Cross the Tarn, and begin to ascend the heights at the foot of the town we have just left. The road continues to wind for a considerable way among these hills, and overlooks the richest country imaginable. We next pass *Malauze*; *Magistère*, a small town with 1,800 inhabitants, and a trade in dried plums, and fine flour; arrive at *Coquelardit*, and hence at

*Agen*, finely situated in the midst of a fertile country, on the banks of the Garonne, but not considered a very healthy place. It is an episcopal see, has a *cour royale*, and a tribunal of commerce. Here are some remains of Roman antiquities, baths, an arena, a curious rock, and a chapel with cells cut in the rock, the view of which is very fine. We should remark also the church of *St. Caprais*, the hotel of the prefecture, the house of the *dépôt de mendicité*, the promenade of *Gravier*, and the works of the bridge over the Garonne. *Agen* produces corn, wine, brandy, hemp, fruits, (particularly what we call French plums) and cattle. *Manufactures of*



serges, sail-cloth, cottons, counterpanes, candles, leather, and braziery. Population 11,000. Joseph Scaliger was born at Agen.

The whole of the route from Agen to Bordeaux is through a rich and fertile country, on the banks of the noble Garonne. Pass port St. Mairie a town with 2,800 inhabitants and reach *Aiguillon*, situated in a charming valley, at the confluence of the Lot and Garonne, which owes its celebrity to the two Dukes of this name, who took their title from the place; the last was one of the few nobles who adhered to the popular cause, at the Revolution. Aiguillon has some trade in hemp, which is much esteemed, and a stocking manufactory. Population, 1,600.

*Tonneins*, situated on the right bank of the Garonne, in an extensive and fertile plain, consists only of one long and broad street of handsome houses. Here is a newly built Hotel de Ville, the façade of which forms a part of a spacious *place*, containing an esplanade, planted with elms, which commands a fine view of the course of the Garonne. This is the most commercial town of the Agenois; its inhabitants are very industrious, but are equally celebrated for their love of luxury and of pleasure. Tobacco is cultivated here in great quantities, and there is a manufacture of pins, and rope-yarns. Population 7,800.

The next place of note in our route, is *Marmande*, on the Garonne, a small well-built place, with broad streets, a college, and a fountain in the centre of the town: it has a considerable *trade* in grain, wine, brandy, plums of Ante, and hemp. Here are also several tanners. Population 5,600. Mar-

mande suffered greatly in the civil wars. *La Réole*, on the right bank of the Garonne, supplies abundance of fine cattle, and trades in wine, brandy, grain, cutlery, &c. Population 3,800. Arrive opposite Langon, and cross the river to that place. *Langon* is celebrated for its delicious white wine, being the best of all the different sorts of the *Bordeais*, which pass under the name of *vins de grave*, from the sandy and gravelly soil in which the vines grow. Pass *Cérons*, *Castres*, and *Bouscaut*, and at length reach

**BORDEAUX**, formerly the capital of *Guienne*, and situated on the left bank of the Garonne. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more striking than the situation of Bordeaux. The town, nearly three miles in length, sweeps round a crescent formed by the Garonne, so that the view of the whole circuit can be taken in at once by the eye. Along the river, which is much broader than the Thames at London-Bridge, runs a fine quay, the buildings on which are of white stone, almost all modern, and very handsome; and the river is always full of shipping, some of the vessels being of a considerable size. On the opposite bank, a rich country adorned with wooded slopes, and vineyards, with a number of villas scattered about, extends as far as the eye can reach. This forms, on the whole, a much finer *coup-d'œil* than is presented by the quay at Paris; along which run the Louvre, the Tuileries, &c. There are not, it is true, at Bordeaux, any buildings to be compared individually with those that have been mentioned at Paris; but in considering the effect as *a whole*, a decided preference must be given to Bordeaux. The fine river

Garonne is a much grander feature than the Seine presents; added to which the circular course of the river permits the whole to be seen at once, and with the utmost distinctness; whereas the quay at Paris, running in a straight line, the objects, however grand, can only be seen in succession.

*Antiquities.*—This town was in its origin a Roman colony:—after the overthrow of the Roman empire it fell into the hands of the Visigoths, who were expelled from it by Clovis. There are yet remaining some fragments of one of the edifices with which the Romans embellished the town; to which is given the name of *Le Palais Gallien*, under the idea that it was a palace built by the emperor Gallienus, who reigned early in the third century. It has, however, the appearance of having been an amphitheatre, and it is known by tradition that there was one in the town; but some antiquarians place the site of that, near the spot where now stands the church of St. Surin, which is at some distance from the Palais Gallien. This latter, it is evident from the fragments that remain, was of a circular form, and there is an archway remaining perfect, which has a similar appearance to one of the four great entrances to the amphitheatre at Nismes. If it was a palace, as is asserted, it was an immense one; but so the Roman palaces undoubtedly were. The area appears, as far as any opinion can now be formed of its size, much larger than that of the amphitheatre at Nismes; but we judge here only by the sight, and the difference between the present situation of the two buildings may possibly lead the eye astray in this particular. The circuit of the amphitheatre at



Nismes is entire; but here, though there are sufficient fragments to point out that the form of the building was circular, and to mark the extent of the circuit; yet as there are large intervals where the walls are entirely broken down, and where other buildings are erected which intersect the fragments that remain standing, it is not so easy to determine by the judgment of the eye, respecting its comparative dimensions, as if the perfect inclosure had remained. It is built of a mixture of stone and brick, one row of small square slabs of stone, and then three of brick, so alternately the whole height of the wall. This is a style of building far inferior, in grandeur as well as in solidity, to the enormous blocks of stones which were used in constructing the edifices of the more splendid days of Rome, and is known to have been that of the declining years of the empire.

Some considerable remains of a Roman temple, served for the foundation of a fortress called the Chateau Trompette, erected on the quay, by Charles VII. but now again destroyed in its turn.

*Churches.*—The revolutionary hand has not provided so many ruins for the decoration of Bordeaux as it has for many other places. The churches have in general been suffered to remain with little or no injury, except the despoiling them of the gold and silver vessels, and any other ornaments of value which they possessed. The metropolitan church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is a fine old Gothic building: it existed before the time of Charlemagne, who, dying, left several rich bequests for its additional decoration. At the west end are two

lofty spires, but the summit of one was many years ago struck off by lightning, and has never been repaired. There are three other churches in Bordeaux, all Gothic buildings, which have also at different times been injured by lightning.

The church of St. Surin is another very fine old Gothic structure, and has a profusion of Gothic ornament about the great altar, as well as about an altar in one of the side chapels. In the same chapel are deposited a great number of relics which have been *happily* preserved through the Revolution.

In the church of St. Michael, another handsome Gothic structure, there is a fine carving in wood over the pulpit, of the saint to whom it is consecrated, chaining the Devil. The church of St. Peter has, as well as that of St. Surin, a large collection of relics. The church of Nôtre Dame is a handsome modern building, much in the style of that of St. Sulpice at Paris, only upon a smaller scale. A profusion of votive offerings are hung up here, tributes to the Virgin patroness of the place, the great saint and protectress of seafaring persons; consequently a saint who must receive much homage at Bordeaux.

*Public Buildings, &c.*—The Exchange is a fine modern building upon the quay: it is of an oblong quadrangular form with a court within, over which is a glazed roof, so that those who assemble there for transacting business are sheltered from the weather. Round the court is a piazza filled with shops for merchandize of all sorts, in the style of the Palais-royal at Paris, only that it is a miniature resemblance, for the longest sides of this building appear

scarcely longer than the shortest of the Palais-royal. Over the piazza are galleries, in which two fairs are held every year. The archiepiscopal palace, now the *hotel of the prefecture*, is a fine pile of building; and the *grand theatre* is generally allowed to be the finest edifice of the kind in the whole French empire; even the Odeon at Paris, in all its prosperity, was not equal to it. Its front is to the Alleys of Tourny, one of the great promenades of Bordeaux, and one side is to the Chapeau-rouge, the widest street in the town. The building itself is however entirely insulated, which contributes not a little to the grandeur of its appearance. It has a handsome colonnade in front, over which is a balcony with a stone balustrade, on which are statues of Apollo and the nine muses. From this balcony there is a very fine view over the town and the rich country round it. Other buildings and objects of curiosity are, the city museum and library; the museum founded by Rodrigue; the Athenæum established by Gœthal; the various minor theatres; the mayor's house; the custom-houses, &c. &c.

*Promenades.*—The quay is a very fashionable promenade even in winter, notwithstanding its exposure to the north; but the busy scene it presents from the extensive foreign commerce which the town carries on, renders it always gay and amusing. The Alleys of Tourny is another of the promenades: they consist of several rows of trees; and being in the centre of the town, and a very great thoroughfare, they are always full of company. Another great place of resort for those who want to get rid of time is the Champ de Mars,



a sort of little park, almost at the extremity of the town, near the quarter of the Chartrons. This is to the people of Bordeaux, what the Champs-Élysées are to the Parisians—the theatre of a variety of sports.

*Manners, Society, &c.*—The Bordelais are remarkably frank and cheerful in their behaviour; gay, and fond of pleasure. The women are very handsome, and particularly amiable. Bordeaux has been always a favourite residence with the English, and from its commercial character, several thousands of our countrymen are always found living in the city or its environs during peace. This place, like Marseilles, is by no means a cheap, but is a most agreeable *sejour*. The environs are more reasonable, and there a single gentleman may board and lodge in a private family for forty pounds a year. There is no want of amusement at Bordeaux; the continual influx of strangers, from all parts of the world—the moving scenery of shipping—the noble quay—the beautiful walks—the different theatres, balls, concerts, &c. the amenity of the climate, and the natural gaiety of the people,—all contribute to render Bordeaux the most delightful residence of Southern France. Though the winter here is cold, it is preferred by many to Marseilles, as a permanent residence <sup>1</sup>.

*Productions, Commerce, Manufactures.*—The wine of the country, *vin de Bordeaux*, or as we call it, claret, forms the principal export and trade of

<sup>1</sup> For some particulars and descriptions, in this account of Bordeaux, we are indebted to Miss Plumptre's *Residence in France*, Vol. III. pp. 91, et seq.

his place ; the best comes from the Pays de Medoc, a district bordering on the Garonne ; when it has been about four years in bottle, it is a most delicious wine : but it is much adulterated with brandy before it reaches England. The other articles of commerce are brandy, vinegar, plums, honey, chestnuts, resin, pitch and tar, turpentine, hemp, perfumery, preserved fruits, hams, and live stock of all sorts. It exports to America the productions of the Gironde, and trades largely with Spain and Italy. Bordeaux has also sugar refineries, and manufactories of brandy, aniseed, vinegar, calicoes, stockings, aqua-fortis, earthenware, glass, and several rope-yards. Population 99,000. The port of Bordeaux is capable of containing more than a thousand vessels.

This account of Bordeaux would be incomplete were we not to notice a remarkable tract of country in its vicinity, known by the name of the *Landes*, or desert of the South of France, which lies between the mouths of the Adour and the Gironde, along the seacoast ; and, according to tradition, was once the bed of the sea itself, which flowed in as far as Dax. The following is an account of this singular country, by a recent traveller. “ It is a bed of sand, flat, in the strictest sense of the word, and abounding with extensive pine woods. These woods afford turpentine, resin, and charcoal, for trade, as well as sort of candles, used by the peasantry, made of turn dipt in the turpentine. The road is through the sand, unaltered by art, except where it is so loose and deep as to require the trunks of the fir trees to be laid across to give it firmness. The villages and hamlets stand on spots of fertile ground,

scattered like islands among the sands. The appearance of a corn-field on each side of the road, fenced by green hedges, a clump of trees at a little distance, and the spire of a rustic church tapering from among them, gave notice of our approach to an inhabited spot. On entering the villages, we found neat white cottages, scattered along a bit of green, surrounded by well cultivated gardens and orchards, and shaded by fine old oaks and walnuts. Through the centre of the village, a brook of the clearest water was always seen running among meadows and hay-fields, and forming a most grateful contrast to the heat and dust of the sandy road.

“ It was between the villages of Castel and La Buharre that we first saw these shepherds, mounted on stilts, and striding like storks, along the flat. The stilts raise them from three to five feet; and the foot rests on a surface, adapted to its sole, carved out of the solid wood; a flat part, shaped to the outside of the leg, and reaching to below the bend of the knee, is strapped round the calf and ankle. The foot is covered by a piece of raw sheep's hide. In these stilts they move with perfect freedom, and astonishing rapidity; and they have their balance so completely, that they run, jump, stoop, and even dance with ease and safety. We made them run races for a piece of money, put on a stone on the ground, to which they pounced down with surprising quickness. They cannot stand quite still without the aid of a long staff, which they always carry in their hands. This guards them against any accidental trip, and when they wish to be at rest forms a third leg, that keeps them steady.





“ The habit of using the stilts is acquired early, and it appeared that the smaller the boy was, the longer it was necessary to have his stilts. By means of these odd additions to the natural leg, the feet are kept out of the water, which lies deep during winter on the sands, and from the heated sand during the summer: in addition to which, the sphere of vision over so perfect a flat is materially increased by the elevation, and the shepherd can see his sheep much farther on stilts than he could from the ground.”—*Journal of Science and the Arts*, Vol. II. p. 255.

From Bordeaux, the traveller may proceed to *Tours*, by Angoulême and Poitiers, the usual route; or first visit Nantes, taking the road of Rochefort and Rochelle. We shall give both routes, so that the tourist may then make his election.

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No. 17. From BORDEAUX to TOURS, by *Angoulême* and *Poitiers*,  $48\frac{3}{4}$  Posts; about 268 English miles.

| FROM                     | POSTS.         | FROM                               | POSTS.         |
|--------------------------|----------------|------------------------------------|----------------|
| BORDEAUX to Carbon-Blanc | 2              | Roulet to ANGOULEME <sup>(1)</sup> | 2              |
| Culzac.....              | 1              | Churet.....                        | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Cavignac.....            | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Mansle .....                       | 2              |
| Chiersac .....           | 2              | Nègres.....                        | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Montlieu.....            | 1              | Ruffec.....                        | 1              |
| La Grolle.....           | 2              | Maisons-blanches .....             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Reignac .....            | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Chaunay .....                      | 1              |
| Barbezieux .....         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Couhé .....                        | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Petignac .....           | 2              | Minières .....                     | 1              |
| Roulet.....              | 1              | Vivonne .....                      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |

INNS. <sup>(1)</sup> Great Stag, Round Table, White Horse.

| FROM                         | POSTS. | FROM                      | POSTS. |
|------------------------------|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| Vivonne to Croutelle . . . . | 2      | Chatellerault to Ingrande | 1      |
| POITIERS (¹) . . . . .       | 1      | Ormes . . . . .           | 1½     |
| Clan . . . . .               | 2      | St. Maures . . . . .      | 2      |
| Tricherie . . . . .          | 1      | Sorigny . . . . .         | 2      |
| Barres de Nintré . . . . .   | 1      | Montbazou . . . . .       | 1      |
| Chatellerault . . . . .      | 1      | Tours (²) . . . . .       | 2½     |

The situation of Barbezieux, on the high road to Bordeaux and Spain, is very advantageous to the place. It has a manufactory of cloth; its capons are delicious, and its mutton of an excellent quality. Near the town is a mineral spring, called *Fond-Rouilleaux*.

*Angoulême*, the ci-devant capital of the Angoumois, is situated on the Charente; is an episcopal see, and has a tribunal of commerce, and an agricultural society. Here is a good theatre, an exchange, and some fine walks, particularly that called *Belle-vue*, which offers a most picturesque coup-d'œil. Trade in grain, wine, Cognac brandy, saffron, wood, iron, cattle, salt, &c. &c. Manufactures of excellent paper, of which there are twenty-five mills; of woollen, earthenware, serges, drugget, &c. a royal foundry of cannon for the marine, and numerous forges. Population 15,000. In the rocks which form the banks of the Tardouère and the Bandia, are numerous caves or grottoes, filled with stalactites of different colours, and assuming a thousand various forms. The best are at *Rencogne*,

INNS. (¹) Hotel d'Evreux, du Plat d'Etain, des trois Piliers;  
 (²) Pheasant, Golden Ball (very good), St. Julian.



about seven or eight miles from Angoulême. *Ruffec*, remarkable only for its iron mines and forges, has a population of 2,100 inhabitants.

*Poitiers*, situated at the confluence of the Clair and the Boivre, was formerly the capital of Poitou but now the chief town of Vienne. This town is very irregular, and badly built, and has not a population equal to its extent, as a great part of it is composed of gardens, &c. It is surrounded by lofty and steep rocks. The Romans built an amphitheatre here, the street nearest the gate being still called *des Arènes*; and there was a magnificent aqueduct, of which some remains still exist. About half a mile from the town is a curious Celtic monument called the *Pierre levée*, a mass of irregular stones raised upon five pillars about four feet in height. The public walk here is very fine. Poitiers is an episcopal see, has a cour royale, a tribunal of commerce, an academy, a royal college, and an agricultural society. *Manufactures* of serges, druggets, caps, counterpanes, furs, earthenware, and hats. *trade* in wool, paper, iron, wine, corn, hemp, linen cloth, brandy. Population 21,124. It was near this town, that a battle was fought in 1356, between the English and the French, when the latter were defeated, and their king taken prisoner. The army of the English, led on by the Black Prince, amounted only to 12,000 men, and the French to 60,000. During the wars with the English Charles VII. held his parliament at Angoulême and resided here a long time.

*Chatellerault*, agreeably situated on the Vienne has a fine square, in the centre of which a fountain

has been lately erected. It has a tribunal of commerce; *trade* in grain, much esteemed wine de veaux, brandy, plums, coriander, honey, gum, wool, hemp, mill-stones; *manufactures* of excellent cutlery, serges, bleaching of wax and tan-yards. Population 8,400.

Between Chatellerault and *Tours*, there is no place worthy of note; the latter town will be described in our *Tour of the Loire*, the subject of the next chapter. We now proceed to notice the route from *Bordeaux to Nantes*, by Rochefort, and Rochelle.

No. 18. From BORDEAUX to NANTES, by *Rochefort* and *Rochelle*,  $41\frac{1}{2}$  posts; about 228 English miles.

| FROM                | POSTS.         | FROM                          | POSTS.         |
|---------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| BORDEAUX to Carbon- |                | St. Porchaire to St. Hypolite | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Blanc .....         | 2              | ROCHEFORT (2) .....           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Cubzaac .....       | 1              | Passage .....                 | 2              |
| Damet .....         | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | ROCHELLE (3) .....            | 2              |
| Fontarabie .....    | 1              | Grolaud .....                 | 1              |
| Ragoneau .....      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Marans .....                  | 2              |
| Etauliers .....     | 1              | Moreilles .....               | 2              |
| St. Aubin .....     | 1              | St. Hermant .....             | 2              |
| Mirambeau .....     | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Chantonay .....               | 2              |
| St. Genis .....     | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Fongeray .....                | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Pons .....          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Montaign .....                | $2\frac{1}{4}$ |
| La Jard .....       | 1              | La Jaunaye .....              | 2              |
| SAINTES (1) .....   | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | NANTES (4) .....              | 2              |
| St. Porchaire ..... | 2              |                               |                |

INNS.—(1) Hotel de France, la Cloche (2), le Bacha, la Coquille d'Or, la Grace de Dieu (3), Hotel des Ambassadeurs, des Princes, des Trois Chandeliers. (4) Hotel de France,

The above is the route for those who travel post ; the *diligence* however usually starts from *Blaye*, about 18 or 20 miles from Bordeaux, and we descend the Garonne in a passage-boat to that place. The voyage is very pleasant in fine weather, and there are some noble views on the river, in different parts, particularly about half way, where the Garonne and the Dordogne unite their streams. The town of *Blaye*, standing on a considerable rock, and sloping towards the shore, has a very picturesque appearance when approached from the water. The Gironde is here four miles broad, though more than 50 miles distant from the sea. Its port is much frequented, and is advantageously situated for commerce. Vessels are built here for the cod-fishery, and others of 200 tons burthen. Here is the tomb of Cherebert, king of Paris, who died at *Blaye* in 567 ; a citadel, and a theatre. INNS—Hotel de l'Union, de l'Empereur. Population 4,700.

*Saintes* is pleasantly situated on a peninsula, formed by the windings of the river Charente ; it was formerly a considerable Roman colony, and was adorned with many splendid edifices, some vestiges of which still remain ; as the ruins of an amphitheatre, and the fragments of a triumphal arch of white marble, on the bridge over the Charente. It has some fine public walks, and a theatre. The ave-

an immense building ; can make up 60 beds, and take in 100 horses, and numbers of servants ; des Etrangers, the best, and very comfortable ; White Horse, Robin, Green Cross, Pelican, &c. &c.



rage quantity of red wine produced annually from the environs of this town is 8,000 tuns, and of white wine 10,000 tuns, which last is made into brandy and excellent spirits of wine. *Manufactures* of dimity, caps, earthenware. Population 10,400.

It was the birth-place of the noted Bernard Palissy, who lived in the reign of Henry III. He was a potter by trade; but having an innate genius for the sciences, he devoted all the time he could spare from his pottery to the cultivation of them. He was in particular so fond of the study of physiology and natural history, and had acquired so much knowledge in these branches of science, that Fontenelle used to say, he was nearly as great a physiologist as Nature herself could form. He likewise painted very beautifully upon glass<sup>1</sup>, and made many useful discoveries in chemistry and agriculture: yet never could he render his talents subservient to the promotion of his fortune, or make them a subject of profit to himself as well as of utility to the world.

But if his talents did not lead him to fortune, they led him at least to fame; so that the king hearing of him, and curious to see so extraordinary a character, sent for him to Paris, and had several interviews with him. Palissy was by religion a Calvinist, and it was thought that his religious princi-

<sup>1</sup> In the castle of St. Ecouen, destroyed during the Revolution, was a large window of glass stained by Palissy, representing the story of Pysche, from Cartoons by Raffaele. It consisted of thirty pieces, eight of which are lost: the remaining twenty-two are preserved in the Museum of French monuments at Paris.

ples were the great obstacles to his fortune. One day Henry told him, that unless he would change his religion he should be compelled at length to withdraw his protection from him. Palissy heard the king with the respect due to his rank, but answered in a firm and dignified tone: "Your majesty has frequently told me that you pitied my case; but since you can say that you shall be *compelled* to withdraw your protection from me, I now pity yours; this is not the language of a king. Yet know, sire, that not the whole faction of the Guises, not all your catholic subjects united shall ever *compel* a poor potter of Saintes to bow the knee to senseless images of wood and stone." The king was so struck with this answer, that he never after mentioned the subject of changing his religion to Palissy, but suffered him in a short time to return to his native town, where he remained in peace to the end of his life. He lived to a great age, never forsaking his business, or ceasing in his moments of leisure to follow his favourite scientific pursuits. From having owed his subsistence entirely to his pottery, and from not having risen to fortune, though much noticed for his talents, he used to say, that he never had but two real friends, *heaven* and *earth*.

*Rochefort* is situated on the Charente, about 12 miles from its mouth, in the midst of a low, marshy, country; the houses are very low, and many of them have only one story. The town is, notwithstanding, handsome and regular, and was built by Louis XIV. who made it a department of the marine. The port is convenient, and defended at the

entrance of the river by several forts. It has a tribunal of commerce, a maritime prefect, a dock-yard, vast magazines, a place d'armes in the centre of the town, an arsenal, a fine hospital, agreeable promenades, and a vast basin or reservoir, to supply the town with water. *Trade* in wine, brandy, salt, and grain of every kind. Population 17,000.

*Rochelle* is a considerable sea-port. It is well-built, and many of the houses are supported by arcades and porticos: the Place du Chateau is a noble square. Rochelle is an episcopal see, has a tribunal of commerce, and a mint; a theatre, exchange, and agricultural society. The Place d'Armes is a fine public walk; and from *le Mail* may be seen, at one view, the isles of Oléron, Ré, and Aix; Brouages and Marennes: from the tower of Baleine we may see the country for 20 or 30 miles round; this is also a light-house. Rochelle fits out vessels for the isles, and furnishes wine, brandy, salt, hemp, linseed, and mustard. Population 18,000.

The celebrated *mound* (digue) erected by Cardinal Richelieu, extends from side to side, across the whole harbour, nearly an English mile in length, and when the sea retires is still visible. We may walk out upon it for more than 300 feet; its breadth is even now more than 180 feet, and it widens considerably towards the base. No effort of art or power can possibly impress the mind with so vast and sublime an idea of the genius of Richelieu, as does this bulwark against the sea. While we stand upon it, in the middle of the port, between the



waves which roll on either side, and contemplate its extent and strength, we are almost inclined to suppose this astonishing work to be superior to human power, and the production rather of a deity than of a mortal. A small opening of about 200 feet was left by Pompey Targon, the architect who constructed it, to give entrance to vessels, and was shut up by chains fixed across it. A tower was also erected at each end, no remains of which are now to be seen. In all probability a thousand years, aided by storms and all the fury of the sea, will make little or no impression on this mound, which is designed to endure as long as the fame of the cardinal its author.

In the year 1361, Rochelle was delivered up to the English. In 1540 it was the grand asylum of the Protestants; and the massacre at Paris was soon followed by the siege of Rochelle, which began in November 1572, and was raised in June 1573.

Great part of the country between Rochelle and Nantes lies near the sea, and is very fenny and marshy; but the air is only unwholesome to strangers, for the natives look very healthy, and live to a good old age. The marshes afford great quantities of salt, feed abundance of draught oxen, and a great deal of hemp and flax is grown in them. In this route, we have traversed from south to north, the *ci-devant* province of Poitou; and, in part, the unfortunate *La Vendée*, which commences about St. Hermand. Three of the places in our route, Chantonay, St. Fulgent, and Montaigu, were the scenes of action of particular note, in the Vendéan war. In the short space of three days, the latter town

was twice given up to indiscriminate pillage and massacre ; being first taken by the republican army, and afterwards retaken by the Vendéans. But of these melancholy events we have neither space nor inclination to enter into any detail ; this has already been done in the interesting and unaffected "*Memoirs of the Marchioness de la Roche Jaquelein* ;" a book which, in this part of the country, as in the course of the Tour on the Loire, will be in constant request among those who can consent to sadden their journey of pleasure with this soul-chilling narrative ; and to cast a gloom over the enjoyment of the most beautiful country, and most lively and cheerful scenery in France. And yet there are few, we believe, in England, who will not make the Marchioness de la Roche Jaquelein their companion on this tour, as every one must be captivated with the simple and natural pictures which she draws of manners, principles, virtues and feelings, which may be deemed almost obsolete in modern Europe. She was an actor in the scenes she describes, and formed indeed a *pars magna* of the distressful events which she has so simply and so elegantly recorded. It should be remembered, however, that the fascinating *naïveté* of her style, the peculiar charm of these Memoirs, is not to be found in any translation.

The *Vendéans* are considered as a remnant of the Huns and Picts, who under the latter emperors of the West overran a large part of Italy and Gaul. They have a character, both physical and moral, which differs in many respects from the character of those among the French who may more do-

cidedly be pronounced descendants of the Franks. They have larger heads, thicker necks, smaller eyes, and fairer complexions, than the French in general. They are rather low in stature, of a disposition less ardent and active than the French of many other parts; but when their spirit is roused, they enter with great eagerness into whatever they undertake, and are remarkable for a stoical contempt of death in the pursuit of any favourite object.

They are very hospitable, and if a traveller should be overtaken by bad weather, will invite him into their cottages, give him any refreshment that they afford, and would esteem it an affront if the guest should offer to pay for it. They are more addicted to drinking than the generality of the French, and are less eager after diversions; yet they have their Sunday amusements, to which they are much attached. After service, the men make parties at bowls, in which they particularly excel; and the losers always treat the company with two or three bottles of wine, according to the numbers that are to drink. But the great time of festivity is when a hog is killed by any of the peasantry. The owner of the animal invites all his neighbours to his house, when they play at bowls, dance, and amuse themselves with other active sports till supper. They then make a jovial and hearty meal, when the wine flows freely, and afterwards tell stories, or make speeches; or sometimes preach burlesque sermons, in which great humour is displayed. The Vendéan women are reckoned to sing and dance extremely well.

A very bad jargon is spoken in this country, a



dialect of the French, not like the Provençal and the Bréton, a language distinct from it. The Vendéans, put the verb in the plural to the nominative pronoun in the singular, and say *j'avons, je mangeons, &c. &c.* They are besides remarkable for adding the word *moi*, which they pronounce *mai* to every thing they say when speaking of themselves.—For many curious particulars of the Vendéans and Bretons we refer to Miss Plumtree's *Residence in France*, Vol. III. to which we are indebted for this excellent sketch of Vendéan character.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Tour of the Loire.—Description of Nantes—Angers—Saumur—Tours—Blois—Orleans.—Route from Orleans to Paris—From Angers to Paris, by La Fleche, le Mans and Chartres.*

As the tour of the Loire is usually made on its banks, rather than on the river, in a boat, as on the Rhine, Rhone, Garonne, &c on account of the difficulty of navigation, in summer, from the various shallows which are met with, there is no objection to commencing the journey at *Nantes*. Those, however, who come from Paris, may take the diligence to Orleans, and *descend* the river from that place to Nantes; but there are no public passage-boats (*coches d'eau*) all the way, as on the other rivers. In this case, the traveller will have to *reverse* the rout we are about to describe.

The approach to *Nantes*, from the south, for about a mile and a half, is over a continued succession of bridges, built over the various branches of the *Chezine* and the *Ardres*, two small streams that run into the Loire. *Nantes* is finely situated on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which runs the *Loire*, almost as broad as the *Thames* at London, but much more picturesque, on account of the numerous little green islands, spotted with *quingettes*, or houses of refreshment, with gardens; the river

covered with boats and small vessels; the fine quay, nearly a mile in length; the various promenades, and the view of the surrounding country, altogether form a most charming coup d'œil, which is scarcely surpassed in any part of France. Yet Nantes labours under a commercial inconvenience, in the shallowness of the river, as vessels of more than an hundred tons burthen, are obliged to unload at *Paimbœuf*, distant about 25 miles. This place, only a village at the commencement of the 18th century, is now a flourishing sea-port, with a population of 4,000 souls.

*Nantes* is an episcopal see, has a royal college, (ci-devant lycée), a tribunal of commerce, a noble public library, a school of anatomy and surgery, an agriculteral and commercial society, a botanical garden, a museum, a cabinet of natural history, and a school of hydrography. Among the principal buildings are a fine antient cathedral, lately repaired (1816); the Hotel de Ville, the palace of the prefecture, a very handsome theatre, the exchange, the halle, the departmental column, 76 feet in height; and the vast *chateau*, in an excellent state of preservation. *Nantes* is altogether a very fine city, and several parts of it bear a close resemblance to Paris, particularly in the magnificence of the public buildings, the height of the houses, the breadth of the streets, the beauty of some of the squares, and in the architecture of a few of the twelve bridges which connect the different quarters of the town. Among the four large faubourgs of *Nantes*, that of *la Fosse* is the finest, and inhabited by the rich merchants and bankers. The *Isle Fey-*



*deau* also contains some very handsome and well-built houses.

*Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce.* — Nantes furnishes coals, and wood for making hoops for casks, and has rope-yards, manufactures of counterpanes, calicoes, dimities, handkerchiefs, cotton twist, liqueurs, earthenware, glue, soap, glass, sugar, bleaching wax, &c.: exports the productions of all France (particularly brandy) to foreign countries, and has considerable trade with the East and West Indies, Africa, and the American colonies; and carries on a cod-fishery at Newfoundland and Cape Breton. Here merchant vessels of 1000 tons are built, and small ships of war. Before the Revolution, this place, like Liverpool, participated deeply in the guilt of the African slave trade, and immense fortunes were made, as in England, by this inhuman traffic. The fiat of *Bonaparte*, however, put an end to this disgraceful commerce in France. Population 75,000.

*Environs.* — The country in the neighbourhood of Nantes is very beautiful, and affords a variety of picturesque rides and walks, particularly on the banks of the river; and the numerous houses of entertainment (*guinguettes* and *bastringues*), at a short distance from the city, draw an immense number of people on the fête days and Sundays, to enjoy all the luxury of rural sights and rural sounds. One of these places, which we visited in 1816, consists of a large orchard, filled with fruit-trees, a corn-field, kitchen-garden, walks, &c. and a snug sort of farm-house, where parties may dine, and enjoy their own society; or sit under the shade

of a fruit tree in the pleasant gardens, and amuse themselves with seeing the belles and beaux of Nantes, as happy as a holiday, fine weather, music and dancing, can make them. A boat will convey the traveller hither for a trifle.

Besides visiting *Paimbœuf*, a journey which may be easily made by water or land, according to the inclination of the traveller; he may make an excursion to *Indret*, about five miles from Nantes, where there is a grand dépôt of timber for ship-building, and one of the finest cannon-foundries in Europe. On the opposite coast, frigates, and other vessels are built.

The *Plateau de la Salle Verte* is another object of curiosity in the environs of Nantes, usually visited by travellers. This is a large block of granite, producing the fetid quartz, or stink-stone: it is semi-transparent, greyish, and when rubbed briskly, gives out a strong and disagreeable smell; or, if two pieces be rubbed together, it produces the same effect. Submitted to the action of fire, it loses its scent, becomes white, and increases in weight. These fetid stones are also found in the country to the N. and N.W. of Nantes.

Nantes is celebrated for the famous edict of Henry IV. made in 1598, in favour of the protestants, and the revocation of which by Louis XIV. in 1685, will ever remain so foul a blot in the otherwise glorious career of that celebrated monarch. During the time of the revolution, Nantes was disgraced by the *noyades*, or horrible executions, ordered by the monster Carrier.

No. 19. From NANTES to ORLEANS,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  Posts;  
about 206 English miles.

| FROM                         | POSTS          | FROM                         | POSTS          |
|------------------------------|----------------|------------------------------|----------------|
| NANTES to Sailleraye . . . . | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Langeais to Luynes . . . . . | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Oudon . . . . .              | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | TOURS (2) . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Ancenis . . . . .            | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | La Frillière . . . . .       | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Varades . . . . .            | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Amboise . . . . .            | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Champtocé . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Veuves . . . . .             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| St. Georges . . . . .        | 1              | Chousy . . . . .             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| ANGERS (1) . . . . .         | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | BLOIS (3) . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Port-la-Vallee . . . . .     | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Menars . . . . .             | 1              |
| Rosiers . . . . .            | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Mer . . . . .                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| La-Croix-Verte . . . . .     | 2              | Beaugency . . . . .          | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Chouzé . . . . .             | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | Saint Ay . . . . .           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Trois Volets . . . . .       | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | ORLEANS (4) . . . . .        | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Langeais . . . . .           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                              |                |

The Tour of the Loire has been long rendered familiar to the English reader, by the interesting work of Lieutenant-Colonel *Pinkney*; which, though its descriptions are in some parts, rather too warmly coloured, is, in our opinion, even *now*, the very best guide in this journey that can be procured. We sought in vain at Paris, and in the different towns on the Loire, for any detached picturesque description of this charming *voyage*; and were at last compelled to be content with Mr. Pinkney's Travels; which we had an opportunity of comparing with the existing state of the country in the last year (1816), and had ample reason to be satisfied with the general accuracy of this entertaining tourist. Since the publication of this work, however, about eight or nine years, the *Inns* throughout this route

INNS.—(1) The White Horse, an excellent Inn; the Pheasant, where the diligences stop. (2) The Golden Ball, Pheasant, St. Julien. (3) The Golden Ball. (4) The same.



have been greatly improved, and are equal in point of extent and accommodation to any in the most frequented parts of France; so that the traveller will not have to fear any of those distressing dilemmas respecting bed-chambers, and ladies, and filles, which the Colonel recounts with so much naïveté and pleasantry. The different towns are also greatly improved, and the traces of the dreadful revolution are in great part, obliterated. The *Memoirs of Madame Laroche-Jaquelein*, will alone call them to our recollection. With this book, *Colonel Pinkney's Travel's*<sup>1</sup>, and the additional observations we have been enabled to furnish from our last trip to the Loire; together with the local guides, occasionally to be purchased at the various towns *en route*, every information will be afforded to render this tour agreeable.

The route from *Nantes to Orleans*, follows the course of the Loire, and for the greater part of the way, is on the *banks* of this beautiful river. The roads are very good, except after heavy rains; and even then, much of it being a *pavé*, or paved causeway, little inconvenience is experienced, except when the latter is out of repair; and this, to the credit of the government, is very seldom the case in France.

Pass through the romantic little village of *Mauves*, situated among a rich variety of woodland and meadow; with hills on both sides the river, tufted with wood, and now and then crowned with the ruins of an antient tower or chateau, frequently walled up and inhabited. From *Mauves* to *Oudon*

<sup>1</sup> An octavo edition has lately been published of this work, of great convenience to a traveller.

is a fine and inclosed country, well-wooded, and thickly spotted with neat little cottages generally of one floor, and most of them situated in orchards, fronting the river. Before we arrive at the village of *Oudon*, a single street of straggling houses, we reach a lofty eminence, crowned with the ruins of an old castle, whence there is a prospect of most exquisite beauty, over the Loire. It is, in our opinion, by far the finest view of this river, and we were rather surprised to find, that it was not noticed by Mr. Pinkney, whose book is very full in descriptions of picturesque scenery. Having enjoyed this prospect, it will be better to trust to our feet in descending the hill; no one can ride down with any pleasure; although the heavy waggon-like diligence, and its female passengers, generally run the risk.

*Ancenis*, a little town on the right bank of the Loire, is remarkable for nothing but its beautiful situation in a rich and fertile country. It is not as Mr. Pinkney describes it, "a village on a green in the midst of a forest," but a small straggling country town with a population of 2000 inhabitants and a trade in corn, wine, vinegar, brandy, iron and timber for ship-building. From this place to Angers, "nothing can be more beautiful than the natural distribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley, while the river which borders this scenery is ever giving it a new form by its serpentine shape. The Loire, (continues Mr. Pinkney, whose description we borrow, as being the best ever given,) is perhaps, the only river in Europe, which is bordered by hills and hillocks, and which, in so long a course so seldom passes through a mere dead level. Ac

Accordingly, from the earliest times of the French monarchy, the rising grounds of the Loire have been selected for the sites of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and chateaux; these, many of them still entire, and others with nothing remaining but their lofty walls, together with towns, windmills, and steeples; hills covered with vines, and alternate woods and cornfields<sup>1</sup>, all form a landscape, or rather a chain of landscapes, which remind one of a poem, and successively refresh, delight, animate, and exalt the imagination. Is there any one oppressed with grief for the loss of friends, or what is still more poignantly felt for their ingratitude and unkindness? let him traverse the banks of the Loire; let him appeal from man to nature; from a world of passion and vice, to scenes of groves, meads, and flowers. His must be no common sorrow who would not forget it on the banks of the Loire." *Travels*, p. 435. 4to ed.

Still it should be remembered, that this scenery is of a mild and beautiful, rather than of a grand and romantic character; and that it will be more pleasing to those who have not visited the Meuse in Belgium; the Saône, and the Rhone; the *Rhine*, and the Moselle. The RHINE indeed, should be

<sup>1</sup> To this picture we may add the floating apiaries, consisting frequently of a hundred beehives, which are occasionally seen in the smooth, unruffled surface of the stream:

So through the vales of *Loire* the bee-hives glide,  
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;  
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in sight,  
The busy people wing their various flight,  
Culling unnumbered sweets from various flowers  
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.      ROGERS.



reserved by the *amateur*, as the *ne plus ultra* of SCENERY. (See a Picturesque Voyage down this river, in *Campbell's Belgium and Holland*.)

Angers, formerly the capital of Anjou, now the chief town of the Maine and Loire, is situated on the Mayenne, a little above the place where this river receives the Lesser Loire and Sarte, and which then takes the name of Mayenne or Main, and about three miles from the point where the united streams fall into the Loire. Though this situation, at the confluence of three rivers, and within a short distance of one of the largest in France, is very advantageous in a commercial view, yet the water of the Mayenne is so harsh, as to be unfit to drink, or to cook with; and were it not for the proximity of the Loire, and some aqueducts, Angers, though built on a river, would be in want of one of the first necessaries of life. Angers was a favourite station of the Romans, who appear in their choice of situations to have possessed a taste not the least inferior to the monks. Many remains of the conquerors of the world are yet to be seen. A few of the arches of an aqueduct constructed by them across the river are in perfect preservation, and form a very prominent object as you walk beside its busy banks.

The general appearance of Angers is not in its favour; the streets are steep, narrow, dark, and winding, and most of the houses very antient, projecting, and ill-built: yet there are many very handsome buildings within the walls, and outside of the town; it is chiefly the *interior* which has a sombre appearance. The gloomy *castle*, formerly tenanted by the Plantagenets, in which antiquaries are shown

the tomb of René, king of Sicily, together with that of his wife, demands our first attention. The *cathedral*, of a structure perfectly unique, consisting of one long avenue surmounted by a gothic arched-roof without a pillar, merits inspection. Here is the monument of Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI. of England. Besides these, various superb religious houses of modern erection, in which simplicity and elegance are united, deserve to be visited. They are now turned to various *useful* purposes. The present *caserne*, was formerly an equestrian academy of high reputation throughout Europe. It is a superb building, and most admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. Peter the great of Russia learnt here the art of horsemanship. Angers has long been the seat of literature. Its university, founded by Louis I. Duke of Anjou, in 1246, maintained a reputation fully equal to that of any university in the kingdom; and its academy of the belles-lettres, founded in 1685, was not less illustrious. The church formerly attached to the university, is now converted into a gallery for paintings, and its numerous appendages are devoted to the arts and sciences.

Angers is an episcopal see, has a *cour royale*, a tribunal of commerce, a royal college, an academy of arts; a conservatory of machines, on a similar plan to the one at Paris; a botanical garden; a *musée*, including a gallery of pictures and statues, and an excellent museum of natural history; a public library, a theatre, and a very handsome mall, or public walk. Professors of natural and experimental philosophy; the mathematics; surgery; medicine; painting; sculpture; botany, are here established with competent salaries at the expense of the nation.

The walls round this city were built by King John of England, and though six centuries have elapsed, are still nearly entire. Part of them were indeed demolished by Louis the Eighth, but they were restored to their original form by his successor, and remain a proof of the durable style of building of that age (1230). The castle of Angers was built at the same time. It is situated on a rock which overhangs the river, and though now in decay, has still a very striking appearance. The walls are lofty and broad, the towers numerous, and the fossés deep. They are cut out of the solid rock, and must have required long and ingenious labour. Very great improvements have been made in Angers, within these few years; a great part of the old walls have been thrown down, and trees planted to form *boulevards* as at Paris, and many handsome houses have been built on the side of the road. In 1816, a great number of labourers were employed in these works, and the improvements were proceeding rapidly, and on a very large scale. In walking through the streets of Angers, particularly on a Sunday, the traveller will be surprised to see the females riding *à la fourchette*, or in plain English, *astride* upon their ambling nags: and this practice is not confined to the lower classes: elegant women in spruce habits, may be observed equestrianizing in this fashion, without seeming to know any thing about the convenience and modesty of a side-saddle.

The *trade* of Angers consists in grain, wines, brandies, hemp, flax, slates, navy-timber, and for building, slates, coals, horses, cattle, wax, and honey: *manufactures* of sail-cloth, cotton handkerchiefs, printed calicoes, stockings, *etamines*, &



sort of stuff, serges, and table-cloths. Population 28,927.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Pinkney in his preference of Angers, or rather its *environs*, as a residence for a stranger;—particularly since *Tours* has been so overstocked with English colonists; and every thing there has become so extravagantly dear. The latter place has certainly a more imposing appearance, but this consists only in the beauty of its principal street. The climate of Angers is delectable: the fruits are rich and abundant; the surrounding country furnishes wine in the greatest plenty, some samples of which are scarcely, if at all inferior to Champagne; and though wood for fuel is dear, there is plenty of *coal*, which would, no doubt, be preferred by an Englishman. House-rent is much cheaper here than at *Tours*; a good house may be had for £20 or £30 a-year: and a fine mansion without the walls, including twenty or thirty acres of ground, for £50 a-year. In short, for £400 per annum, a family might live in the greatest comfort here, keep their carriage, and partake of luxuries which they would not procure for twice the sum in England. The veal and mutton are good; poultry and game excellent and cheap, and fruits and vegetables extremely plentiful. Provisions of all sorts, indeed, are reasonable.

“The *climate*, in this part of France,” it is justly observed by Mr. Pinkney, (*Travels*, p. 143, 4to. ed.) “is delightful beyond description. The high vault of heaven is clad in ethereal blue, and the sun sets with a glory which is inconceivable to those who have only lived in more northerly regions; for week after week, this weather never

varies, the rains come on at once, and then cease till the following season. The tempests which raise the fogs from the ocean have no influence here, and they are strangers likewise to that hot moisture which produces the pestilential fevers in England and America. There are sometimes indeed heavy thunder-storms, when the clouds burst, and pour down torrents of rain; but the storm ceases in a few minutes, and the heavens, under the influence of a powerful sun, resume their beauty and serenity."

Angers, being seated upon the skirts of La Vendée, suffered much from the Chouans, particularly during the memorable siege. For a considerable space of time; not less than 30,000 cartridges were daily distributed among the inhabitants, hemmed in on every side, and absolutely on the very brink of famine;—from the windows of their houses, from the ramparts on which from time to time they took their busy stations, they gazed on the fields which their own hands had sown, on the vineyards which they had pruned and cultivated, laden with the richest abundance; and serving, like water to *Tantalus*, but to aggravate the pining misery which consumed them!

One mournful morning being driven to desperation by their necessities, they rushed furiously out of their prison upon their besiegers—alas! a few of them returned again ere long, leaving behind them the slaughtered remains of no less than 800 *fathers of families*, to say nothing of the youths and unmarried men who fell also in this day's horrible carnage!—the dreadful distress of the evening can only be conceived by those who have witnessed similar scenes!—within, without—all was horror

and consternation!—one mingled uproar of heart-rending cries and lamentations, and of triumphant shouts from which the shuddering soul of humanity recoils, filled the air;—unsated with blood in the field, the victors pursued the flying multitudes to the gates, hewing them down with relentless cruelty, and deaf as adders to the cries and groans with which they begged for quarter—multitudes were of course cut off from retreat, and had nothing to do but seek for refuge in the fields, the vineyards, and the woods!

The surrounding country participated largely in the miseries suffered by the inhabitants of Angers. For twenty square leagues there was not a field in which human blood had not been shed. Not a town, not a village, not a chateau, not a church, not a cabin, not a roof had been spared!—In one undistinguished desolation all was laid low!—Where hospitality trimmed the chearful hearth, and loaded the smoking board, silence and solitude alone were found—the cry of the wolf, and the screech of the owl alone were heard! At the command of the iron-hearted, iron-fanged monster, the aged and the young, the wounded and the sick, those who were labouring in the pangs of child-birth, and those who were struggling with the agonies of death, were hurried away—a blanket the sole remnant of affluence and comfort!—the vault of heaven their only canopy!—the blaze of their burning mansions the only light which gleamed around them, alas! which gleamed to light them to despair<sup>1</sup>! Following the most moderate computation,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. W. Hughes's *Tour in France*, p. 116.



not less than 250,000 souls perished in the dreadful civil war of La Vendée, by the sword, by famine, and all the horrible modes, which destruction and extermination employ to fill up their catalogue of human victims.

But it is time to quit these torturing scenes and to resume the thread of our narrative. Shortly after we leave Angers, the country becomes thickly inclosed, and on each side of the river varied with hill and dale, woodland and meadow. We now enter upon the *Levé*, one of the most stupendous works which France, or almost any other country can exhibit; compared with it, the utmost exertions of the kind which we have elsewhere seen, are insignificant and pigmy productions; if it be any where outstripped, it must be in Holland and in China. The parts of Anjou, Touraine, and the Orleannais, which border upon the Loire, are perfectly flat; and, in the earlier ages of the world, must have formed a vast morass of not less than 100 miles in length, and from 20 to 40 miles wide—so says tradition, and it appears extremely probable. The *Levé* is an immense bulwark, raised by human hands, to exclude the river from this wide extended tract of country, and confine its waters within its banks, and extends from Angers to Orleans. Its base may be about 40 feet wide; its elevation is nearly 25 do. from the adjoining level; and its upper surface, which is paved with large stones, like the streets of London, just capacious enough to admit of three carriages abreast. This is, in general, kept in the most excellent repair, and is equally good in winter or summer; the only objection to the road to an English traveller, not accustomed to

the *pavés* of France, is the continual rumbling and occasional jolting of the carriage. From this causeway, on one side is a fine view of the river and its opposite shore; and on the other, numberless little cottages and houses in the midst of orchards and corn-fields; and pretty gentlemen's seats, with handsome gardens. When the corn is ripe, the landscape is particularly beautiful. The price of a good mansion here, and between six and seven hundred acres of land, would be about six thousand pounds.

About half-way between Angers and Tours, after passing *La Croix Verte*, we should cross the river to visit the interesting town of *Saumur*, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Loire. As we cross the first bridge from the northern bank to the island, it seems a matter of doubt whether Saumur be situated on this island in the river, or on the island and opposite shore, and whether the town-house, church, &c. which seem to constitute the nucleus of a town, are in the one or the other. The second bridge from the island to the southern bank is very beautiful. The curiosities of Saumur are soon visited; consisting of its handsome bridge, church, one or two public buildings, a theatre, the grande place, and an ancient chateau, now converted into a prison, at a short distance from the town. *Trade* in wine, brandies, vinegar, hemp; *manufactures* of linen cloth, handkerchiefs, and saltpetre; powder-mills and founderies of copper and iron. Population 12,000.

The principal attraction of Saumur consists in its picturesque situation, and the rich and fertile country which surrounds it on every side. House-

rent and provisions are very reasonable at Saumur; and we think it would be a very agreeable residence for an English family. Mr. Pinkney says, "that according to the best estimate he could make, a family consisting of a man, his wife, three or four children, three servants, and as many horses, might easily be kept at Saumur, and in its neighbourhood for about £100 a-year." This sum is certainly much too small, and from the opportunities we had of inquiring into this subject, we should imagine that £200 or £250 would be nearer the mark. Our inn at Saumur was a very good one (*La Corne*, where the diligences stop); and although the beds were not "scented with lavender," nor our slumbers disturbed by the loquacity of the landlord's two handsome daughters, who, Mr. P. says, slept or rather *lay* in an adjoining chamber, with the door left half open,—we had excellent dinners, good wine, and separate *chambres à coucher*.

Again crossing the river, we take leave of the agreeable town of Saumur, and pursue our route to *Tours*, along the banks of the Loire, which still continue to be covered with villages, churches, cottages, &c. The *vineyards* now become more frequent, the plants climb up the steepest declivities, and occupy situations absolutely incapable of any other culture. The elegance with which their long branches project from the rock, and swing in the air—the beauteous festoons they form, as they creep from tree to tree, and twine their tendrils round the spray—the rich luxuriance with which they are not unfrequently laden, infinitely more tempting to the eye than ever apple was, form a picture absolutely paradisaical; and parched, as we may be supposed



to be, the inevitable consequence of close packing, dust, and burning sun-shine, our forbearance in not stopping to pluck the tempting crop, was infinitely greater than ever Adam exerted.

In the midst of these vineyards the habitations of the peasantry form very interesting objects. The rocks consist of several strata of soft calcareous stone, easily hewn, and perfectly free from moisture, even in the most unfavourable states of the atmosphere. Availing themselves of this circumstance, the *Vignerons* have excavated immense hollows, in the cliffs which border the road, and, by squaring and smoothing the sides and roofs, have formed them into dwellings by no means contemptible.

As the evening closed, the candle upon the board enabled us to perceive the clean white table-cloth—the loaf—the bunches of grapes—the bottle of wine, and the bed, with its snowy coverlid, at the bottom of the recess. In short, that the mansion, though not constructed by Palladio, was by no means deficient in comforts—*more* than can be said of many a princely palace. It is such scenes as these, and such a happy peasantry, that the amiable author of the *Traveller* (who took his flute in his pocket, and often depended upon it for a meal) has so beautifully described in the following lines:

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleased with thyself whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring *Loire*!  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew:  
And haply though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,  
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;

Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,  
 And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.  
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days  
 Have led their children through the youthful maze,  
 And the gay grandsire skilled in gestic lore,  
 Has frisked beneath the burthen of three score <sup>1</sup>.

Many such a scene as this have we witnessed, particularly at harvest time, and in the vintage season, when all is mirth, gaiety, and good-humour. The manner of *preparing the grapes* for the press in this part of the country, is remarkably cleanly. Instead of being trampled on by the naked feet as in Portugal and other countries, they are thrown into a large vessel, and macerated with a wooden pestle, and as soon as the vessel is filled the whole is then transported to the wine-press. We next pass Chouzé, Trois Volets, *Langeas*, celebrated for its melons, and the ruins of its old castle; *Luines*, a town with about 2,000 inhabitants, and finally arrive at *Tours*. The whole of the road between Saumur and Tours presents to the eye of the enraptured traveller, the most varied scenery, and the most lovely country, abounding in vines, corn, meadow, wood, and water, and numerous gentlemen's seats, in the most picturesque situations.

Nothing can be more charming than the situation of *Tours*. Imagine a plain between two rivers, the Loire and the Cher, and this plain subdivided into compartments of every variety of cultivated land, corn-fields studded with fruit-trees, and a range of hills in the distance, covered with vine-

<sup>1</sup> See a companion portrait to this beautiful description of village manners, in Sterne's account of his adventure at Tarare, p. 20.

yards to the top, while every eminence has its villa, or abbey, or ruined tower. The entrance to Tours is magnificent, and the coup-d'œil is extremely grand. Passing over a most elegant bridge of seventeen arches, we see before us the noble *rue royale*, composed of regularly built houses with handsome stone fronts, and bearing some resemblance to the best streets of Bath. On either side of us, the river is dotted with the most beautiful islets; and on the left, partly hidden by foliage, appear the majestic towers of the venerable cathedral. This view, in a fine summer moonlight evening, can scarcely be paralleled in France. The *rue royale* is one of the finest streets possible, and has the useful accommodation of a *trottoir*, or pavement on each side as in London; but it is the only good street in Tours, and when we have walked through this, we have seen all the beauty of the place; and for this it is indebted to the munificence of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The town having been almost wholly destroyed by fire, the king rebuilt the fronts of the grand vista, at the expense of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the land would rebuild the rest of the houses. At the end of this street is a long avenue of trees, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards Bordeaux.

The *cathedral*, the church of St. Martin, the public walk of the *Mail*, and the chateau of Plessis le Tours, about a mile from the town, are the principal objects of curiosity at this place. The cathedral is a fine Gothic pile, has some beautiful stained glass windows in high preservation; and a valuable library containing some very antient MSS. Tours is an episcopal see, has an academy



of arts and belles lettres, a royal college, (ci-devant Lycée), an agricultural society and a theatre, with very tolerable performers. *Trade* in corn, wine, pulse, aniseed, dried fruits, plums, chesnuts, and silk: *manufactures* of all sorts of silk stuffs, cottons, wax, candles, pottery and earthenware. Population 21,000, independent of strangers.

The *society* of Tours is considered superior to that of most provincial towns in France, and has been compared in this respect to Salisbury or Canterbury. We must confess that we were particularly pleased with the inhabitants of Tours, who are remarkable for their affability and social qualities; the young women are very pretty and attractive, and are seen to great advantage at the various balls and assemblies, where their vivacity and unwearied gaiety, added to their natural charms, render them uncommonly fascinating. Tours is certainly a delightful residence, but by no means a *cheap* one. This town was much frequented by the English before the French Revolution, and since Mr. Pinkney has again revived its celebrity by his very favourable description of it, our countrymen have resorted thither in crowds. Not less than *three hundred English families* were resident at Tours, and in its immediate environs, in the summer of 1816, and house rent was extravagantly dear; as much as £200 and £300 a year being demanded for a handsome mansion, gardens, and a little paddock. Provisions are plentiful and good, but the new colonists have considerably increased the price of every article of life. As an agreeable *sejour*, Tours, for the size of it, has not its equal in France; the environs are enchanting, and the

whole country eminently *beautiful*; the profusion of chateaus in its vicinity, almost surpasses belief: we repeat that there cannot be a more delightful residence for a family who wish to go abroad, for change of scene—but they must not come here to economize. There is one other objection, perhaps,—the *number of English*; in the principal street and public walks, there are almost as many John Bulls as Frenchmen—particularly at the theatre. Those who wish to live in greater retirement, and at a cheaper rate, must direct their steps to *Saumur, Angers, and Orleans*; or travel towards Lyons and Avignon.

At Tours, says Lord Blayney, I had a party to dinner, but all my rhetoric was insufficient to prevail on my landlady to serve it *à l'Anglaise*; that is, to give the fish and vegetables as part of the first course. Her obstinacy so put me out of temper, that, to her great astonishment and mortification, I *threw the whole of her first course, consisting entirely of French dishes, out of the window, dishes included*; and ordering up the second, we made a tolerable dinner off it.

The climate of the *Touraine* is exceedingly fine, and it has but one drawback; the dreadful hail-storms which sometimes visit this country, and kill cattle, and even men; but these do not occur very often, once in three or four years perhaps.

In Anjou and Touraine *maize* is much cultivated with buck-wheat; the roofs of the peasants, houses are covered, about the latter end of September with it, drying in the sun; the ears are of a bright golden yellow, and the effect is singular:—lucerne is seen, but not in any great quantity;—

saintfoin is more rare—and clover rarer still. In every peasant's garden we perceive hemp and flax flourishing, the latter of which, especially, is prepared at home, and wrought up for the use of the family, and not unfrequently into linens of no contemptible quality. One thing merits observation with regard to flax: in England, the richest lands are chosen for the cultivation of the plant, which is, we believe, justly considered an impoverisher of the soil. In France, on the contrary, any soil whatever serves the purpose, and not unfrequently that which is exhausted; the consequence of which is, the English farmer plucks a *large* crop, the French peasant a *good* one. It is thus they obtain the fine stapled flax of which their cambrics and lawns are made.

In our route to Blois, the first place worthy of remark is *Amboise*, pleasantly situated on the Loire. It consists of two streets and a chateau built in 882, the scene of the cruelties of the wicked Louis XI. Here is a place called the *Oubliette*, reserved for the punishment of state prisoners. It is a wall forty feet in diameter, and about one hundred feet deep; wooden rollers were placed across it at certain distances, turned round by machinery, and to which were fixed several two-edged knives. The victim being precipitated into the abyss, and falling from one roller to another, was minced to pieces before he reached the bottom. As this punishment was always inflicted secretly, and the victim never more heard of, it received the appropriate name of *les Oubliettes*. This place trades in wine, and has manufactures of woollen stuffs, cloth buttons, cutlery, &c. Pass Ecures, Veuves, and



Chouzy, and arrive at Blois. Nearly the whole of this road continues to run by the side of the Loire, and presents nearly the same sort of scenery which we have already noticed. They who wish for a more detailed description, as well as an account of the manner of living and habits of the peasantry, we refer to *Mr. Pinkney's* entertaining volume, which will be read with peculiar interest on the spots which it delineates.

*Blois*, is situated on the Loire, in a very agreeable country, but the structure of the town does not correspond with the beauty of its site: the streets are narrow, dark, winding, and ill-paved, and very steep: the greater part of the town being built upon the declivity of a hill. The most agreeable residence is in front of the Loire, as is also the suburb on the other side of the river. The bridge which connects them is a most elegant structure, and in the centre of it is a fine pillar more than one hundred feet in height. Blois has an antient cathedral, some pretty fountains, a fine terrace, and a few remains of antiquity, particularly of an aqueduct; a handsome hotel de la préfecture, a theatre, public walks; and above all, a magnificent chateau, built upon a rock overhanging the Loire, by Louis XII. in 1520. In one of the chambers, the celebrated Duke of Guise was assassinated. This castle will amply repay a visit; but as we have not room for a description of it, we must refer the reader to *Mr. Pinkney's Travels*. The productions of Blois are wines, brandy, wood for building, and for fuel; manufactures of cloth, blankets, gloves, caps, and earthen-ware. Population 13,100.

The purest French is spoken at Blois: there is,

perhaps, not another town in France more fit for the education of a young family, than Blois. It unites economy with excellent tuition; and agreeable society may be found in the town and its environs: another advantage—it is not yet overstocked with English colonists.

My dinner at Blois, observes the facetious Lord Blayney, was very bad, and rendered still more disagreeable by the intrusion and impertinence of the cook, who every moment entered the room to demand, ‘*Eh bien, Monsieur l’Anglais, comment trouvez-vous votre dîner?*’ adding, ‘*On dit que les cuisiniers de votre pays ne sont pas trop habiles.*’—I replied, ‘If that is the case, you may be assured they won’t come to you to learn, for of all attempts at cookery I ever met with, your’s is the very worst.’ This fellow now entered on a defence of his cookery, which I put a stop to, by inquiring if there was nothing else dressed in the house? He disappeared, and soon after returned with a roast duck, a bird to which, of all others, I have the most mortal aversion; I therefore, to the astonishment of the cook, *threw it deliberately into the fire, and sent the other dishes after it*; at the same time desiring *Monsieur le Cuisinier* to take himself off, if he did not wish to follow them!!

The high road to Orleans, passes through Menars, Mers, Beaugency, and St. Ay. Beaugency is a small town; has a trade in excellent wine and brandy; tan-yards, paper mills, a manufacture of woollen stuffs, and a population of 4,500 inhabitants. We advise the traveller, however, to follow Mr. Pinkney’s route, and go by a cross-road to visit the magnificent castle of Chambord, buried in

woods, and not visible, till within some hundred yards of it. This chateau was built by Francis I. who is said to have employed 1,800 workmen for 12 years in its construction: it is moated and walled round, and has every appendage of the Gothic castle, innumerable towers and turrets, drawbridges and portals. If seated upon a hill, it would be impossible to conceive a finer object. The great Marshal Saxe lived here in great state, and had a regiment of 1,500 horse; the barracks of which are near the castle. The whole building is very accurately described in Mr. Pinkney's Travels. To regain the high road to Orleans, we must direct our course to the village of St. Lawrence on the waters, about twelve miles from Chambord.

As we draw near to Orleans, the declivities on both sides of the Loire become more picturesque; there are many enchanting slopes finely wooded, and intersected with lawns and vineyards, with here and there the chateaux of the country gentry (in situations well chosen) interspersed between them. In short, the country here assumes the aspect of that elegance and comfort to which we are habituated in England. In general, the French *chateau* is very distant from the ideas we are accustomed to form of it—very distant from what the sounding name would lead a foreigner to suppose. In the ordinary construction of an old French chateau, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings; and flanked on each side with a pigeon-house, stables, and barns. One grand avenue leads up to the front of the house;



and, its noble rows of lofty trees, planted by hands long since mouldering in the dust, carry our reflections back to the ages which are past, to the long train of honourable ancestry which has occupied the same spot—so far all is well. Another avenue conducts us to some neighbouring wood, with here and there, as you pass along, a hornbeam, or a juniper, clipped into the shapes of peacocks, with their spreading tails; pillars, and pyramids, &c. Arrived at its centre, six other avenues, like the rowel of a spur, branch off in as many directions; every tree of which is drilled like regimental recruits, and looks almost as much the work of nature: it would be a sin against taste were one of them to swerve from the most correct geometrical exactitude.

In short, the French garden is just what the English garden *was*, and still is, in many parts of the country; an inclosure where all view of the surrounding country is excluded from without, and all traces of nature obliterated within: the only *variety*, a tedious repetition of the same objects; straight walks, square grass-plats, and formal terraces, painted leaden statues of Mercury, Diana, Flora, &c. and fountains, shell-work grottoes, embroidered parterres, mazes, and wildernesses, and all the absurdities of topiary work, and trees disfigured and distorted into statues and pyramids, giants, and dragons. We must, however, do the French the justice to observe, that this antiquated style of gardening is rapidly giving way to the acknowledged beauty of the *English garden*, and that there are numerous successful imitations of this style to be found in France. The modern chateaux are also very handsome buildings.

*Orleans* is a large well-built town on the Loire, situated in an agreeable and fertile country, and nearly in the centre of France. *Orleans*, though it has not so elegant a vista as that which passes through *Tours*, is with this one exception, far better built, and more airy, neat and clean. The *grande place* in the centre is spacious, and the principal street, which is also terminated by a noble bridge, but just yields the palm to the *Rue Royale* at *Tours*. The *cathedral* was constructed in the thirteenth century, but a great part of it having been destroyed by the Huguenots, it was rebuilt by Henry IV; and Louis XV. added the two magnificent towers at the western extremity: they are singularly beautiful; and though covered with ornaments, the general effect is very striking. The view from these towers is one boundless extent of vineyards. The chapels surrounding the great altar are pannelled with wainscot, on which the most interesting parts of the New Testament History are cut in a masterly manner. There is no lack of priests at *Orleans*; we counted *fifty* young and old, in the choir, at high mass.

*Orleans* is an episcopal see, has a cour royale, a tribunal of commerce, an exchange, an academy, a royal college (ci-devant lycée,) a physical and medical, and an agricultural society; a fine walk or mall, a public library, a monument to Joan of Arc, called *La Pucelle d'Orleans*; the tower of Belfroy, and a theatre. The *canal of Orleans*, which is about two miles from the town, joins that of Briare at Combleux, which communicates with the river Loing, and afterwards with the Seine,

This grand and useful work was constructed in the last century. It is eighteen leagues in length, and has thirty sluices; and serves materially to facilitate the transport to Paris of all the articles of merchandize which ascend the Loire. *Trade* in wines, brandy, excellent vinegar, and wood for building and fuel: *manufactures* of caps, stockings, cotton prints, blankets, serges, linen cloth, paper for rooms, bleaching of wax, earthenware, porcelain and pottery, and sugar-houses. Population 42,000.

It will be recollected, that at Orleans, the British name was tarnished with indelible disgrace by the infamous destruction of the female enthusiast, Joan of Arc, who, being taken prisoner, was burnt in the market-place, for having retrieved the affairs of her country after the conquest of it by Henry the Fifth, king of England. On the eighth of May, the anniversary of its deliverance, an annual fête is held at Orleans; there is also a monument at Rouen, to the memory of the maid. Her family was ennobled by Charles VII; but it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that, in the hour of misfortune, he abandoned to her fate, the woman who had saved his kingdom. Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," is, perhaps, the most interesting of his epics. Many other poems and plays have been written on this subject, particularly in French. "There are two (says the Laureate,) which are unfortunately notorious, the Pucelles of Chapelain and Voltaire. I have had patience to peruse the first, and never have been *guilty* of looking into the second." In the Hotel de Ville at Orleans, is a portrait of Joan of Arc.



No. 20. From ORLEANS to PARIS,  $14\frac{3}{4}$  Posts;  
81 English miles.

| FROM                      | POSTS.         | FROM                         | POSTS.         |
|---------------------------|----------------|------------------------------|----------------|
| ORLEANS to Chevilly ..... | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Etampes to Etrechy .....     | 1              |
| Artenay .....             | 1              | Arpajon .....                | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Toury .....               | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Lonjumeau .....              | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Angerville .....          | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Berny .....                  | 1              |
| Mondesir .....            | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | PARIS ( <sup>1</sup> ) ..... | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Etampes .....             | 1              |                              |                |

The journey from Orleans to Paris is made in a day by the diligence, which starts at four in the morning, and arrives the same evening. The whole road is *paved*, and passes through an agreeable corn-country, but over immense plains; there is no object of particular interest. Etampes, Arpajon, and Lonjumeau, are the most considerable places. *Etampes* is pleasantly situated on the Juine, and has a *trade* in grain, flour, wool, honey, and vegetables for Paris; *manufactures* of counterpanes, woollen stockings and leather. The most delicious crayfish are taken in the neighbourhood. Population 7,800. *Arpajon*, a small town on the Orge, has *manufactures* of muslins, dimities, and cottons; and flatting mills; cannon founderies, and a manufacture of arms near the town. Population 2,100. *Lonjumeau*, a bourg, with a population of 2,000 persons, has several manufactories of leather in its neighbourhood. From Etampes the plain begins to be broken up; the country becomes uneven; the

INNS —(<sup>1</sup>) Hotel de Piémont, No. 22, Rue de Richelieu, and the Hotel de Nantes, No. 30, in the same street; Hotel de Portugal, rue de Mail, No. 8; Hotel de Boston, Rue Vivienne. Consult also *Tronchet's Picture of Paris*, (sixth edition) pp. 35 et seq.

scenery more diversified, and the whole bespeaks our approach to a great capital.

Those who descend the *Loire*, or follow the course of this river from Paris to Nantes, visiting Orleans, Blois, Tours, Saumur, and Angers, in their way, and who wish to return to the capital by another route, must proceed from Nantes to *Angers*, and from that place, pursue the road laid down in the following Itinerary; it is through a very fine country, and is, in every respect, an agreeable tour.

No. 21. From ANGERS to Paris, by *la Flèche*, *le Mans*, and *Chartres*,  $36\frac{3}{4}$  posts, about 202 English miles.

| FROM                      | POSTS.         | FROM                          | POSTS.         |
|---------------------------|----------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| ANGERS to Suette .....    | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Nogent le Rotrou to Mont-     |                |
| Durtal .....              | 2              | landon .....                  | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| La Flèche .....           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | Courville .....               | 2              |
| Foulletourte .....        | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | CHARTRES <sup>(2)</sup> ..... | $2\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Guesselard .....          | 1              | Maintenon .....               | $2\frac{1}{4}$ |
| MANS <sup>(1)</sup> ..... | 2              | Epernon .....                 | 1              |
| St. Mars-la-Bruyère ....  | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | Rambouillet .....             | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Conneré .....             | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | Coignières .....              | $1\frac{3}{4}$ |
| La-Ferté-Bernard ....     | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | VERSAILLES .....              | 2              |
| Nogent-le-Rotrou ....     | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | PARIS <sup>(3)</sup> .....    | $2\frac{1}{4}$ |

*La Flèche* is a clean little town, pleasantly situated upon the *Loire*, in a charming valley, surrounded by swelling hills, covered with woods and vineyards, and is the most agreeable in the whole department. It is far better built than the generality of French towns; the streets are wide, commodious and regular; and the general aspect of the place is comfortable. *La Flèche* had a famous

(<sup>1</sup>) The Crescent, Dauphin, Golden Ball. (<sup>2</sup>) *l'Ecritoire Châriot d'Or, le Vert Galant.* (<sup>3</sup>) See before, p. 343.

college, founded by Henry IV.; this suffered greatly by the Revolution, but is in part restored. Masters of eminence in the several branches of tuition are here engaged, and youth are taught the living and dead languages, the mathematics, philosophy moral and natural, music, dancing, in short, every thing requisite to the education of a gentleman—are boarded, clothed, and lodged for fifty guineas per annum. *Trade* in white wine, and grain; its capons and pullets are equally esteemed with those of Mans: *manufactures* of serges, sail-cloth, earthen-ware, and pottery. The town is supplied with good water by a very fine aqueduct, of 509 toises in length. The celebrated *Descartes* was born here. Population 5,100. Near la Flèche is a very handsome chateau and gardens, a royal gift to the Marquis de Varanne.

*Le Mans* is a large populous town, situated on the river Sarte, near its junction with the Huisne, and is an episcopal see. There are here nine public squares or *places*; a cathedral, a very handsome Gothic edifice, lately repaired; the hotel of the prefecture, antient abbey of Benedictines, the hotel de Ville, and the theatre. *Trade* in grain, maize, beans, chesnuts, nuts, cattle, pork, poultry, game, linseed, wax, marble, and slate. *Manufactures* of wax, excellent candles, cotton handkerchiefs, stuffs, woollen caps, lace, soap and blankets. The geese, pullets, capons, and partridges, here, are of the most delicious flavour: the capons are of an uncommon size, and much sought after by epicures. Population 18,500. Diligences go every day from Mans to Paris by Chartres, and to Nantes by Angers; to Tours and the South; to



Alençon, Caen, Rouen, &c. to Laval, Rennes, &c.

The river *Sarte*, in the environs of Mans, and particularly about *Sable*, is, perhaps, one of the finest rivers, for its size, in the universe. Its waters are limpid as the dew drop, and as transparent as crystal. On either side it is bordered with a strip of the richest meadow, clad in almost everlasting green. On its northern shore, at the distance of perhaps 100 yards, the marble rock pushes its dark featured and almost perpendicular cliffs to a very considerable elevation; the bluff points of which sometimes boldly pierce through the thick foliaged copse with which its slopes are clad, and sometimes hide themselves amid the vines which climb up its rugged sides, and swing in the wind with the most wanton luxuriance. Its waves are tenanted by millions of the finny tribes, in all their customary varieties, and on its bosom the frequent barge spreads abroad its tumid sails, and courts the favouring breeze.

There are few situations in France the scenery of which is so completely enchanting as the shore of this placid stream. It is not in the power of words to paint the soft, the tranquillizing effect of an evening's saunter upon its rich luxuriant banks; every thing seems to unite in harmony; the busy bustle of the world comes not here to mingle its discord with our pensive meditations; the din of manufactories jars not on the ear, nor do their attendant vices and their inevitable consequences, squalid wretchedness, obscenity and filth, disgust our senses—the music of the countless nightingales which tenant the declivities of the rocks, is alone interrupted by the clacking of the distant mill, the

barking of the watch-dog, the trill of the snake, and the pastoral songs of the young light-hearted guileless peasantry. To become weary of scenes like these, requires a corrupt and distorted taste. There were few evenings on which we did not regale ourselves with a pensive *promenade* beneath the cliff, along the mazy winding shore—nor ever quitted them but with the wish to return. (Rev. W. Hughes's *Tour through France*, p. 56.)

*Nogent-le-Rotrou* is situated on the Huisne, surrounded with picturesque mountains: at the entrance of the town is a pretty waterfall, formed by the small river Arcisse, which turns three mills. *Trade* in hemp, coals, and hay. *Manufactures* of stuffs, serges, white druggets, linen-drapery, &c. Population 6,780. We next arrive at

*Chartres*, situated on the Eure, and built on an eminence: it is divided into the upper and lower town, and surrounded with walls and fossés. Chartres would deserve a visit were it only for the sake of its noble *cathedral*, the two steeples of which are, without exception, the most astonishing specimens of the Gothic we ever beheld: one is 378, and the other 342, English feet in height. The latter is remarkable for its wonderful mass of stone, and its pyramidal form; and the former for the boldness of its execution, and the richness and delicacy of its ornaments. The interior of the church is magnificent, and the construction of the *choir* was pronounced by the great Vauban as one of the wonders of France. To form a perfect cathedral, the French say, it is necessary to have the front of Rheims, the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, and the *steeple of Chartres*. The carpentry

of the roof well merits a close inspection. The sexton will, if required, take the visitor all over the roof and completely round the church; the only mode of forming an accurate estimate of this astonishing edifice. From either of the towers is a *superb view* of the most extensive *corn country* in the world; and in July, just before the harvest, this immense *sea of waving grain* presents a most magnificent spectacle. Chartres has a mineral spring, of great efficacy in chronic diseases; some very fine public walks, and two or three considerable religious establishments for females, which are open to the inspection of the stranger, upon request made to the superior. *Trade* in corn and flour; *manufactures* of woollen caps, broad-cloth, serges, cotton twist, stuffs, and some celebrated tan-yards. The patés or pies of Chartres are much in request. Population 13,000.

When at *Chartres*, if the traveller wish to proceed to Paris by the diligence, he should take his place only as far as *Maintenon*, where the remainder of the day will be well spent in viewing the fine chateau which bears that name, and the delightful gardens belonging to it. Here are also the remains of the aqueduct begun by Louis XIV. to bring the waters of the Eure to Versailles. From *Maintenon* he can go in the diligence, the next day, to *Rambouillet*, where there is a royal chateau and fine grounds.

*Epernon* is situated on the declivity of a hill, at the junction of three small rivers. Hugues Capet built a chateau here, which the English took possession of and defended for a long time against Charles VI.; being at last forced to abandon this post, it was mined and blown up: the arms of



England are seen among the ruins. Here are some tan-yards, and a population of 1,533 inhabitants.

The chateau of *Rambouillet* is situated in a park, in the midst of woods and waters. The approach to it from the village is by a long avenue, planted on both sides with double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as almost to meet each other. This avenue opens into a lawn, in the centre of which is the *chateau*. It is a vast structure, entirely of brick, and having turrets, arches, and corners, characteristic of the Gothic order.

Louis XIV. held his court in this castle for some years; and from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept and held his levee is still retained in the same condition in which it was left by that monarch. This chamber is nearly thirty yards in length, by eighteen in width, and lofty in proportion; the windows like those of a church. At the farther extremity is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed, of purple velvet and gold, lined with white satin, painted in a very superior style. The colours both of the painting and the velvet still remain; and two pieces of coarse linen are shown as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered as it were with white lace, and with a deep gold fringe round the edges: this is likewise lined with white satin, and marked at the corners with a crown and four fleurs de lis. On each side of the bed are the portraits of Louis XIV. and XV.; of Philip IV. of Spain, and of his queen. Immediately over that line of the apartment where the raised floor terminates, is a gilded rod, extending along the ceiling.

When the king held his court at Rambouillet, a curtain only separated his chamber and the levee-room. In the latter room are several portraits of the peers of France, during the reign of Louis XV. with those of some Spanish grandees.

The rooms are all magnificently furnished : the grand saloon is an immense room ; the floor is of white marble, as are also two ranges of Corinthian pillars on each side of the apartment. The gardens are very spacious, and were laid out, in the French taste, by Le Notre, in borders, walks, terraces, flower-beds, &c. &c. The park is two thousand acres in extent, and is surrounded by a forest of nearly thirty thousand acres.

The diligence which passes through Rambouillet, about eleven o'clock in the morning, will convey the traveller to PARIS ; he will pass through VER-SAILLES, but as it is so near Paris, and there is such a facility of conveyance to this place every day from Paris, it will be better to proceed at once to the CAPITAL.

# Appendix

TO

## CHAPTER IV.

*Visit to Bagnères and Barréges, Watering Places of the Pyrenees.—Route from Toulouse to Bagnères de Bigorre.—Description of Auch—Tarbes—Bagnères—Barréges.—Ascent of the Pic-du-Midi—Fall of Gavarnie.—Return to Barréges.—Route to Bordeaux by Pau and Bayonne.*

THE tour which forms the subject of the following pages, may be reckoned one of the most interesting in France ; it has already been recommended to the notice of the picturesque traveller, at p. 288 ; and will form a useful supplement to the fourth Chapter of this work. They who visit Bordeaux, or pass some time at Toulouse, will find it a most delightful excursion.

No. 22. From TOULOUSE to BAGNERES DE BIGORRE, 19½ posts ; about 107 English miles.

| FROM                      | POSTS. | FROM                     | POSTS. |
|---------------------------|--------|--------------------------|--------|
| Toulouse to Leguevin..... | 2      | Vienau to Mirande.....   | 1½     |
| Ile-Jourdain .....        | 1½     | Mielan .....             | 1½     |
| Gimont .....              | 2      | Rabasteins .....         | 1½     |
| Aubiet.....               | 1      | TARBES .....             | 2½     |
| Auch .....                | 2      | Bagnères de Bigorre .... | 2½     |
| Vienau .....              | 1¾     |                          |        |

*Gimont*, situated on the right bank of the Gimone, has some mines of turquoise stone, and a population



of 2,400 inhabitants. *Auch*, the chief town of the department of Gers, and formerly capital of Gascony, is seated near the river *Gers*, built on the side of a hill, and presents towards the S. E. an amphitheatrical view of great beauty. The streets are narrow and winding, but it has a fine regularly built *place*, situated in the most elevated part of the town, and terminated towards the W. by an agreeable promenade; whence is seen, for the first time, in coming from Agen, a part of the Pyrenean mountains. The principal buildings worthy of remark here, are the cathedral, a Gothic edifice, and the antient archiepiscopal palace. *Manufactures* of coarse woollen cloths and serges, called crepons, callemandes, cadis, and burats; and cottons. *Trade* in wine, wool, and quills. Cardinal Ossat was born here. Population 8,800.

We now pass through a hilly country, and reach *Mirande*, the only place of consequence between Auch and Tarbes; it is a small town on the Baise, situated in the most sterile spot in the whole department. *Trade* in wine, brandy, and wool. To the north are the remains of a city, called *St. Jean-de-Lezian*, the castle belonging to which remains. Population 1,600. According to Mela, the Auscii were the most celebrated people of Aquitania; and their city, Climberis or Climberum of the Gauls, and Ausci or Augusta Ausciorum of the Romans, was the most flourishing, and enjoyed the privilege of being governed by its own laws. There are a few mulberry trees in the vicinity of the town. The *pears* of Auch, especially its *bons chrétiens*, are in high request. Some very large kinds are cultivated near the walls. The seeds seldom attain to maturity, and the juices, of which they are deprived, are diffused in the pulp. This pear has long been a favourite fruit in France.

As we are now travelling in what was formerly called the province of *Gascony*, it may be proper to observe, that this vague term, applied to a considerable portion

of Guenne, was first employed by Gregory of Tours. It is derived from the Vascons, a Spanish tribe, who, issuing from their fastnesses in the Pyrenees, occupied these regions towards the close of the sixth century. Poverty, pride, and provincial dialect discriminate their descendants from Frenchmen. They pronounce most of the quiescent letters, and confound *b* and *v*. Whence Scaliger's bon mot, *Felices, quibus vivere est bibere!* *E* and *a* are treated with the same want of ceremony, and *e* is honoured with an acute accent. Their vicious turns of phrase have been collected into a dictionary of Gasconisms, and another might be composed of Gasconades. But, if the Gascons have their foibles and peculiarities, they may, perhaps, justly claim a comparative superiority in respect of quickness of perception and regular deportment.

From Mirande the country is composed of a hilly and swelling surface, pleasantly chequered with clumps of trees and festoons of vines. After we pass *Mielan*, we descend into the beautiful plain of *Bigorre*. The small district which formerly bore that name is about 45 English miles in length, and nine or 10 in breadth; and contains within this narrow compass a surprising variety of hill and dale; it was anciently renowned for its wines, and more antiently for its stags and rein-deer, when Gaul, on account of its forests, might be compared to Canada or Lapland. The men, in this part of the country, are stout, and rather *grossiers*. Many of them wear bonnets like those of our Highlanders, but white, and with a loose scarlet tuft upon the top. The women have fine fresh complexions, and a peculiar expression of sagacity, to which the red capulet worn by many of them, perhaps, contributes in part. We next arrive at

*Tarbes*, the chief town of the *Tarbelli*, whom Pliny distinguishes by the epithet *quatuor signani*; thus intimating that their garrison was composed of four bodies of troops, each of which had its respective ensign, or standard-bearer. It stands upon the beautifully winding Adour, which, rising in the Pyrenees, here sepa-

rates into five streams, and falls into the sea near Bayonne.

Qui tenet et ripas *ATURI*, quo littore curvo  
Molliter admissum claudit *TARBELLIUS* æquor. *LUC.*

There are few French towns of the same size more pleasing to a stranger than Tarbes. There is something peculiarly captivating in a sequestered situation, a mild atmosphere, a fruitful plain, beautified with wood and water, and skirted by lofty and age-worn mountains. The streets are clean and well aired, the houses neatly built, and covered with blue slate. The ladies are admired for their handsome persons. The men have much the look of health, and regular features. Out of 7,800 inhabitants is formed a very select and agreeable circle. No wonder, then, that Tarbes should have detained some English families on their way to or from the watering places, and detained them for life. Accommodation is good, and provisions are cheap. The only discouraging circumstance to a stranger is, that the French language is not here spoken in its purity. The town experienced no disaster from a smart shock of an earthquake in 1750; but a neighbouring valley was entirely destroyed. Here are some paper-mills; and Tarbes is the general depôt for the commodities of the department.

The road from Tarbes to *Bagnères*, distant about 14 miles, passes through a rapid succession of grand, romantic, and pleasing prospects, where the uncommon richness of the soil is ably seconded by the intelligent industry of the cultivators. Near Tarbes the plain is so extensive that the range of hills on each side scarcely engages the attention; a large portion of its flat surface is covered with pollard cherry trees, serving as props to the vines, while Turkey wheat occupies the ground below. Not a spot of land is suffered to lie in unprofitable idleness, except where the Adour has desolated the plains with its irresistible torrents that rush down



from the mountains on the melting of the snows. We gradually draw near the entrance of a valley, the hills, as it were, approach towards us, and each lofty summit becomes more distinctly marked; the way soon grows less level, and the face of the country is hidden by woods of tall oak; in the midst of these groves are numerous villages, delicious habitations in summer, for every cottage is shaded by a clump of trees, and every garden is refreshed by copious streams of limpid water; the ground rises gently towards hills neatly cultivated, and strewn with a beautiful variety of productions.

At length the vale narrows to a point like the bottom of a net, and is entirely closed up by the buildings of Bagnères; an awful pile of mountains, rudely thrown together, presses behind upon the green woody heights which overhang the town: the low lands before it are covered with crops of divers sorts of grain, but chiefly abound in Turkey wheat.

*Bagnères de Bigorre*, so called to distinguish it from Bagnères de Luchon, another small watering place of the Pyrenees, is situated on the *Adour*, at the foot of Mont Olivet, in one of the most agreeable and picturesque sites imaginable. It is tolerably well built, and the streets are broad and well paved; the quantity of water that runs through them renders the town cool and pleasant in summer, but in winter it is exceedingly cold, on account of the vicinity of the mountains, and the heavy falls of snow, that remain several months upon the ground. It has no buildings of any note. The *Adour* is here a furious torrent; its waters are white like those of all mountain streams proceeding from snows; they are diverted at several places from their natural course, and conveyed in channels across the plain, and through the town, where they are employed in numberless useful operations.

Bagnères derives its name from the mineral baths which were known and frequented by the Romans, as many inscriptions and monuments still existing on

the spot, satisfactorily demonstrate; the most explicit is to be seen in the square, dedicated to the nymphs of these salutiferous waters.

NYMPHISPROSALVTESVASEVERSERANVSVSLM.

The situation of this place is happily calculated for all exercises that tend to the recovery of health; it is built in a flat and upon a very dry soil; every part of it enjoys an easy communication with the fields, the banks of the river, or the high roads, where the weaker sort of visitants may breathe the fresh air, and regain strength by moderate exertions; while the more vigorous, who repair to Bagnères for the sake of amusement, may climb delightful hills, and wander among shady groves through a never-ending variety of landscape. The plain and eminences are traversed by innumerable paths, accessible to horsemen as well as foot passengers; the high grounds are not like those in the Alps, broken and precipitous, but easily sloped, and clothed with soft and pleasant verdure.

Bagnères is much frequented twice in the year; in spring and autumn. The number of wells and baths amounts to thirty, which differ more in the proportion of heat than in their medicinal qualities. They are aperient, diuretic, and slightly purgative; but are chiefly used as thermal waters, for washing ulcers and old sores, and in the form of a *douche* for rheumatisms, contractions, &c. The heat of some spouts is almost insupportable, but gradually grows less painful; so that the patient can expose his diseased limb to the *douche*, or to be pumped upon by the boiling stream, for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. The objects of curiosity within the town of Bagnères are its public walks, the church of St. Vincent, the theatre, the hospital, and the establishment of *Frascati*, where every species of amusement is united. *Manufactures* of paper, woollen stuff, linen, and crapes. The popu-

lation, about 3,000, is chiefly supported by the annual visits of strangers to take the waters.

From Bagnères a variety of excursions may be made, (1.) To the *Pic-du-Midi*, but which may be ascended more conveniently from Barrèges. (2.) To *Bagnères-de-Luchon*, a small watering-place. (3.) To *Barrèges*, from whence we may visit the baths of St. Luz and Sauveur; to *Gavarnie*, one of the most extraordinary water-falls in the world; *Cauterets*, &c. &c. Indeed, the whole of this district of the *Hautes Pyrénées* abounds with the most picturesque spots, and the most romantic scenery—preferred by many amateurs to the wonders of the Alps. No powers of description can do justice to the varied points of view that every where present themselves in this fine country.

The road to *Barrèges*, whither we shall now conduct the reader, abounds with the most awful and sublime scenery. Pass through the village of Aste, the populous vale of Campan, and town of that name, near which is a curious grotto. Above Campan, the valley grows more confined; the hills on the right hand studded with trees and barns, and covered with lively verdure; those on the left, rocky, barren, and savage. At the chapel of St. Mary, two branches of the Adour flow from different glens and join their waters; we ride up the more western stream to Grip, where all level ground terminates. Noble groves of fir overhang the river, which dashes successively down three romantic falls. Having taken some refreshment, we proceed up the mountain, by a winding, steep, and rugged path, through a forest of silver and spruce firs; we occasionally catch views of the river foaming among the rocks and trees, and in one spot darting over a vast precipice in a full, magnificent sheet. Upon leaving the woods, we cross a large naked plain, at the foot of the *Pic-du-Midi*, the highest mountain of the *Pyrénées*. The Adour issues out of a pyramidal hill, a few miles farther up, and winds in a small stream



through the rushy pastures. Abundance of flowers animate the face of this otherwise dull scene of nature.

We are now arrived at the highest point of land we have to surmount; and a clear but horrid view opens down the *Valley of Barréges*; rude and barren mountains shade it on both sides, and the Bastan a foaming torrent, fills the intermediate hollow. *Barréges* is composed of two small hamlets, the principal of which, Lower Barréges, contains about fifty houses, along with the baths. Close to the village runs the little stream of the Bastan, which flows in a rapid course to join the Gave, one of the tributaries to the Adour.

The situation of Barréges is extremely wild and romantic. The valley of the Bastan is on all sides inclosed by lofty crags, the sides of which are arid, scarcely admitting of cultivation, and intersected by deep perpendicular ravines, the channels of large torrents, when the winter snow begins to melt from the mountains. To defend the village and baths of Barréges from the ravages of the waters, a large stone dyke was erected by M. Louvois, which bears his name, and protects the centre of the town, where are situated the hot springs, while the whole place is overhung by a wood of oak and ash trees that cover the lower part of the mountain.

The hot springs that have given celebrity to the village of Barréges are four in number. They have all the same component parts, but differ somewhat in their temperature, and in the quantity of sulphur, the hottest being the most strongly penetrated with this active ingredient. The three coolest are chiefly used for supplying the baths, the hottest for drinking and topical applications.

The waters of Barréges are remarkable for a very smooth soapy feel; they render skin that is immersed in them very supple and pliable, and dissolve soap and animal lymph. For this property they are doubt-

less indebted to the soda and bituminous matter which they contain.

Barréges is chiefly resorted to as a bath, and from the highly detergent powers of its waters, joined to the degree of heat, they are very powerfully efficacious as discutients in resolving tumours of various kinds, rigidities and contractions of the tendons, stiffness in the joints, left by rheumatic and gouty complaints; and are highly serviceable in cutaneous eruptions. The warm bath is used both generally, and in the form of the *douche*. Internally taken, this water gives considerable relief in disorders of the stomach, especially attended with acidity and heart-burn; in obstinate cholics, jaundice; and in gravel, and other affections of the urinary organs. The spring and autumn are the best times for taking the waters. There are some very fine crystals to be had at Barréges, and a quarry of white marble in the neighbourhood. Population 670.

They who visit Barréges for the purpose of restoring the use of a diseased limb, by the application of the *douche* or pump-bath, and are unable to bear the fatigue of travelling by land, may go by water, nearly the whole of the way from England. They must be contented with a sea-voyage to *Bordeaux*, and thence ascend the Garonne to *TOULOUSE*; at which place a convenient *litter* may be hired, a sort of carriage suspended between two mules; and in about four days, the invalid may reach Barréges. Or continue to ascend the Garonne, as far as *St. Gaudens*; but as there are no passage boats for travellers, and the accommodations of the barges which carry merchandize are very indifferent,—the journey will be rendered rather unpleasant.

Barréges is the best point whence to ascend the *Pic-du-Midi*; we follow the borders of the Gave as far as the Tourmalet, and thence the way is to the north along the valley which rises to the base of the cone of the peak. M. Ramond, who, a few years since, as-

cended this mountain, preferred to pass the Gave below the town, and proceeded directly towards the heights. But as a *guide* is always a necessary accompaniment in such excursions, it will be needless to say more here of the route to be followed \*.

Frequently, in these excursions among the mountains, is the wanderer surprised by a terrible storm of thunder, and happy may he think himself, if he can find the shelter of some friendly cave,—while

Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And answers through her misty shroud.

*Excursion to Gavarnie.*—From Barréges we proceed to the baths of Luz, and St. Sauveur; from this place to Gavarnie is a mountain road, which is a continued succession of the most romantic scenery. *Gavarnie* is a small village with a church and about forty houses, situated in the midst of barren hills, shaded by high mountains, and traversed in several directions by foaming torrents. Arrived at the *Fall of Gavarnie*, we discover a stupendous amphitheatre, three sides of which are formed by a range of perpendicular rocks; the fourth is shaded with wood: above the upright wall, which is of a tremendous height, rise several stages of broken masses, each covered with a layer of everlasting snow. The mountain eastward ends in sharp pinnacles, and runs off to the west in one immense bank of snow. From these congealed heaps the Gave derives its existence: thirteen streams rush down the mighty precipice, and unite their waters at its foot. The whole western corner of the area below is filled with a

\* See also M. Ramond's *Travels in the Pyrenées*, by Gold.  
Evo.



bed of snow, which being struck by a few rays of the sun at any season, receives a sufficient volume of fresh snow every winter, to balance the loss occasioned by the warmth of the atmosphere in summer. Two of the torrents fell upon this extensive frozen surface; they have worn a huge chasm, and extending from it, a vaulted passage five hundred yards in length, through which their waters roll. The snow lies above it near twenty feet thick; the roof is about six feet above the ground, and finely turned in an arch, which appears as if it had been cut and chiseled by the hand of man. In some places there are columns and collateral galleries; the whole glitters like a diamond, and is beautifully pervaded by the light.

Returning to Luz or St. Sauveur, we may pass a night at either of these places, and proceed the next day to visit *Cauterets*, celebrated for its mineral waters. This town stands in a wide vale, delightfully improved and planted: the surrounding mountains are thickly covered with wood; and the wells lie in the midst of a beautiful scene: two vast torrents pour over a ledge of rock, shaded by an evergreen forest; beautiful woody knolls rise behind, and mountains of great bulk seem to rest upon them as upon a basis. One of these hills is quite round, and an exact representation of the eminence at the bottom of Ulls-water in Cumberland, called Dunmollin, which all persons acquainted with our delightful lakes, esteem a perfect model of rural beauty. The traveller may next proceed to Lourdes, and thence to *Pau*; but we shall now return to Barrèges, and describe the route thence to Pau, Bayonne, and Bordeaux.

No. 23. From BARRÈGES to BAYONNE, 23½ Posts; about 130 English miles.

| FROM                  | POSTS. | FROM                      | POSTS. |
|-----------------------|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| Barreges to Luz ..... | 1      | Pierrefitte to Lourdes .. | 2½     |
| Pierrefitte .....     | 2      | Lestelle .....            | 2      |

| FROM                  | POSTS.         | FROM                    | POSTS.         |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Lestelle to PAU ..... | 3              | Puyoo to Peyrehorade .. | 2              |
| Artix .....           | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | Biaudos .....           | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Orthès .....          | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | BAYONNE .....           | 2              |
| Puyoo .....           | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |                         |                |

*Lourdes* is a small romantic town situated on the ridge of a lofty rock, at the top of which is an ancient castle, whose uncouth towers, hanging walls, and massy ramparts now vainly frown on the peaceful vale. It is at present used as a state-prison. *Lourdes* has manufactures of cotton handkerchiefs, linen, woollen stuffs, &c. Beds of slate and quarries of grey marble are found in the neighbourhood. Population 2,700.

*Pau* stands on the brow of a hill, overlooking the immense plains through which the Gave meanders; its many streams join in one large body, before they pass under the arches of the bridge below; and the southern horizon is bounded by a far lengthened chain of mountains, rising behind a range of well-wooded hills. *Pau* is the chief town of the Basses Pyrenees, formerly of Bearn; is of a tolerable size, and well built, but has neither walls nor gates. Henry IV. was born here, on the 13th of December, 1553. *Trade* in wines of Jurançon, excellent hams, legs of geese, counterpanes, superior handkerchiefs, and woollen caps. Population 8,585. At *Pau*, or in its neighbourhood, a single person may board and lodge in a family for £30 a-year.

*Orthès* is a small town on the Gave du Pau, and has a considerable *trade* in leather, and hams for Paris. Here are some dyers; and slate quarries, and mines of coal, sulphur, &c. in the neighbourhood. Population 6,758.

*Bayonne*, situated at the confluence of the Nive and Adour, about three miles from the sea, is a very important, strong, rich and commercial city. It is divided into three parts by the two rivers; and *great* and *little* Bayonne are surrounded with an old wall, and have each a small castle: the citadel is on a height which commands the whole of the town; the

fortifications of which were greatly improved by Vauban. The principal objects worthy of remark are the quay or promenade, and the Place de Grammont. The merchants of Bayonne exchange their drugs, fine hams, oil, brandy, chocolate, ingots of gold and silver, wines, iron, and wool of Castile and Arragon, for drapery, cloths, printed linens, gold and silver lace, silk stuffs, ribands, mercery, hardware, &c. all the produce of different parts of France. A diligence goes to Bordeaux and Toulouse every day. Population 13,200.

Near the village of *Briaritz*, about six miles from Bayonne, and much resorted to for sea-bathing, are some very curious grottos or caves, particularly worthy of inspection.

The spirit of their ancestors still lives in the Basques and their neighbours the Biscayans, who boast of the same origin: all we read in antient history of the agility, perseverance, and industry of the Cantabrians, may be recognised at this day in every part of these provinces. Their early habits of exercise improve the neatness of limb and flexibility of muscle which distinguish them when adults: if they dance to the sound of their native tambourine, the fire of their character pervades and animates the whole frame. Antient Greece herself could not present her painters and sculptors, with models of more exquisite elegance than the young women of this country; a flowing white veil fastened with bunches of red ribands, and the freedom which their short garments leave for every movement, enhance the natural beauty of their form. Every where may be seen "females in fancifully wild costume, their faces all sparkling and up as we say of soda water."

No. 24.—From BAYONNE to BORDEAUX 33 Posts ;  
about 182 English miles.

| FROM                      | POSTS. | FROM                       | POSTS. |
|---------------------------|--------|----------------------------|--------|
| BAYONNE to Ondres . . . . | 1½     | Cantons to St. Geours ..   | 2      |
| Cantons . . . . .         | 2      | St. Paul-les-Dax . . . . . | 2      |



| FROM                        | POSTS.          | FROM                       | POSTS.          |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| St. Paul-les-Dax to Pontons | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Poteau to Captieux . . . . | 2               |
| Tartas . . . . .            | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Bazas . . . . .            | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Campagne . . . . .          | 2               | Langon . . . . .           | 2               |
| Mont-de Marsan . . . . .    | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Cérons . . . . .           | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Caloy . . . . .             | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Castres . . . . .          | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Roquefort . . . . .         | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Bouscaut . . . . .         | 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Poteau . . . . .            | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | BORDEAUX . . . . .         | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ |

*Tartus* is a small town, agreeably situated on the Douze, and is the general entrepôt of the trade of Bordeaux, Bayonne, and the department of the Gers. Commerce in fine wheat, wines, brandy, oil, resin, wood for ship-building, &c. &c.

*Mont-de-Marsan*, the chief place of the Landes, situated at the confluence of the Douze and Midan, was built in 1140, by Peter, Count of Marsan. *Manufactures* of druggets, counterpanes, leather, and linseed-oil. The *mineral waters* here are considered good in complaints of the stomach, and obstructions of the liver. The principal buildings are the hotel of the Prefecture, and of the court of Assize. Population 4,500. The *canal of the Landes*, which reaches as far as Bayonne, commences at this place. Pass through Bazas, Langon, and Castres, and arrive at BORDEAUX, before described in p. 293.

Great part of the country between Bayonne and Bordeaux is composed of *Landes*, or level heaths and sands, and presents a very singular appearance to the traveller; but this has already been noticed more at length, in p. 299 et seq. to which we refer.

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